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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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OCTOBER, 1944

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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Scoop!

MARY E. McDOUGLE

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944

I STOOD AND REGARDED THE DOOR WITH AWE. IT WAS A very ordinary door except for a sign which read, "FABIAN SEVITSKY — NO ADMITTANCE!" The famed conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony had just completed a concert in our local auditorium, and as my first assignment for the high school newspaper I was to interview him. My hands clenched and unclenched nervously, and I chewed my lower lip for moral support.

"Don't be a jerk!" snapped Ruthie, one of the two friends who had come backstage with me to bolster my spirits. "Jeepers, if I had a chance to talk to a celebrity I wouldn't just stand here looking like an anemic goldfish."

"Sure!" chimed in Anne. "Besides, you can't think only of yourself. Think of the paper. They're depending on you to get a good story, and you're going to back out on them."

"You have no school spirit," said Ruthie, grieved.

"Would you go in with me?" I demanded indignantly.

"Well-ll," faltered Ruthie for a moment.

"Sure thing!" Anne burst in finally. "We'll all go in so you won't be scared, and we'll get to meet him in the bargain."

Before we could discuss the matter any further, a plump, suave man stepped from the dressing room and said in a silky voice, "Members of the press may enter."

"M'gosh," I thought, "I'm a member of the press—imagine that!"

Amidst a throng of hard-bitten reporters I was shoved and pushed along into the dressing room. Knowing that my friends were at my heels, I was no longer nervous. Confidently, I elbowed myself through until I stood right before the celebrity, himself.

"Get a load of that," I whispered to Ruthie.

She didn't answer, so I turned around to find her—no Ruthie, no Anne, no anybody except me and a lot of people I didn't know. Helplessly, I clutched my pencil and pad of paper.

Mr. Sevitsky didn't help in calming my panic. He was attired in a long, black evening cape which covered his black dress-suit. His hair was a shiny blue-black and grew down into sideburns. His intense, black eyes were shadowed by thick, black brows. "Egad!" I thought suddenly. "He looks exactly like Dracula!" It wasn't a comforting thought.

The interview began as Mr. Sevitsky asked us what papers we represented. "*News-Gazette*," boomed a deep voice; "*Evening Courier*," came

another with assurance. When my turn came I squeaked out in the best voice I could muster, "*The Urbana High School Echo*"—then, as an afterthought, "Sir." An undercurrent of amusement flitted through the group. Even Mr. Sevitsky smiled, but to me it seemed a menacing leer.

In my confusion I dropped the pencil upon which I had been diligently chewing. Gallantly, Mr. Sevitsky stooped to retrieve it. At the same moment I also bent down to find it. Our heads met with a resounding crack. Dazed, Mr. Sevitsky reeled backwards and was steadied by his press agent. I reclined on the floor for a split-second, then hurriedly scrambled to my feet as pin wheels spun in my head.

"My dear young lady, are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Sevitsky, without a trace of displeasure.

"Golly no—it was a pleasure," I murmured foolishly in confusion. The crowd of reporters could no longer restrain themselves, but broke into hilarious laughter. I could feel the red starting at my ears and creeping swiftly over my entire face.

When the laughter had subsided, the questions began, and I industriously scribbled bits of nothing in my notebook. Mr. Sevitsky finally turned towards me and inquired kindly, "Would you care to ask about anything?"

"Heavens no," I responded, in what I supposed a gracious manner. "I've heard more than enough!"

Once again I had blundered. Miserably I listened to the laughter about me. As far as reporting went, I was an all-time flop.

The interview ended and we started out. Before I reached the door, however, Mr. Sevitsky put his hand on my shoulder.

"You have never had an interview before?"

"N-No, sir!" I croaked.

"You do not do badly—not badly at all—run along now."

I stumbled through the door. Ruthie and Anne each grabbed one of my arms and started to question me rapidly.

"Were you scared?"

"What did he say?"

Haughtily, I drew myself up to my full height—which wasn't much—and answered with dignity, "Naturally I wasn't scared, and he said plenty which you may read in the next issue of the *Echo*."

I professionally placed the pencil behind my ear as we started to walk away—a reporter was born!

My First Venal Puncture

DELORES GOEPFERT

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1943-1944

"TODAY YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN TO DO VENAL PUNCTURES. Since you may have to do an emergency Kahn or a cross-match for a transfusion, you'd better know how to draw blood." My head felt light, and my stomach fluttered. To my mind came the memory of my own blood test. Dr. White had said, "There's nothing to it. I'll take 5 cc. of blood, and you'll never know it." I didn't. I was lying flat on the floor, oblivious to venal punctures, when he had finished.

What if someone should faint when I took blood from him? What if I should? It would be easy to kill someone. If I should let the syringe slip apart and then inject air into a vein, someone would have a fancy death. I could see his eyes dilating, his body thrusting forward convulsively, his face turning livid with his gasping as the clot came to his heart.

"You'd better know how to draw blood." I wasn't sure I wanted to learn, but since it was a case of or else—I picked up my tray with its cotton, alcohol, tourniquet, and syringe and prepared to do my first venal puncture.

"You can practice on me. The technique involved is very simple; I can tell you what to do as you're doing it to me."

The thought of doing my first puncture on my boss made my knees sound like castanets, but I decided I'd not be prejudiced about whom I'd kill. "Clench your fist, please." I picked up the tourniquet, stretched it around her upper arm, and hoped I hadn't pinched her. With my left index finger and thumb, I stretched the skin of the forearm; with my right hand, I swabbed the vein with alcohol, took the syringe, shoved the needle through the thick dermal layer of the skin and felt for the actual puncture of the vein. I couldn't feel a thing. Had I missed the vein? Had I gone through it to the tissue?

Before I had time to be afraid, the blood rushed in, swathing the plunger with its black-redness. With my eye on the needle, and my knees keeping up a conga beat, I pulled slowly, slowly on the plunger. The deep red liquid rolled thickly back, back to the 5 cc. mark. With my eye still on the needle, I grabbed the loose end of the tourniquet and let it fall to the floor. Calmly I placed the cotton over the needle as I removed it from the vein.

"Double up your arm, and keep your hand open," I heard my voice say.

I forced the blood into a sterile tube and rinsed the syringe. As I washed my hands, the soothing effect of the cool water over my wrists couldn't compare with the effect of what my boss was saying: "That was the smoothest puncture I've ever felt; you didn't forget a thing."

My Favorite Relative

LILLIAN VIDOVICH

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1943-1944

ONE MEMBER OF MY FAMILY CLAIMS ABSOLUTE DISTINCTION, being different not only from all other Vidoviches, but from the rest of the world as well—owning an unequalled, charming, and unique personality. He is my thoughtful, absent-minded, and kind-hearted Uncle Johnny, who takes life as it comes, always giving, and never asking anything in return. He is as meek as a lamb, and you can tell his insides just turn to putty when my three-year-old cousin Marthanne hugs him. This is really quite a sight, since he weighs all of two hundred pounds and has a reputation in the Carnegie Steel Mills of being “the toughest foreman on the line.” His muscles bulge and his chest expansion surpasses most others, yet when his thick, black hair curls up in little ringlets when he perspires, and he looks out at you with his big, dreamy, brown eyes, you get the feeling that this is a man who couldn’t hurt a fly.

Uncle Johnny believes in the old saying, “The best things in life are free.” He gets most of his pleasure when he strolls through the country, or plays with the children or the dog. As a result, he is quite a contrast to my other, well-dressed uncles, who have put their money to good use, owning now both automobiles and summer cottages—one even recently having purchased a small plane. Each payday, Johnny still turns his pay check over to my grandmother, arguing patiently, “But I don’t need it!” Of course, my grandmother doesn’t offer too much resistance.

One of the most charming tricks of his personality, however, is his amazing aptitude for daydreaming. Every so often at dinner, someone will initiate a particularly interesting topic of conversation that highly excites everyone. No one is surprised when Johnny remains calm, cool, and quiet, emitting no sound save a few occasional grunts. And when the excitement has subsided, and the topic has been shifted three times over, Johnny finally rises and says, “Yes, Dan, you are absolutely right. I am in perfect agreement.” This sudden awakening is usually followed by howls of laughter from the family, and the tips of Johnny’s ears turn scarlet; but it is not long before he joins in the laughter.

Johnny is forty-three years old, but Grandmother still waits up for him when he goes out. Of the ten people in the family, he is the only one who rates this annoying privilege. Normally, this would irk any man, but he is so good-natured that when he gets home, he merely chuckles, kisses Grandmother on the nose, and sends her up to bed. I am continually amazed at his congeniality.

Fourth-Grade Celebrity

PHYLLIS RARICK

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1943-1944

"CATHIE."

I knew it must be Mildred, but I felt disinclined to wait, and so ignored the call.

"Wait for me. Wa-a-ait!"

She knew I had heard that time, so I stopped. I didn't even turn around, but stood motionless, looking straight ahead and thinking of some nasty remark with which to greet her. Mother had insisted that I take an umbrella, and I was still cross.

"Slow-poke," I sulked as she approached, and was about to say more when she interrupted me.

"We've got something to tell you!" She was excited. "A new girl's coming from Lincoln School."

"What's so wonderful about that?" I retorted with feigned boredom.

"Her name's Wanda something-or-other, I think," she added, downcast.

"Wanda Lee?" The umbrella was forgotten. "You mean that Wanda is coming to *our* school? Are you sure? How do you know?" I barraged her with questions.

Mildred was a bit confused and asked where the fire was. She was new that year and couldn't have been expected to know about Wanda. Learning, however, of the newcomer's broad fame, she too became excited.

We told everyone we met, and before we reached school we had gathered a small convention of girls. Although Wanda Lee's mark of distinction was familiar to every school girl for blocks and blocks, not one of us had actually seen her.

"Do you s'pose she'll have a chauffeur drive her to school?"

"She'll probably be stuck-up."

"And be teacher's pet, too!"

Arriving at school, we divided into groups to await her coming and to discuss her more fully. Mary thought she would be late and Dottie didn't think she would come at all. Then Miss Benkendorf came out with a pig-tailed child.

"Children, this is Wanda Lee," she said, pushing Wanda forward and telling us to show how happy we were to have her come to our school.

We were a little disappointed because Wanda had freckles and brown braids and because her clothes weren't nicer than our own. She looked as scared as Helen had the day before, when she led us in prayer at Sunday School. Even so we stood in awe before her. Her cousin had lived next door to Shirley Temple!

A Child Speaks

BEE KINCH

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944

AS A CHILD SEES, HE SPEAKS. HE DOES NOT ADD TO OR subtract from what meets his eyes, or go into realms of description; he tells simply and beautifully about what he encounters in his fanciful everyday world.

My younger brother, Johnny, like all other children of five, had a very small vocabulary; and in order to express his ideas he had to make every little word that he possessed count.

Size to Johnny wasn't to be measured by inches, feet, or yards, but by comparison to objects he was familiar with. One day he came scurrying into my bedroom, and, pouncing on my bed, informed me of a new discovery.

"I have found a toad," he announced proudly, "and he is very beautiful with legs like a fried chicken."

Knowing I was expected to show interest, even at eight o'clock in the morning, I asked him, "How big is he?"

Johnny's eyebrows laced together in childish concentration, and his reply came slow and deliberate.

"Well, he isn't as big as a coal and he isn't as small as a dust. I guess he must be the size of a baby stone."

I knew that most ordinary toads were approximately two inches by three, excluding legs, but I also knew that the "size of a baby stone" was much more descriptive of Johnny's toad.

Many times I would take Johnny on hikes with me. He would trudge along without saying a word, but I knew that his mind was wrapping itself around all the hidden secrets of country life that are visible only to a child's eyes.

One day he was particularly quiet; and as I was afraid that he wasn't enjoying himself, I asked him if he wanted to go home. His answer, very abrupt and to the point, was simply "No." Hoping then to get him into a more talkative mood, I began a lengthy explanation of why I liked the country. Johnny, apparently disgusted with my trite descriptions of nature, finally said, "That isn't why I like the country."

"Why do you like the country, then, Johnny?"

"I like the country because it's so peaceful. Out here the quiet just goes sliding along."

With that he was silent once more, but I felt that all the writing about why people like the country had been compressed into one simple, childish statement, "Out here the quiet just goes sliding along."

Johnny, different from most five-year-olds, rarely showed interest in domestic animals; so, I was surprised one afternoon to find him stretched out on the living-room floor, studying our large grey cat. The cat was lying circled in a chair across the room, unaware of the intent, black eyes staring at her. Since Johnny ignored me, I sat down, hoping to find a reason for the sudden interest. Soon Johnny called to the cat, and as she lazily slipped across the room to him, Johnny's face told me that he had made a new discovery.

"Did you know, Bee, that a cat sleeps fat and walks thin?" He was right, of course. I had not before realized that our cat really looked like quite a chunky bit of meat when she was curled up asleep, but that the instant she stretched out her body to take a step she looked lean and lithe.

According to Johnny, Abraham Lincoln looked like a kind man because he had "happy eyebrows." Babies were nice because they were "soft like milkweed silk," stuffed olives were olives "with little red tail lights," and rain "winked in the puddles."

Many people feel that a child does not worry about any one thing very long because his mind is not yet mature enough to accept the ugliness of living. I feel that it is because a child's mind is too full of the sweetness and beauty he finds in the common life surrounding him. He makes beautiful by thoughts and words the things that an adult mind would find ugly and detestable. When a child speaks, the world becomes richer in beautiful expression.

Shorty's Sister

"EVERYBODY SMOKES EL GARCIO CIGARS." As Shorty Wikler read these words, he pounded his fist into a tattered catcher's mitt. "I ain't got nothin' against those cigars, but some folks have a lotta crust buildin' an advertisin' signboard right in the middle of our ball field! How do they expect us to lick the Killers Sunday if we're gonna hafta dodge posts every time someone slaps a fly ball?"

Shorty, who had just turned twelve, spat into his mitt, stuck his tongue out at his younger sister, and muttered, "Aw, hell!"

Both surveyed the sign seriously. At length, the little girl looked up at her brother. "I know. It's all my fault!" she blurted. "Everything that happens to your ole team, you blame on me. Why don't you pick on some of the fellas?"

With that disgusted look which only an older brother can give, he countered, "Listen, Baggy, I hate to see ya hawl like this, but you know how many times I've told you to stay away when we're playin' ball. When you come around, sumpin's bound to happen. You're a jinx, that's what you are! Now scat!"

When Shorty got home that night, Baggy was nowhere to be seen. In the parlor he heard his Mom and Dad conversing softly. He learned that Baggy had left soon after dark, declaring she had something important to attend to. "The damn jinx!" he said, as he slipped under the covers. You see, he didn't know that Dad's new ax was gone, too. — SID FREEDMAN

12 Million Black Voices

by Richard Wright

BERNICE RICHTER

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IS ONE THAT HAS BEEN CONSIDERED again and again, but never, in my estimation, has it been dealt with so forcefully and clearly as it is in Richard Wright's *12 Million Black Voices*. Speaking always in terms of *we* and *us*, for the author is himself a Negro, Wright relates the folk history of the Negro in the United States in prose as beautiful and as stirring as poetry. Interwoven in the pages of the book are numerous photographs which were secured, selected, edited, and arranged by Edwin Rosskam. These photographs, placed dramatically and effectively throughout the book, aid immeasurably in telling Wright's story. They, as much as the written words, show deep understanding of the black race's courage and pain, hopes and fears. Thus, together, Wright and Rosskam weave this narrative.

Since the Negro problem is a complex one, Wright simplifies the matter by disregarding that group of Negroes who have lifted themselves above the rest. He does this not because he underestimates their achievements, but because he considers them as exceptions and the remaining majority as normal and typical. It is the common Negro who is dealt with in this book.

Wright begins his tale with the enforced departure of the contented Negro from his African civilization and carries it through to the hardships and discriminations he endures today. Three hundred years are spanned in his tale of cultural devastation, slavery, physical suffering, unrequited longing, abrupt emancipation, migration, disillusionment, bewilderment, unemployment, and insecurity. Wright's story tells simply and effectively that the countless discriminations against the Negro must stop; that this country cannot exist half slave and half free; that the Negro deserves and must have a share in the upward march of the country he helped build with his own hands.

Throughout his existence in the United States the Negro has been used as a tool to build up the white man's power, but he has never been allowed to share in the white man's wealth. As a result of this, the white man, in comparing his gentility to the Negro's degradation, decided that his was a God-sanctioned, white civilization. There arose a paternalistic code of casual cruelty toward the Negro which has become a national tradition, dominating all black and white relations throughout the country to this day. The feeling is that the Negro should rightfully be held in subjugation.

There is irony in the fact that those who deny the Negro his rights are willing to imitate his songs, dances, and clothes fashions. That is because so many white people feel, down deep in their hearts, just as the Negro does. In the songs of the Negro there are a hunger for life, a love of the sensual, and a feeling of fear and uneasiness. "Swing" reveals the tension of his life, and "boogie-woogie" his nervousness and exhaustion. His love of color goes into clothes. People say that only the Negro can dance. But white people do not believe that the energy and the talents of the Negro can also be applied to industry, finance, education, aviation, and art.

The one hope that the Negro clings to is an image of what life can be for him. All he wants is a fair deal—the right to earn his living and live in peace without being constantly reminded that his skin is colored. Certainly he has earned the right to have an equal share in America. Especially now, when the cornerstone of our creed in the present war is the equality of all men, are racial injustices a menace.

I believe, as Wright does, that America would be a stronger and greater nation today had the Negro been allowed to participate in her national growth, and that she will be stronger and greater in the future if he is given the opportunities he longs for.

The Last Half Hour

FRED LEDEKER

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944

THE DAY HAD BEEN SCORCHING AND HAD TAKEN AL-
most an eternity in ending. And the night was even worse. It lay like a warm, moist, woollen blanket, choking and suffocating all movement. The "orderly station" buried deep within the hospital walls simmered in the heavy night air. The "girlie" pictures seemed to wiggle and dance on the walls, and the paint itself appeared to change its colors alternately from bright yellow, to pale orange, and then to red, reminding the boy of soup boiling on the stove. Within the station sat three men around a wooden table, two older men and a teen-aged boy. The older men were playing rummy, and the game seemed to the boy to be very uninteresting, as both players would lean back in their chairs after every play and blow heavily as if fighting for air. The time passed sluggishly. Finally the clock struck 11:30. The boy raised himself slowly from the sticky surface of the chair and walked silently over to the open window and leaned out. Above him, all was quiet in the mammoth hospital, towering far up into the torrid darkness. Here and there, small lights blinked quietly on and off, and the sparkling of the pin points of light created a moving pattern on the dark surface.

"Enough's enough; I'm tired of this whole damn racket," said the red-faced orderly, wiping the perspiration from his arms and head with a red bandanna. "Say, listen, Bill, you're not doing much. Will you finish this trick for me? If Miss Wood calls, tell her I'm in the West Building. Man, I certainly need the sleep, and tomorrow looks like a scorcher." And with that, the larger of the two men at the table laboriously got up, adjusted his white outfit, lighted a cigarette, and walked out. The slamming of the swinging door echoed and resounded down the long corridor, and then quiet settled down again.

"Tell ya what, Johnny, you don't mind if I do the same, do you? Everything's quiet tonight, and Emergency said it didn't want those trays from the sterilizer till tomorrow anyway. The only thing left is that polio in 405 East Wing; they need more serum and may call down for it later. Oh, ya, the morgue called and said to get that report on Mr. White, but there's nobody down there now, so leave it at the desk." Again the door slammed and the echo jumped and rebounded down the corridor. All became quiet, except for the buzzing of a lone unhappy fly looking for candy. Then far in the distance the deep, resonant sound of a car came through the window, and, trailing it, the high-pitched scream of a siren. The boy sat upright, forgetting his dreams; he pushed a movie magazine aside and reached for the phone.

"Orderly, orderly, emergency at ambulance entrance, emergency ambulance entrance." A feminine voice coming shrilly over the loudspeakers system broke the brooding silence. The boy jumped up quickly and bolted through the door and down the long corridor filled with odd-shaped shadows cut by the fluorescent lighting. The boy ran past the physical therapy department, past the X-ray and blood laboratories, and onto the ambulance entrance platform. "Here, Johnny, get the surgical cart and plenty of sheets and the large, ten cc. syringe," whispered the nurse to the boy. Silently the boy sped on his errands and was back in a few moments. The white cart with its spotless sheets and covering stood next to the ambulance. Competently the boy wheeled the cart up to the rear of the ambulance, whose door now swung open. A tall interne on emergency duty motioned to the boy, and together they lifted the patient onto the cart. A white, stricken face glanced upward for a moment and quickly buried itself in a pillow. "It's a miscarriage with hemorrhage, Johnny. Get her up to Operating in a hurry and take the chart with you. Hey, the surgical assistant's off tonight and they're going to need you to pitch in. How about it?" And with that, the interne hurried away to call the Night Surgical Nurse.

Later, while the cart moved quietly along the floor, a low soft whistle escaped the boy as he glanced upward at a large clock on the wall. And the words, "Only 12:00 now. What a night!" were faintly audible to the nurse accompanying the cart.

I Don't Feel That Way Anymore!

HELEN LEPOVITZ

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1943-1944

I USED TO HAVE THAT FEELING ABOUT HIM, BUT IT IS gone. Have you ever had first impressions of a person that made you catalog him as one distinct type or another and no more? I did. I attended one week of rhetoric classes, and thought, "That rhetoric instructor is a rhetoric instructor and no more." Now, I have changed my tune. I sing, "He's a rhetoric instructor and he's human, too!"

A new college—a new instructor—rhetoric after a lapse of time—I really didn't know what to expect. I went to classes and discovered that I should have expected grammar study, spelling again, and no end of composition. The instructor came to classes as regularly as I did. He was punctual and always in the same good humor. At every class meeting he took roll in the same deliberate manner. Assignments were always definite and precise. Whatever work he assigned for one hour was discussed and taken care of in one hour. He explained grammar rules, he dictated spelling words, he lectured on how to write book reviews, he read book reviews, he explained deductive and inductive reasoning, he defined exposition and dwelled upon it, and he talked about narration, description, and argumentation. It was routine rhetoric, definitely routine and definitely rhetoric. Then came a terrific rhetoric landslide!

Some will say that first impressions are lasting ones, but I am now capable of defying that statement. My impressions of a rhetoric instructor have not lasted. During Rhetoric 2, I found out not only that my instructor knew rhetoric, but also that he was human. In Rhetoric 2, I discovered that his interests were not in rhetoric alone. He could talk politics, he could lecture on the Bible, and he had read a great deal on public utilities. On one occasion, he knew that Leoncavallo had written "I Pagliacci." When discussing sports, he not only knew of present day sportsmen, but he was also acquainted with those of years gone by. When I questioned the authenticity of my research reference, he knew whether it was authentic or not. He entered into discussions of the war and its campaigns. He quoted statistics on unemployment. Whatever the subject brought up in class, he showed himself interested and well informed in it. And his knowledge did not submerge his humanness.

When I had a conference with him, I found it as simple to enjoy a cigarette with him as with a close friend. If he didn't agree with my theme subject, his defiance was pleasing and interesting. When he incorrectly pluralized *louse* as *louses*, he laughed at his own mistake. I learned that he

can ask you about your boy friend, and remember anything you may say. If he doesn't agree with you on a topic of conversation, he will argue with you. He is human in his choice of food for breakfast, too. He even reads the paper over his breakfast table, while he has his after-meal cigarette. He has loved ones in the service, and he has letter writing to do.

Rhetoric 2 may have presented its principles of rhetoric and composition to me; it also acquainted me with an instructor with a heart. A toast to the man who lives not in rhetoric alone, but who has delved into various and numerous subjects, and who laughs easily, argues firmly, defies pleasingly, and talks interestingly.

"We or They"

GERALDINE SUTZER

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944

FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE TREACHERY OF PEARL HARBOR, when America was blissfully oblivious to all but her own snug borders, one man sat down in New York City and contemplated her future in connection with the discrepancies of the peace in 1918, her relations as a democracy with dictatorships, and the inevitability of a second world war. Not only a keen intellect and a piercing vision made Hamilton Fish Armstrong aware of these vital matters, but also an unusually broad background of political and professional years abroad in the company of elected leaders in all corners of Europe; of trusted and revered kings in their glory; of attic-confined ex-premiers; of magnetic, showy, and convincing dictators; of thundering, passion-ridden, cause-conscious crowds; and marching men—"shouting or grim, desperate for bread, entranced by a slogan, on fire for a leader, in delirium for freedom won, in relief for freedom lost."

As a man who had watched such a confusion of struggling men and systems, he wrote a speculation, *We or They*, of the relative merits of democracy and dictatorship, of the possibility of ever establishing tolerable relations between the two, and of the duration of such an arrangement. Armstrong realized the vantage point which his actual experience abroad—in 1918 as Acting Military Attaché of the American Legation at Belgrade, Serbia, and in 1921 and 1922 as a special correspondent in Eastern Europe—gave him; and through the medium of this book and others such as *The New Balkans*, *Where the East Begins*, *Foreign Affairs Bibliography*,

Hitler's Reich, Europe Between Wars, Can We Be Neutral?, The Foreign Policy of the Powers, etc., he did his best to inform the American public of the threat to their position in world affairs, a position both superior and rare.

Although all of Armstrong's books were powerfully written, authentically derived, and reasonably presented, they had little effect on the people as a whole. It took a sneak plan, a below-the-belt punch, the loss of American life and blood to awaken America.

In his attempt to clarify America's status in relation to other forms of government, Armstrong stated, "Most Americans, ranking governments by their ability to afford the greatest number the greatest material good, still consider democracy best able to do this, and without the spiritual sacrifice which the dictators exact." Then he proceeded to air his suspicion of the instability of the then-peaceful relations with the query, "Can tolerably satisfactory relations ever in fact be established between peoples free and peoples in chains? Is not the gulf too wide?" He believed that as the tide rushed on from one vortex to another—the invasion of Manchuria, the Dolfuss murder, the scrapping of Locarno, the fall of Addis Ababa, Fascist planes over Madrid—the question became more acute. Even though tolerable relations be established, can it be for long? Is not the gulf too deep?

Even in 1937, Armstrong predicted our present war as the only logical outcome, for with the radical changes made by dictatorships, within their own borders, and with their semi-camouflaged intentions toward other nations, it was only natural there would be misunderstanding.

To impress further upon his reader the absolute and final superiority of democracy, Armstrong waived the few worthy economic changes made by dictatorial governments, and the beautifully glorified opinions of themselves of the "Master Races," to expose the loss of individual wills and separate destinies—crushed irrevocably under the steamroller of the totalitarian state. With startling clarity and truth he clinched his argument thus, "We must guard zealously the rights of our scholars and teachers to carry forward the stream of civilized thought; love art for art's sake and honor science when it seeks the truth; and encourage and protect the rights of assembly and speech and the freedom of the press, remembering what a wise Chinese philosopher says, that 'while the Fascists regard the press as a nuisance and therefore suppress it, the believers in democracy also regard the freedom of the press as a nuisance and thank God they have so glorious a nuisance.'"

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Hardships of War Correspondents In World War I

ELAINE SELL

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1943-1944

IT WAS DURING THE GREAT WAR THAT NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE ceased to be a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care type of job and came to be recognized as a practical business. Floyd Gibbons, Richard Harding Davis, and some of the other members of the "old school" were among the very first correspondents in Europe after the Bosnian assassination of 1914. They roamed the Continent in characteristic manner, picking up stories right and left without method. Gradually, however, restrictions were laid, and the patented, 20th Century news correspondent arose. He was tested and tabulated on military records and was subject to regulations on all sides.¹ This stereotyped way of securing news would have been completely colorless had not some of the men and women who covered Europe during the Great War injected the vividness of their own personalities into their dispatches. Irvin S. Cobb, John T. McCutcheon, Heywood Broun, Webb Miller, Ring Lardner, and Will Irwin were only a few of the men whose dispatches the nation read with relish. America, used to the lavish extravagance of Richard Harding Davis, considered the life of a war correspondent an exciting and glamorous business but came gradually to realize that the job of news gathering was not always easy.

News gathering during the war involved a great many problems, but perhaps the one which was foremost in the minds of the correspondents was that of getting to the front. Most men eventually agreed that coverage from Paris could be much more thorough and accurate than a front line report, but the urge to get to the point of action drove each newsman to seek a way to the battlefield. Early in the war, as reporters, feature men, and adventurers swarmed into Europe from the United States, all newspaper men were considered civilians and were treated as such if found around the lines. Those captured by the French were driven back to Paris, but the British were somewhat more lenient.² Germans, Austrians, French, and British allowed occasional, well-guarded trips to the front. These days of free lancing and independent work soon passed, however, to be replaced by a time referred to by correspondents as the "dark ages."³ It was a time when re-

¹William G. Shepard, "The Free Lance and the Faker," *Everybody's Magazine*, XXXVI (March, 1917), p. 346.

²William G. Shepard, "Confessions of a War Correspondent," *Everybody's Magazine*, XXXVI (February, 1917), p. 172.

³Shepard, "The Free Lance and the Faker," p. 337.

strictions were especially heavy, and newsmen could only sit in Paris or behind the German lines and transmit official communiques. With the coming of the American Expeditionary Force, correspondents were accredited.⁴ The men who were chosen to travel with the American army were allowed almost complete freedom behind the lines, whereas the men with the British and French armies were accompanied constantly by Press Officers. Irvin S. Cobb, who covered the war for *The Saturday Evening Post*, reports, "Especially the French doubted the dependability of journalists, their own journalists included."⁵ Cobb goes on to tell how the French maintained two bureaus to issue front line permits. One was a civilian bureau, the other was composed of military personnel, and the chief duty of each was to countermand orders issued by the other.⁶

The big decision of whether to journey to the front in the quest of front line features and a chance of a correct interpretation of the battle, or to remain behind the lines in the hope of receiving more complete news, lay with each correspondent individually. William G. Shepard, reporting for the United Press, often found himself up against the fact that the Great War was too big to be seen. He tells of one time when he journeyed forth, discontent with inaction in Paris, only to spend several days at Villers-Cotterets, write three insignificant features, and return to Paris. He discovered several days later, from an official communique, that Villers-Cotterets, while he had been there, was the pivot of a turning movement in the battle along the Aisne.⁷ Often the American people knew, through communiques, of military actions long before the reporter in the midst of the battle was able to clarify his facts sufficiently to file a story or even to understand the situation himself.⁸

With the influx of Americans into Europe at the start of the war came many men who were seeking adventure and who sacrificed their personal integrity in order to send to the American people wildly imaginative stories of chaos on the Continent. They sent back stories of German atrocities in Belgium which were so wild that responsible correspondents could not match them. The stories of honest men seemed tame compared to the wonderful tales of the fakers. In one instance, when several responsible men had discovered a way to get through the French lines by buying a ticket to Dunkirk and laying low in a railroad station until the train left, a faker was informed of the scheme. The whole situation sounded interesting to him, and he promptly made it the subject of a personal narrative—telling how he had gone to Dunkirk—and cabled it to the United States. The story, which was completely faked, found its way back to France, and several correspondents

⁴Frank L. Mott, *American Journalism* (New York, 1941), p. 620.

⁵Irvin S. Cobb, *Exit Laughing* (New York, 1941), p. 175.

⁶*Ibid.*

⁷Shepard, "Confessions of a War Correspondent," p. 172.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 175.

were blacklisted by the French government.⁹ The fakers not only misled the American people and caused them to suspect the ability of the capable correspondents, but also annoyed authorities so much that privileges had to be denied to all newspaper men.

Added to the difficulties of securing news in Europe was the always present element of personal risk and hardship for the newsmen. For the most part, the correspondents were not in the front line of danger, although those men assigned to field headquarters of the press section always followed the battles and were situated in the town nearest the fight where telegraph facilities could be obtained. Another factor which led to danger was the ever-present desire for a new twist to an old story. Men went over the top in raids just to be able to tell America how it felt; others flew over the lines to record the sensation. One man flew from Frankfort to Berlin just after the armistice was signed so that he could turn in his story of how it felt to be the first Allied representative in Germany. Maude Radford Warren, who wrote for *The Saturday Evening Post*, is often said to have seen more actual fighting than any other woman in France, just so that she might be able to write intelligently about it.¹⁰

As a result, both of their daring and of their routine reporting, many correspondents were killed and injured. Henry Beach Needham of *Colliers* was killed in an airplane crash, and Patrick L. Jones of INS drowned on the *Lusitania*.¹¹ Floyd Gibbons lost an eye, Walter C. Wiffen of AP was wounded in Russia, and Robert T. Small of AP almost lost his life in the Somme.¹²

When not in actual danger the newsmen often submitted to much inconvenience and personal hardship as they covered the war. Don Martin of the New York *Herald* died of exposure and overwork, and many more men who were unable to take the rigorous life came near to dying from illness contracted from exposure due to their rundown physical condition.¹³ But these men were the front line men—the men who cabled daily stories to the syndicates and major newspapers of America. For the feature men, the men who wrote only mail stories, the men who covered special assignments, and the men who traveled with regular divisions, life was not so hard.¹⁴ William Shepard, in one report, says, "I slept in forty different beds in Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and Galicia in a total of sixty consecutive nights, and not one bed was a poor one."¹⁵ F. Tennyson Jesse, woman feature writer for *Colliers*, does not report any acute personal

⁹Shepard, "The Free Lance and the Faker," p. 337 ff.

¹⁰"War Correspondents' Job Was Not a Soft Snap," *Literary Digest*, LXII (July, 1919), p. 67.

¹¹Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 621.

¹²Oliver Gramling, *AP; the Story of News* (New York, 1940), p. 267.

¹³"War Correspondents' Job Was Not a Soft Snap," *Literary Digest*, p. 68.

¹⁴*Ibid.*

¹⁵Shepard, "Confession of a War Correspondent," p. 180.

discomfort—only a general disillusionment: "There is no glamor about a war correspondent's life. It is simply depressing, with a deadly depression that eats into the soul. For the few times one makes good with a fairly big story there are weeks of profitless waiting, of gloom, rain, squalor and maddening uncertainty."¹⁰

Once the hardships of securing the news were successfully combatted there remained only the censor's blue pencil and erratic cable conditions between the war correspondent in Europe and the news editor in America. Censorship was especially unsympathetic and stupid in the early days of the war.¹¹ This may have been partially due to the fact that American newsmen, their country still uninvolved in war, were extremely hostile to any censoring of the facts. One example of the delays to which dispatches were subject concerns a dispatch sent by a Paris correspondent of an American paper on August 2. It was soon forgotten in the crush of more urgent news until, on August 23, the correspondent got a note from the censor in Paris, where the censors were said to be more human than in London, to the effect that the message filed August 2 was rejected by the censor.¹² In the early days of the war the reporters were sworn enemies of the censors. William Shepard said, "The censors were afraid of the correspondents and the correspondents were afraid of the censor."¹³ The newsmen used their ingenuity to try to beat the censors as often as possible. On one occasion Shepard transmitted an entire story in slang,¹⁴ Fred Ferguson of the United Press succeeded in informing his New York office of Archie Roosevelt's injury by a cryptic cable telling them to phone Oyster Bay.¹⁵

Censorship eventually began to be run on a much more tenable basis. The British and French plans were basically the same. Each country allowed five accredited correspondents to travel with the armies. Each correspondent had a Press Officer, who accompanied him constantly and was his censor. The correspondent could not go anywhere without the consent of an officer or speak to any members of the troops unless an officer was present.¹⁶ Frederick Palmer, who went abroad first for *Everybody's Magazine*, was chosen to represent all the American syndicates with the British army. Later Palmer wrote the section of the United States Field Service Regulations dealing with war correspondents, and he became chief American censor for six months.¹⁷ Under the American system the promotion and suppression of publicity were placed under a common direction, and censorship was more

¹⁰F. T. Jesse, "Trials of a War Correspondent," *Colliers*, LV (March 20, 1915), p. 21.

¹¹Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 623.

¹²Striving War Correspondents," *Literary Digest*, XLIX (September 26, 1914), p. 585.

¹³William G. Shepard, "Forty-Two Centimeter Blue Pencil," *Everybody's Magazine*, XXXVI (April, 1917), p. 481 ff.

¹⁴*Ibid.*

¹⁵Webb Miller, *I Found No Peace* (New York, 1936), p. 85.

¹⁶"Work of the War Censor," *Literary Digest*, LVII (April 20, 1918), p. 50.

¹⁷Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 623.

liberal than under the British and French systems. To become an accredited correspondent under the American system the reporter had to produce a bond of \$3,000, and deposit a fund of \$1,000 with the Adjutant General in Washington to be drawn against for his expenses in the field. The correspondents could rent cars for \$60 a week. As far as privileges were concerned, the reporter had the same freedom of movement within the American war zone as a local reporter has in New York City. Dispatches were always brought to the Press Division by the correspondent, who sent them, if approved, in person to New York.²⁴ Webb Miller pays perhaps the highest tribute a war correspondent can pay to a censor when he says, "The American censorship at the front during the World War was in the hands of men who knew their business."²⁵

In the days before American military censorship the correspondent worried not only about passing the censor, but also about favorable cable conditions for the transmission of his dispatches to America. Government messages always took precedence, and there was an extremely great amount of government business. Urgent rates didn't exist, and the syndicates began filing dispatches at the commercial rate of twenty-five cents per word. Filing at this rate caused a great rise in daily cable tolls, and yet was not a dependable means of transmission. Stories to New York were from seventeen to fifty-two hours on the wire. Some stories never reached New York at all. One message from the Russian capital was sixty-two days in transit.²⁶

Perhaps the condition that was hardest for the conscientious war correspondent to accept was the continual criticism which reached him from America and England. Typical of the accusations was one made by Mr. Aaron Watson, a distinguished British publicist, who accused the American press of inaccuracy, prejudice, and uninterest in its work.²⁷ Professor Robert Herrick, back from the war zone, launched his attack against the American correspondents by saying, "I have come to the firm belief that no correspondent or civilian writer has witnessed any real battle of this war. They have all faked more or less obviously. The front is no place for a reporter. Even if by accident the reporter should find himself present during some action he would not know enough to know what it means, still less what significance it had in relation to the vast whole."²⁸ In the face of these attacks the American foreign press as a whole attempted to uphold its integrity. H. Perry Robinson, a British correspondent, defended the whole trade by saying, "In so far as we may fail to satisfy the public, it is by our inherent incapacity, not by any failing of honesty of purpose or of earnest endeavor."²⁹

²⁴"Work of the War Censor," *Literary Digest*, p. 52.

²⁵Miller, *op. cit.*, p. 40.

²⁶Gramling, *op. cit.*, p. 267 ff.

²⁷"American Press on the War," *Literary Digest*, LI (September 11, 1915), p. 528 ff.

²⁸"Skeleton in the Newspaper Closet," *Literary Digest*, LI (September 18, 1915), pp. 292-93.

²⁹H. Perry Robinson, "The War Correspondent and His Work," *Nineteenth Century and After*, LXXXII (December, 1917), p. 1215.

Perhaps the war correspondent didn't, as people at home often said, ever see much war, but he was constantly embroiled in many minor wars of his own. He fought the censor, he fought the cable man, he fought disease and danger, and, for the most part, he fought the very people he was serving. But, in spite of the newspaper man's difficulties, America is generally conceded to have been the nation best informed on the progress of the war.

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Bullfight

A bullfight is not a sport in the American sense of the word. It is not a contest between the man and the bull but a tragedy with these two playing the leading characters. The bravery of the bull is much admired, and his conduct during the fight is applauded or jeered by the crowd just as is the man's. The most dramatic scene, of course, is the death of the bull. He can be killed a right way or a wrong way. An incorrect killing takes place when the matador exposes himself as little as possible, keeps away from the horns, and places the sword in the bull's neck. In the correct method the matador, after he has fired the bull with his cape work, holds the *muleta* in his left hand close to the bull's face. As he slowly lowers it, the animal's head will follow; and when the bull is in precisely the right position, head lowered and feet together, the matador holds his right arm straight, passes his body over the horns, as close to them as possible, and sinks the sword slowly between the shoulder blades. The two are then seen as one, an intense, passionate picture of life and death. —LYNN WOODWARD

Don't Trust First Impressions

JAMES CARRUTH

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1943-1944

IT WAS ALL OVER. HIGH SCHOOL WAS FINISHED, AND I was on my way to the University of Illinois almost without realizing it. After years of anticipating and worrying, I was still almost completely unprepared to face the ordeal of entering a new world and of meeting countless strange people. It wasn't until I had actually got on the train that I fully realized that I was entering school a week late, with no idea of how or where to begin. With this realization came an even more terrifying thought. I was going to enter, as a stranger, a house full of boys who were already used to each other. Furthermore, I had forgotten the address and would have to depend upon chance and a kindly taxi-driver to get me there. However, because Champaign isn't a large city, and people actually are friendly, I managed to arrive in a wholesome state of mind.

I glanced at the house as I stepped out of the taxi and then hesitantly trotted up the walk. The door was wide open and inviting, but at this midnight hour no one was there to greet me. Inside, I set my bags down noisily and stood there for a puzzling moment until I saw a bulletin board with my name and room number on it. Once I had found my study room I was afraid to leave it, but realizing that I couldn't stay there all night, I bravely walked out into the hall and stopped dead. Two strange boys, also frozen to attention, were watching me.

One of them at last managed to blurt out, "You must be the new boy!" All I could manage in return was a gurgle and a nod. He offered to guide me to my bed in the dorm. When we had located my little bed in a corner, he remarked, comfortingly, that I was fortunate to have a bed in such an out-of-the-way spot where the drunks wouldn't trip over it. So with this thought in mind, I settled down to a series of unpleasant mental pictures, in place of sleep. The pictures didn't remain mental long.

Some of the fellows had been out celebrating their first week at Illinois with a riotous beer party, and they began to stumble in about fifteen minutes after I had gone to bed. My hearing and my imagination worked overtime to give me an idea of what was happening. The yells and laughter were transformed into roars. Noisy preparations for bed sounded, to me, more like a brawl than anything else. The snatches of conversation which I overheard were enough to make anyone wonder.

"Was Al really crying on your shoulder, or was he just faking?"

"Boy, that Kenny was certainly funny, running around burning everybody with his cigarettes!"

"Is Glen still lying on his face on the front porch, or did someone drag him in?" Altogether, it was enough. My first impressions were terrible.

The dawn came for me the next morning at breakfast. I felt better when I saw a lot of fellows near my own size and age, but I was wondering when the older and bigger guys who had been drunk the night before were going to come down. It was a happy moment when I realized that everyone was already down, and that the "big drunks" of the night before were only the friendly fellows with whom I was having breakfast.

Brothers!

MARY HOMRIGHOUS

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1943-1944

BROTHERS ARE THE ABSOLUTE END! AT LEAST MINE are. Just because of some silly little accident that wasn't my fault, they have positively refused to take me sailing in their "C" boat again. In fact, they have forbidden me ever again to come within arm's distance of the old thing.

It all happened last August 31, the day of the final sailing races for the season. Pete and Johnny, my brothers, had gotten up before dawn cracked to see that their boat had not been sabotaged during the night. They were dead-sure that the *Lucky Lady*, under their masterful guidance, was going to come in first. Of course, that was the third successive year that the two of them had been dead-sure, and in 1941 and 1942 they hadn't even placed. But if at first . . .

On that fateful day I was just in the middle of my second dessert, when Pete and Johnny combined forces and dragged me away from the lunch table. Without a word they forcibly led me to the pier. At first I thought they were going to drown me, because I had made some slighting remarks about their sailing abilities; but they just quietly, if threateningly, informed me that I was to be the *Lucky Lady's* mascot. Please note this: they asked me; I did not ask them. As no answer was necessary, we jumped into the boat and took her over to the Community Pier, which was to be the starting point for the race. On the way over even Pete and Johnny noticed that there was a very high wind, but they figured that they would let Nature take her course.

Fifteen minutes later the race began. When the pistol was fired, all ten of the boats lunged forward as if they had been pushed. For the first half-a-mile we all remained quite even, but then *Lucky Lady*, along with

Queenie, *X*, and *Red Star*, went out in front. Pete and Johnny positively glowed with pride when that happened. Even I smiled, for there I was mascotting a potential winner.

Suddenly the wind became worse. I, sitting on the side of the boat, port, *exactly* where I had been placed so that I would be out of the way, had to hold on for dear life. My pigtailed bounced on my back, and my red blouse was so filled with air that I rather resembled a pillow. My blue jeans whipped about my legs. Pete and Johnny began to mutter; I heard something about "light sail" and looked up. I am not exactly an old salt, but I realized that *Lucky Lady's* sail was too light for the wind. I found myself wishing that I had done my mascotting from shore.

Then my mascot spirit came to the fore; I mumbled, "Let it hold! Let it hold!" But my prayers weren't enough, probably because I prefer to sleep in bed rather than in church on Sunday mornings. The sail ripped, and the wind shrieked through the hole. As if a ruined sail weren't enough, the mast began to creak fearfully. I looked at it lovingly, hoping that it too wouldn't fail me. It bent terribly; then it cracked in two, and the upper, useless half swayed downward pointing right at me.

I certainly was not responsible for what happened next; I have no idea how it came about. All of a sudden I found myself in the water underneath the boat. Moreover, I was attached to something. I struggled furiously, kicking and stroking, but I couldn't get loose. As I kept on swallowing more and more water, I began to see horrible pictures of myself as fish food. When approximately one atom of oxygen remained in my lungs, two familiar, if watery, faces came into view, and two pairs of hands snatched my flailing arms. The hands yanked, and I stretched. The hands yanked again, and I was free. I rose to the surface, and the hands pushed me into the *unLucky Lady*. Pete and Johnny pulled themselves back into the boat.

Just as I was discovering that my jeans were backless, Pete and Johnny, looking only a little the worse for the mission of mercy, let out a horrible groan. I looked up to see not just three but all nine boats stretched out ahead of us. Once again I found myself wishing that I were back on shore.

When we arrived at the finish line, half-an-hour later, Pete and Johnny picked me up by the elbows and dropped me on the dock. As no one was within earshot, they informed me in unprintable syllables that I was never again to come near their sacred ship. Never on any condition.

In my defense I wish to say that I am not a witch, who by my cursed presence caused the sail to rip, the mast to break. And I am not of such a perverse nature that I would deliberately attach myself to a ship's rudder and damage it. But Pete and Johnny are in complete agreement about such things: everything that happened that terrible day was my fault—all of which goes to prove that brothers are the ultimate!

Don't Call It "Shell Shock"

JOYCE OSBORNE

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1943-1944

THE SOLDIER LOOKED TO THE FRONT AGAIN, AND just as he did so, he heard the most terrifying sound he had ever heard in his life—the loud, malicious scream of a big shell—louder than any he had ever heard. Its scream froze and nauseated him, weakened his legs, and made him breathe a most devout, heartfelt prayer. "O my God, don't let that hit me!"

He dropped—crumpled up, completely collapsed on the ground. But he did not get there fast enough. As he was falling, the whole world blew up. It was indescribable, that crash of sound, so loud one could not hear it. It seemed to hit him all over at once—everything seemed to stop functioning altogether. He got to his feet, his head throbbing, his ears banging, and his legs wobbling a bit as he tried to get his balance and stay up. He put his hand to his head in a dazed way, to wipe away from his mind the foggiest that seemed to surround it.

Another crash came and knocked him down. Again he got up. The blue layers of smoke were lying all about him, layer on layer, quiet and still, with the trees showing in between. He turned around, and still he saw those horizontal layers of blue smoke. He couldn't think, or move away from where he stood.¹

In 1918, this soldier would have been tagged "shell shocked," and given the general, inefficient treatment then used. "Shell shock," as it was originally used, was correct enough—it meant injury or concussion caused by the blast of an exploding bomb. But gradually the term came to include almost every variation of neurosis or hysteria. The expression was caught up quickly by the public and became established before the harm could be prevented. When it had been accepted officially, medical officers were forced to use it, mainly because they did not feel justified in making a more definite diagnosis for each case which was different from all the rest. They felt that by tagging the soldier "shell shocked" they would spare him the shame and anguish of having his condition described as a mental disorder. Actually, the effect produced often caused the soldier's condition to become worse.

In this war, shell shock is not mentioned. Soldiers are tagged "mentally exhausted." But it is not possible to wipe out shell shock by forbidding it a name. Instead we recognize the separate disorders which were all included under that general heading.

¹"Shell-Shocked and After," *Atlantic Monthly*, CXXVIII (December, 1921), p. 739.

When doctors find cases which have been caused by the blast of an explosion, they call them "blast concussion." This condition is to be expected after an explosion and has nothing to do with mental or moral virtues. In blast concussion, there is actual injury to the body fluids, especially those of the brain. In fatal cases, hemorrhages have been found throughout the brain substance.²

But it is not this division of shell shock that we are most interested in, for only four to ten percent of all the shell shock cases of World War I were caused by the blast of exploding shells. All the rest were emotional disturbances and mental disorders.³ It is these emotional cases which have challenged doctors and psychiatrists to search for an effective treatment of war neuroses. In this war, the emotional factor is being recognized as one of the most important, and treatment for "traumatic war neurosis," as it is now called, is being developed on the war fronts.

The question is raised: Why, if only a few of the shell shock cases of World War I were actually caused by exploding shells, were so many thousands of broken, hysterical soldiers sent back to the United States to fill our mental hospitals? Many authorities argue that war does not increase the ordinary types of mental disease, and that it has not produced any unheard-of forms. But why were there so many more cases than we have in peacetime?

In order to answer the question, we must remember that one of the greatest sources of breakdown is intense and frequently repeated emotion. In civil life we experience grief and anxiety, but we are given time to be relieved of our worry; we can get a night of sleep to help us carry on the struggle the next day. To the soldier, sleep may be impossible, not necessarily because of his mental state, but simply from the lack of opportunity because of the disturbances going on around him. The emotional strain is continuous—it keeps up night and day for months.

In previous wars, this strain found an outlet in face-to-face fighting. The soldier's fear and grief were lost in the anger and excitement of a personal fight with a personal enemy. But in the last war and in this one, soldiers have not been given this one vent for their pent-up emotions. Each man must lie in a shallow trench, waiting for an enemy he cannot see, realizing that any moment he may be shelled or strafed by machine gun bullets. Add to this emotional strain the grief of seeing comrades killed or wounded. Then when a shell does explode near-by or he is buried by a mine explosion, the soldier's will snaps and he becomes a victim of war neurosis. The symptoms differ with each man, depending upon his mental and physical condition and upon the incident which becomes "the last straw."

²"Shell Shock of First War Now is Blast Concussion," *Science News Letter*, XL (August 30, 1941), p. 142.

³Lord Southborough, "Shell-Shock," *Living Age*, CCCXV (October 14, 1922), p. 71.

The effects of neuroses are as pathetic as they are horrible. Imagine yourself on a visit in a base hospital in France in 1918, going through a ward of shell shock patients. Some of the men cannot see; others are deaf or mute. One man suffers a complete paralysis of his right side. Nearly all have a tremor of some sort, and many stare wildly when spoken to. The nurse tells us that, in their dreams, the patients relive their horrible experiences, jumping out of bed to crawl under, seeking the safety of the "fox-holes." Sometimes they start up in the middle of the night, weeping, their bodies bathed in sweat as they dream of being chased by Germans with bayonets, or of losing the trench in a fog and being unable to get back. Loss of memory is not unusual among shell shock victims, and recovery is as sudden as the loss.

When doctors in World War I met these symptoms, they were bewildered. They knew that a few cowardly men were pretending the symptoms of shell shock so that they might get away from front-line fighting. Because of these few, the true neurosis victims suffered harsh treatment. They grew worse as they were given tedious, annoying work, and were called "yellow" by the other men. They were given bitter medicine, and were allowed no visitors, no mail. It was thought that, if they were pretending, they would choose to return to their units rather than endure such suffering. Because of this harsh, inefficient treatment, few recovered. Their neuroses became fixed and they were sent back to the United States to become public charges.

When it was too late, the doctors realized that the men were not malingerers, but true sufferers of war neuroses. Determining not to make the same mistake in World War II, doctors experimented with new types of treatment.

During the Sicilian Campaign, victims of war neuroses were given sedatives, fed well, and kept well under soldier, rather than patient, discipline. Under the hypnosis produced by barbiturate drugs and their sodium salts, the patients were persuaded to tell their nightmare stories. Then a psychiatrist explained to them what had happened and why, talking hearteningly to bolster their egos. After a few weeks' rest (or often only a few days' treatment) many of the men were much improved, showing no signs of the worst neurosis symptoms, but only two percent of the patients could be returned to the front.⁴

Then in South Africa, two doctors, Majors Hanson and Tureen, experimented with ninety-five cases by treating them right at the front within the sound of guns, under frequent air raids. They gave them the quick "talk treatment," using drugs to loosen their tongues if they were backward. Of these cases, sixty were returned to duty within four days. When forty-four of these men were checked again in three weeks, all but five had seen hard

⁴F. C. Painton, "There Is No Such Thing as Shell Shock," *Reader's Digest*, XLIII (October, 1943), p. 61.

fighting and were performing adequately. Most of the remaining thirty-five men were able to do rear-line duty.⁵

An example of the effect of this new type of treatment was related by Dr. Hanson: "A young tank driver had been in constant fighting for many days. At the battle of Kasserine Pass the tank's sergeant, his head out of the turret, was struck in the face by an eighty-eight shell. The headless body fell back into the tank beside the driver. The youth stopped the tank, climbed out and began to run around and around, wringing his hands. He was brought to us crying and physically worn out. We gave him sedatives and food, and explained to him what had happened. At the end of four days he returned to his unit and fought through the rest of the campaign."⁶

Although it is too early to know what will be the outcome of treatment administered in this war, the immediate results have been encouraging. Colonel Perrin Long, formerly of Johns Hopkins, now on the medical staff in North Africa, has this to say on the subject: "The greatest achievement of medicine in North Africa is the development of a durative treatment that is redeeming war neurosis cases either for combat duty or for useful non-combatant work in the rear. Best of all, these fellows can and will be discharged into peacetime life able to make the adjustment and do productive work."⁷

We can only hope that time will prove Colonel Long's statement.

⁵F. C. Painton, "There Is No Such Thing as Shell Shock," p. 61.

⁶"Spit It Out, Soldier," *Time*, XLII (September 13, 1943), p. 60.

⁷*Ibid.*

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Snow Broom

The snowstorm created a new Chicago—round-eyed and innocent. Traffic noise became a soothing lullaby that brought back memories of children's prayers. Purity fell on tenement fire-escapes, concealing corroded stairways and their miserable landings. Hidden were the filthy roof-tops, grimy gutters, the dirt and squalor that are the big city. Not washed clean, but covered with a superficial splendor, much as a trollop covers old powder with new. Also gone was the hurry, the mad scramble to be forever doing something or going somewhere. Snow-blind shoppers staggered against the wind, groping their way with unseeing eyes, or stood shivering in doorways—waiting. Old and young, hawkers and millionaires, thrown into a fleeting equality.—CAROL QUIMBY

Saturday Night

NANCY GRAY

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944

THE SILENT, REGULARLY BREATHING MOUND BENEATH a heap of covers stirred half-heartedly at the pressure of a hand near the top of the quilt.

"Wake up, Mary," said a voice from a particularly dark spot beside the bed. "It's eight o'clock!"

As the silhouette padded out of the room, the mound of covers slowly shifted and the body beneath drew itself into them, like a turtle, to cherish the warmth for a last delicious moment before springing out. Her right foot made a tour under the bed and caught a slipper with a toe. Not finding the other in the dark, she limped out of the frigid dormitory, the cold floor biting at the skin of her bare foot.

Her eyes became accustomed to the insistent brightness of her room, and she squinted first at her roommate standing, half dressed, in front of her mirror, and then at the clock on the wide window sill. She had an hour.

An hour and Bill will be here! She sat down on the edge of the day bed to wonder luxuriously what the night would hold. Saturday night was the most wonderful night in the week. It was one time when you could forget about school and work and exams, and even the little pangs of conscience that rule you during the week couldn't make you sorry you were having a good time.

"Hey, there, moonface—you've got a date at nine o'clock."

"I'm getting ready."

Bill had never seen her in a formal. She hoped, oh, how she hoped she'd be lovely. She caught up the skirt of her white chiffon dress and let its cool folds slide between her thumb and finger. She flung the bottom of the skirt over her shoulder to see again how the white made the remnants of last summer's tan glow. A graceful step brought her to the mirror. The sudden vision of wrinkled flannel pajamas and tightly curled hair shocked her mind and body into action, and she threw a towel over her shoulder and headed for the shower.

The water hissed out at the turn of the chromium handle, and its hot beating on her skin lulled her mind. Dum dee dum dee dee—dee dum dee dee dee dum. The strains of a waltz played haphazardly on her vocal cords as if too much bent on getting out to bother with technicalities. Finally she tensed her muscles as if to ward off a blow and turned on the cold water. At that precise moment her buzzer sounded and she howled that two such things should happen at once.

"What time is it!" she yelled frantically to her roommate as she scrambled out of the shower, groping for the soap with one arm and embracing a wet towel with the other.

"It can't have been that long! He must be early!"

With the concerted action that comes with long practice, the two girls got Mary ready. While she put on her stockings, her roommate tore the bobby pins out of her hair, collecting them in the palm of a closed fist. Finally they zipped her into the beloved dress and she stepped back to see as far down as she could in the high dresser mirror.

For a last precious moment, she stood in front of her mirror and surveyed herself. Her hand went to her hair to smooth a strand that didn't need it. She wet her fingers, drew them across her eyebrows, and leaned close to scrutinize the edges of her lipstick.

She picked up her wrap and moved toward the door, half turning when she got there.

"Bye, Mildred. Am I all right?"

"You're wonderful. Have fun."

She started cautiously down the stairs, gaining assurance on the way down. On the second flight, she let go of her skirt and straightened her shoulders. Just before turning into the reception hall, she paused, took a deep breath, lifted her chin, and let herself down, step by step into the hall.

Bill was in the living room fumbling indifferently with a pile of records. She stood there behind him for a moment, remembering the way he looked from the back. Sensing her presence, he turned, expectancy charging his whole face. She walked over toward him and his eye followed her as if she were a lodestone.

"I am right," she thought fiercely. "He thinks so—I can tell."

The thought warmed her and she said with an assurance which had sprung from his admiration, "Hello, Bill. Am I late?"

Swimming Race

The starter grasped his gun and raised his arm. "Swimmers on the mark—ready"—Bang! With a tremendous splash all six of us hit the water together, though I, true to form, had fallen in whereas the others had dived. I immediately straightened out and began swimming furiously to make up the loss I had suffered at the start. My kicking legs thrashed up white foam as I slowly but steadily gained on my opponents. Reaching the edge of the pool, which was the half-way mark, I executed a very neat spinning turn and headed back towards the finish line. My breath came in gasps, my arms felt like lead, but I kept on, certain of a victory. As I crossed the finish line and slapped the edge of the pool amid a thunderous ovation, I saw the scorekeeper put his megaphone to his lips and heard him say, "Forty-yard free style won by Clemens, Crane Tech. Second, Wilson, Roosevelt; third, Pilfer, Steinmetz!" By the way, my name's Holden.

— MERRILL HOLDEN

Police Station on Sunday

ELAINE SELL

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944

THE POLICE STATION WAS OF GRAY STONE: ITS REGULATION blue watch lights cast a garish gleam through a gray Sunday afternoon. High, irregularly chipped stone steps led through the battered wooden door upon which the characters "15th District" were faintly visible beneath the most recent coat of paint. The solid, semi-circular desk, complete with cubby holes, iron railing, and an artistically lettered sign which proclaimed to all comers that Sergeant John Lynch was on duty dominated the room. Across the dusty, deeply scarred and marked bench adjacent to the side of the desk, a reporter lounged suddenly, reaching over occasionally to tickle the belly of a smoke-colored kitten. Behind the desk Sergeant Lynch, his face reflecting sultry discontent, reported dutifully to his captain and resettled himself into gloomy lethargy. The teletype machine, which transmits reports of city lawlessness, clucked on endlessly behind a door decorated with a bulletin on policemen's compensation flanked by an extravagant Petty drawing and a gaudy notice warning all to refrain from spitting, except in cuspidors. In one corner the occasional drip of water from a dirty, outmoded drinking fountain punctuated the damp mustiness of the room. The flat surface of the desk was completely covered with an accumulation of odd items: a battered coffee pot, surrounded forlornly by several even more dented tin cups, telephones, mammoth volumes labeled conspicuously "Accidents," "Thefts," and "Miscellaneous," a multitude of reports and records, anonymous in the litter, and, over all, a layer of dust which added an appearance of unconcern and complete timelessness.

Occasional sounds broke the rhythmical dullness of the ticking. Three men, two bearing violins, the third sheltering a horn beneath his coat, who had traveled unhailed and unnoticed across the floor and down the stairway to the "lockup," contributed the strains of "There's a Beautiful Garden of Roses" and other evangelical hymns to the pervading gloom. Once or twice the jangle of the telephone bell evoked a movement and a disgruntled "District 15" from the Captain. The stillness deepened after each interruption. The reporter fell asleep, and the smoke-colored kitten curled up sluggishly on the Sunday comic section under the desk.

Goodbye

RACHEL DAVIDSON

Verbal Expression IA, Theme 6, 1943-1944

LAST MARCH MY BROTHER RICHARD, AN INSTRUCTOR at Camp Davis, North Carolina, came home for a short furlough. When his furlough was over, he had to report to his company, immediately after which he was to go overseas. We all realized that when he left we would be saying goodbye to him for a long time—maybe for years, and maybe forever. These thoughts made it very difficult for Richard and my family when it was time for him to leave.

The first mistake we made when he left was to go to the depot early. We had almost an hour to wait in that dingy and dark depot before the train was to leave. My parents, my sister, Richard's wife, Richard, and I sat on the straight and uncomfortable benches vainly trying to keep up a cheerful conversation, but it was no use because everyone knew any cheerful talk was artificial and forced. Every once in a while there would be a dead silence, in which everyone, I think, could read Richard's thoughts. He sat there staring at his hands, thinking over each detail, realizing only too much that these were the last moments he would spend with us for a long time. As we sat there in silence, once in a while he would raise his eyes and stare at someone as if he were trying to memorize each detail of his face so that his memories would be clearer in the days to come.

Finally the train pulled into the station and all of us went through the crowds to go with him to the train. Then for a few minutes we stood there, making a last attempt at being cheerful as he told us all goodbye. But when the conductor called "All aboard," the worst happened. His wife and mother couldn't control their emotions any more and began sobbing. It was very hard for him to control his emotions but his pride forced him to. He acted very unconcerned and almost angry with us. It hurt him very much to do this because he knew he was hurting us, but it was the only way he could tell us goodbye without breaking down too. At last the train pulled out with Richard standing on the platform, waving nonchalantly. When the train pulled around the curve, Richard must have thought it was out of sight, for he put his head down in his arms on the railing. For a brief second we saw him like that and then he was gone—gone for no one knows how long.

Return to Nature

ROBERT GROLL

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944

THE EXPERIENCES WHICH THRILL ME TIME AND TIME again always seem to be closely associated with the great outdoors. I shall never forget the first primitive lean-to I made.

The evening shadows were long and slanting as I reached the top of a small knoll, equipped with ax, hunting knife, food, and a sleeping bag. Two straight young saplings furnished support for the beams of my lean-to. The structure was completed in thirty minutes. I made certain that the leaves slanted downward, to shed the rain which might come.

As I lay down under the shelter, my mind was clear. My mood was a thoughtful one. I watched the smoke from my cigarette curl slowly upward, a trivial incident in ordinary life—that night in the woods it was fascinating. How strange and interesting all the movements and sounds seemed to me. It was as if all my senses were keyed to an acute pitch—noticing each moving leaf, and hearing all the forest sounds. I sensed the cave-man's deep appreciation of fire as the coals from my cooking fire cast weird light patterns on the tree boughs overhead. A rustle in the brush made my pounding heart burst with anxiety. It was my first night out alone.

I rolled over on my back, finding the uneven ground extremely discouraging to sleeping. I began to think of my friends, my home, my church, and finally of life itself. I sought an answer in the starlit sky, in the fresh earth under my head. In an unusually clear manner the answer came to me. The riddle of life cannot be solved. Man is born to eke out his existence, exactly like all other animals. He is not better or worse than other forms of life.

Such heavy thoughts possessed me all through that hot September night. They were unusual to my light nature. I can explain them only as results of my "return to nature." I can imagine that these were the thoughts running through savage brains many years ago. What more important thing can one think about than the question of life itself?

Many times during the past few years I have yearned for a certain knoll in the forest near my town. With my mind clouded with the superficial problems of production, money, war, movies, and clothes, I have found a certain relief in thinking of my escape from the caustic modern life. I think of my lean-to in the woods, and I am glad that I have a retreat to nature where I can focus my mind on such problems as have troubled man throughout the ages. My "returns to nature" are infrequent now, but when they occur, I know that their effect is priceless in stabilizing a troubled mind.

Hydrophobia

NORMAN SMULEVITZ

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1943-1944

FOR SOME MONTHS PAST I HAVE WITNESSED THE meeting of an irresistible force and an immovable object. The irresistible force is my desire to have my twelve-year-old cousin, who is temporarily in my care, take a bath. The immovable object is Robert himself, who keeps as far away from a bath tub as is possible in a modern and urban society. Belonging as I do to the sex which even in the time of Solomon washed to its elbows, I found it hard to believe that there was anything congenital about a boy's desire to avoid water. Given a dirty boy, warm water, plenty of soap, and a fluffy dry towel, why shouldn't there be a bath, I asked. I was soon to learn the answers—many answers.

At first the reasons were prosaic. Robert didn't think he had time for a bath before school. By the time we finished arguing on that first morning, Robert was right; but the next morning I filled the tub, and before Robert's eyes and wits were fully opened I had him hustled from his bed to the bathroom door. The results were indifferently good, but by the third morning Robert had discovered that by dawdling long enough he could make himself late for school, and so the morning bath was tacitly abandoned.

After the first week I capitulated to the extent of compromise. Now some nights are bath nights, and some are not. On the latter, our apartment is as serene as a convent garden; but on bath nights the train dispatcher at the Illinois Central Station is not so busy as my cousin is. All the clubs to which he belongs hold long sessions; teachers assign extraordinary amounts of homework; visitors and telephones are imminent from dinner on past bedtime. As each excuse wears thin under what I strive to make a hard and cold brown eye, more imagination develops. The most elaborate, though least successful flight of fancy, was a sprained ankle carefully bandaged by Robert about an hour before bath time. In his opinion the bandage could not be removed; in mine, especially after I caught him limping with the wrong foot, a good soaking in hot water was just what Robert's ankle needed, not to mention the rest of him.

Properly handled, boys take to water like ducks. Maybe this is true. Exhausted as I am from a two months' sanitation campaign, I can summon strength for only two random shots: first, the greatest king of ancient Israel picked out the boys from the girls by the amount of water they did not apply to their bodies; and, second, six out of ten women wishing to usher them-

selves from a depressing world jump into a river, whereas most men prefer a dry exit with a pistol. Maybe some boys are different, but I doubt it.

In fact, I am beginning to wonder if the magnificent impulse that started man on his upward climb through the ages was no more than a normal masculine reaction to the repugnant water found in primordial ooze.

The Endless Trail

LEONARD McCLISH

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944

YOU WILL NEVER QUIT THE ROAD. JUST WAIT AND see." I scoffed at him, and we separated at the next road junction. I did not like him, for he had poor ideals and almost no goal in life; but the words he spoke were true.

I have known many of his kind, wanderers all through life. There are two kinds of wanderers, those who travel physically and those who travel mentally. Those who must confine their search of the world's wonders to their own brain we call scientists; we call those who are brazen enough actually to explore the world, minus education and worldly goods, tramps. Both are alike in one respect: they search the trail of daily life seeking something which is beyond, some invisible medium in which there will be happiness.

As a boy I followed the railroad tracks which ran through our town. At first I would follow them only to a certain spot; later I would go a little farther, and a little farther, until it took me all day to make the trip. The trip took more and more time because I always wanted to see what was around the next curve. Even now I cannot look down a broad concrete speedway without asking myself what lies beyond the distant farmhouse or hill.

As a young man, but very much like a little boy who has found means to realize his fondest desires, I have traversed thousands of miles into all kinds of country. I have walked over snow-covered mountains, trudged through the north woods, tramped over the desert. Yet something is still wanting, and there is yet some intangible desire that I must fulfill. It does not lie around the bend of the tracks, but it does lie ahead, on the road of human thought which only a well-trained mind can traverse.

Now I must travel down the long road which the scientist must follow, the mental road. That is what I want because my two feet cannot satisfy my desire to know what lies beyond. I can watch other people as they stumble along, and I can laugh at them or take heed, and not make the same mistakes.

But all this is only to attain this unpredictable goal. At times I think I see the image of what I am seeking, but it always fades into the mist and the road is as black as the night that lies on either side of the day. But while I am in the darkness I have the consolation of knowing tomorrow will bring some new future to the present, and make an unforgettable memory of the past.

My rough friend was right when he told me the road would always call and beckon to me. It surely must be a hypnotic gaze that makes me cling to its trodden path, when I do not always realize that joy and laughter are ahead. My life is "but a camp beside the roadside of new, high hopes, the quest unfinished, and the endless, resistless urge of the Almost."

The Silver Dragon

There within a sword's cast slept the creature, its body quiet save for the twitching of its tail and the even pulsing of its lungs, still save for the faint swishing of the dozen silver strands of hair at its tail-end and for the sighing of its breath. Its silver armour caught every sun beam and shied it into our faces. Its slim body, curled among the stones, reflected now the gray rock and ecru sands, now the sea and the blanched wave-crests of the deep sky, the lilac-winged gull; yet it was ever silver. Two delicately curved horns projected above a low knoll which hid the beast's head. They were two miniature poles in ivory, tapering side by side to points without breadth.

The gracile line of the creature broke only to show one silver hind-claw, three-pronged, to show the soft, shell-pink pit of its crooked forefoot. A triple row of bumps columned down its back — bumps shrinking from three great bubbles above its shoulders to three silver peas on its tail, all perfectly matched as pearls in a necklace. Its armour was like lace — coarse to include its hips, intricate as it merged into belly. Each flawlessly fashioned link fitted in a pattern of lozenges and rhombs and poly-shaped wedges. — PHYLLIS RARICK

Airplane Pilot

I watched him as he drank his tea, and I seriously considered smashing the tea pot over his ridiculous mop of rusty-red hair. For Jupiter's sake, didn't this dope realize that he was going on a suicide ride? Talking about the shortage of sugar and the relative merits of English and American tea! Perhaps I was on the wrong side of the fence? Maybe God had somehow or other switched people and it was he that was to parley with the servicemen and I that was to climb into that airplane that sat but fifty yards away, the airplane that had caused the death of four men in the past five weeks. I glanced at him and my heart beat furiously for this ruddy-cheeked Englishman who had walked into that door just three days before and who would probably never walk in again. Johnny sat across from him rattling out wind directions, statistics, calculations, and warnings. Johnny was All-American. He never would have sat like this — not Johnny. He would have pored over books and calculated to the minutest detail his chances of survival. But the Englishman just sat there, paying no attention to the eager advice being offered. He finished his cup of tea and looked up at me.

"Best cup of tea I've had in the States."

— ESTHER FALKOFF

Embarkation

MATTHEW GLENN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944

THE TIME WE ALL HAD BEEN WAITING FOR AND EXPECTING had arrived—embarkation! Months had been spent in anticipation. Now at last we were actually shouting "Here!" in answer to the First Sergeant as he made the final check. He was making sure no one let his homesickness get the better of him. One of the men could actually see his house, as the ferry which had carried us chugged its way to the loading docks.

Everyone was happy while on the ferry. The men were either singing to the accompaniment of the band as it played *Over There* in a lilting manner, or making jokes about the Battery Clerk as he struggled, sweat, and cursed in an attempt to force his way through the tangle of massed G. I.'s and equipment. His plight was no laughing matter, for besides his own gear he was further burdened with the field desk. Anyone would have laughed, however, at the way his helmet kept banging down over his eyes, and the way his barracks bag would roll off his shoulder, securely anchoring him until it was again precariously perched on his rather narrow shoulder. Yes, it was a happy crowd, but the mood changed.

Perhaps it was the size of the loading shed and the accompanying feeling of insignificance that subdued the jovial mood. The shed was gigantic. I still can't get the idea out of my mind that there were clouds in the top of it. Maybe the thought that the huge ship which squatted beside us would soon be carrying us far from the familiar and tangible way of life had something to do with it. Whatever it was, everyone seemed to sink into a trance. Each man was steeped so completely in his thoughts he became oblivious to the activity about him.

This probably accounts for my own dreamlike memories of that experience. My own thoughts were a jumble of excitement, anticipation, calm, and dread, with a few distinct recollections of irrelevant details. I distinctly remember thinking that all women are alike as I watched two nurses, nattily attired in dress uniforms, frantically searching through piles of luggage for their own belongings. The dock hands were duly irritated. One of the privates in my section seemed to have a great affinity for the coffee and doughnut vending Red Cross girl; he seemed to think that if he didn't get one more helping he would never eat again. I had a difficult time getting him back in line before we moved into position before the gangplank. Most of all I remember the feeling of complete isolation as I walked up the gangplank. Each man, as his name was called, would shoulder his barracks

bag, hitch up his pack, take a firm hold on his overcoat, twist his rifle around to keep it from gouging his thigh, and start the ascent. As he boarded the gangplank, the man would emerge from the gloom of the shed to be vividly illuminated in the glare of the floodlight which hung above. He would momentarily be the focus of thousands of pairs of eyes, until he disappeared in the dark, cave-like hole in the side of the ship. The gangplank couldn't have been over twenty-five feet long, but it seemed like a mile to me.

Rhet as Writ

As its striking point cannot be accurately predicted by the Germans, the robot bomb's victims are more often than not, men, women, and children.

. . . .

I would be up to my elbows in soap-suds and you would be drying them.

. . . .

Hawthorne had a very unhappy boyhood as his father died when he was four.

. . . .

The book also serves to broaden the mind of the person who thinks that only a good German is a dead one.

. . . .

As far as I ever knew she had never even looked at a man, but as things turned out it was obvious that she had.

. . . .

In this great man-made park [Forest Park] there is a fine zoo which contains animals from all walks of life.

. . . .

One evening the bartender was having a little trouble with his woman. I say his woman because she wasn't his fiancée or even his girl friend.

. . . .

At this remark, I began laughing and planting osculations over his kind, old face.

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The Roxy Was a Lady

MARJORIE HIGGINS

Verbal Expression 1A, Theme 2, 1944-1945

I STOOD FOR A MINUTE AND LOOKED UP AT THE CANOPY, now blank and unlighted in the twilight, waiting for the neon blaze that would bring it to life. Six o'clock. The box office opened at six-thirty. I could wait until six-fifteen and still have time to count the change and arrange it in the machine, drop the ticket rolls in their slots—adults on the inside, children on the outside—and write the opening numbers on the blank face of my report pad. Then, after the seven-fifteen rush (Why do people always get to a movie at seven-fifteen, no matter what time it starts?). I could fill in the other information: competition, weather, name of feature, length of shorts, film companies.

I unlocked the door and went into the lobby. It was dark and quiet and cold. I didn't reach for the light switch in the foyer but instead sank into one of the seats in the back of the auditorium and looked at the half-lighted stage. I squeezed my toes into the crack in the seat in front of me and contentedly breathed in the pulsating, noisy silence of the showbusiness in the air.

The Roxy had the faded beauty of an old lady. She had less than four hundred seats and only two aisles, and she was old and cheap and dirty. Her gaudy finery was ancient and torn and tarnished. Her purplish velvet curtains were moldy with age; and her carpets, once luxuriantly thick, were threadbare and full of ragged holes. Her house lights were a comfortable conglomeration of colors, thrust into sockets without a thought for design or beauty. Here and there one was frankly missing. Her wide-spaced leather seats were patched and full of sagging rents and occasional protruding springs. Her walls, once painted yellow and blue and deep maroon, were streaked and stained to piebald obscurity. The low partition behind the last row of seats was spotted with uniform round smears of hair oil. She smelled of peanuts and popcorn and cheap perfume. She had the dim, mystic glow of all theatres. Her walls were saturated with the laughs and tears of bygone audiences; and now, in the early dusk which was her real night, the far-off laughter rustled along down the aisles and through the empty rows of seats, whispering gaily and fading off into a hushed stillness. She was almost alive, that Roxy, the way all theatres are.

She was warm and human and gay. She was a painted hussy with a happy, loud laugh and eyes that smiled and beckoned. Inside, here in the auditorium and out in the lobby, she was friendly. The lobby had a few

scrubby potted trees, and a bold doorman in an ill-fitting purple uniform. But the tiny foyer, with its green, rather oriental lights, had a certain opiate air, a vibrant half-reality which was absent in the lobby. Out front, she was painted and dressed like a naughty, brazen vamp. When the lights were snapped on, she seemed to slip into a daring evening dress covered with glittering spangles. Her marquee lights winked a flirtatious invitation, and the steady glow of the red, yellow, and white bulbs of her canopy gave her an unreal, dazzling glamour.

Her little boxoffice was bright and noisy with the sound of coins clapping against wood or jumping metallically through the change machine. The painted one-sheets in their lighted shadow boxes were thrilling promises. Inside and out she had an exciting, disquieting quality, an air of amused omniscience, a warm, satisfied glow. She hummed happily to herself a special, gay, merry-go-round sort of song. It seemed to ripple in and out the doors, to dance around the corners, and swirl gaily in the air like a half imagined elf. . . .

"Marge!" I started and scrambled to my feet. "Hey, let's have a light!" My boss always made his entrance as if he had crashed through the roof. I dodged past him into the boxoffice and started to count the change. Twenty quarters, four half-dollars—okay.

The staff began to arrive; the ushers shouted boisterous greetings and bounded to their places. Then the outside lights flashed on, and all the Roxy's charm came back in a twinkling. The music began to drift into the tiny glass cell again.

"How many, please?" "Tha—nk you!"

Fairy Tales—Brothers Grimm

PHYLLIS CATHARINE RARICK

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1943-1944

A FAIRY TALE IS A JOURNEY INTO THE LAND OF STARDUST, into the land of lilies and enchanted dew drops and sunbeam castles, into the land where brave knights kill dragons with fiery tongues. It is a stay in the land of rewards, for the good receive coffers of rubies, and the bad, the curse of the elves. Although it may have ugliness, beauty must be supreme; a fairy tale must leave behind pleasant thoughts. It must be touched by the power which makes fairies and witches and pixies. A tale is not of the fairy lands unless within it kind deeds are rewarded with happiness, and cruelty with misery.

Because they do not fulfill these requirements, many of the tales of the Brothers Grimm are really not fairy tales at all. They spring from unpleasantness. There is the tale of Hans, who, after seven years of labor, received a ball of gold. On his way home he exchanged his gold for a horse, then his horse for a cow, and his cow for a pig, and so on until at last he had only a whetstone. Before long he lost the whetstone too, for he let it fall into a well. Perhaps this seems ridiculously humorous at first; however, it is melancholy to see how foolish some people are, how easily influenced or deceived. It is depressing to know that some have as little faith in their knowledge as did Clever Elsa, who came to believe that she was not herself.

Many of Grimms' so-called fairy tales disclose a world whose powers are no different from the powers of our own world. No magic snuff. No wishing wells or scarlet eagles. The story of the child who stirred his parents to love his grandfather is a charming story, but it is no fairy tale. The story of the three sluggards is amusing, certainly; yet it is no fairy tale.

In Grimms' tales the whole reward often goes to the scoundrel. The cat who through deceit devoured its companion mouse's share of fat, and then ate the mouse for complaining, suffered no harm. Nor did the fiddler who without cause wedged the feet of the wolf in a stump, and suspended an innocent fox from two trees, and fastened a hare so firmly that had it made one move its head would have been cut off.

Nor would the fairy judges have ignored the deeds of Chanticleer and his comrades if they had been concerned with romantic rules. Chanticleer, a cat, an egg, a duck, a pin, a needle, and a millstone went to visit a friend. Finding their friend—Mr. Korbes—gone for the day, they entered his home. The cat curled up by the fire, the duck lay down by the well, the egg rolled itself in the towel, the pin stuck itself into the cushion, the needle sat on the pillow, and the millstone laid itself over the door. When their host came home, he commenced to build a fire, but the cat threw ashes into his face. The duck squirted water at him. When he came to wash, and when he seized the towel to dry himself, the egg rolled out and stuck in his eye. He sat down, but the pin stuck him. Angered, he threw himself across his bed; there the needle scratched him with its point. In a rage he rushed to the door. The millstone then fell on his head and killed him. From this incident the Grimms conclude simply, "What a bad man Mr. Korbes must have been."

I have here considered the stories of the Grimm brothers as to whether they are fairy tales, not as to whether their imagery is exact or their plots are original. I have been concerned with them as fairy tales, not as allegories or tales of adventure. And having judged them, I find that many are not fairy tales at all. The brothers could accurately have ended many tales as they ended one—"Now, that's the way of the world, you see." Truly the tales are in the way of our world, not in the fashion of fairyland.

How I Write a Song

CHARLES HOPP

Verbal Expression 1A, 1943-1944

JUST AS YOU WOULD FIND IT PERPLEXING TO CONVEY to me how you read, I find it equally hard to relate to you how I write a song. Reading—you have read ever since the first grade. It has become such a common, everyday practice that you think nothing of it and find yourself at a loss to explain just how you do read. Well, I have written lyrics, which can be set to music, for such a long while that it, like reading, has become a habit with me. I find it difficult, therefore, to tell you how I write a song. But I will try.

There are many different types of songs or lyrics, just as many different types as there are ways of writing them. Sometimes I may start with a title, a catchy little phrase like “a hit with a miss” (I made a hit with a miss, when I came across with a kiss), or I may take an everyday saying for a title and compose a whole song just from that. On the other hand, I can be moved by some beautiful, happy, or melancholy thought; write a song about it; and spend as long a time as it took me to write it thinking of something to call the fool thing. Once in a while I take a simple sentence—for instance, “I walk this way quite often.” Then I think of all the pleasant memories I have when I walk a particular way, I assemble them into a lyric with a certain pattern, and there I have it.

This pattern is important. There are a number of patterns to follow, but the one I use the most, and it is used most often in song writing, is the one, two, bridge, three type. I’m sure you could recognize it in a dozen or more popular songs today. “Sunday, Monday, or Always” is a fine example of what I’m trying to explain:

Won’t you tell me when,
We will meet again,
Sunday, Monday, or always?

If you’re satisfied,
I’ll be at your side,
Sunday, Monday, or always.

Those are the first two verses. Then we have:

No need to tell me now what makes the world
go round,
When at the sight of you, my heart begins to
pound and pound.

That is the bridge. The third verse,

What am I to do,
Can't I be with you,
Sunday, Monday, or always?

is identical, in plan, to the first and second verses. Now, perhaps you see better what I mean by the one, two, bridge, three pattern.

Keeping these two things in mind, what I shall write about and how I shall write about it, I could compose a song for you right here, now. It should prove interesting.

I'm not especially moved by any thought this morning, and it is a little early for some catchy phrase to take hold; so I'll just take some ordinary everyday expression like "Howdy, Chum" or "Good morning"—yes, "Good morning." Now, that's quite ordinary, isn't it? Then, what is more natural than saying, "How are you this morning—this good morning?" Yes—it is quite simple. Looking about me, I might add, "The sun is high and the sky is blue—blue, you, through, to—?? So I say good morning to you." Well, I've written the first verse. Now that will be my model, for the second and third verses will be of the same rhyme scheme.

A little work on the second verse, and I have,

Good morning, good morning,
What a lovely good morning.

"What - a - love - ly - good - morn - ing" is a seven syllable phrase. It is of seven syllables because the corresponding line in the first verse, "How are you this good morning?" also has seven syllables in it. I could add or subtract syllables to suit my needs. In the sentence "How are you this good morning?" I might say, "And how are you this very fine morning?" That would give me ten syllables. If, on the other hand, I wish to cut it down, I'd drop out the "are," making it "how' you"—which would be a contraction for "how are you." I might leave out "good," also. The sentence would then read "How' you this morning?" The thought is there but in fewer syllables.

Let us imagine I have completed the second verse—now for the bridge. The bridge may be of a different rhyme scheme, remember? However, it should have something in common with the title. Now, I'm thinking of good morning. "Wake up—wake up! There's a lot to be doing—get up. Can't you hear the cock a-doodle-doing?" There! No, that's poor. Thoughts run through my mind—"Get up! It's time you were rising—rising, idolizing, harmonizing!"

The birds were up long ago.
Can't you hear 'em harmonizing?
In other words, don't you know
It's time you too were rising?

Yes, we like that, Mr. Hopp—very much.

More ideas rise and fall within my brain. I write the third verse, following in its plan that of the first and second verses. Now, I have finished. And we have:

Good morning, good morning!
How are you this good morning?
The sun is high,
And the sky — is blue.
So, I say good morning to you.

Good morning, good morning!
What a lovely good morning!
I feel quite smart,
And my heart — does too.
So, we say good morning to you.

The birds were up long ago.
Can't you hear 'em harmonizing?
In other words, don't you know,
It's time you too were rising?—So,

Good morning, good morning!
Can't stay in bed all morning.
The day is bright,
And the night — is through.
So, it's a good, good morning that's waiting
for you.

That's how I write a song.

Drive-In

It isn't a pretentious place—just a small frame building with a glaring neon sign which reads, "Terry's Bar B Q." It isn't the sort of place which should draw crowds, either, but it does. Its parking lot is always packed, and its walls seem to bulge from the noise and people within. No, the drive-in isn't fancy or impressive, but I like it.

I like its noise: the rhythmical ring of the pin-ball machine, the sweet-hot blare from the nickelodeon, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, the clink of glasses, the unintelligible mixture of laughter and conversation, the impatient horns of the drive-in customers.

I like its people. I like the way the waitresses swing their hips and flirt with the truck-drivers who frequent the place. I like the way the short-skirted, tight-sweatered school girls jitterbug on the six-by-six dance-floor. I like the way the boys with crew-cuts gyp the pin-ball machine out of forty free games. I like the way the traveling salesmen spike cokes from quart bottles of Calvert's Special—holding them under the table, of course, so that they won't be seen. I like the way mascaraed wenches bum drinks and cigarettes from these men and get a free—well, almost free—ride home. I like the way Tilla, the one and only, strolls in at two A. M. and says, "Get the Hell out, it's closing time."

Yes, I like Terry's and I've given you my reasons. But I almost forgot—it serves good barbecues, too.—DORIS DEE LANTZ

Pacifism in India

JERRY KHARASCH

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1943-1944

INDIA, THAT VAST AND PROLIFIC SUB-CONTINENT OF some three hundred sixty millions of people, roughly one-fifth of the human race, of innumerable races and creeds, has for many years been the focusing-point for a great number of eyes. The curious and the concerned have turned their eyes toward India to watch its vast, disorganized conglomeration of people attempt to settle their own internal disputes as well as those of international proportions which have been forced on them. The pacifist and the lover of peace also have looked toward India, for they see here, and only here, the embryo of the ideal for which they hope and strive. Throughout the disputes, the disorganization, of the seething melting-pot which is India, this embryo has been nurtured, has grown until it can no longer be ignored, but must, on the contrary, be carefully watched and understood by all the nations of the world. For India is now, either consciously or unconsciously, developing a weapon which may be capable of attaining that toward which civilized man has striven for hundreds of years: the brotherhood of all mankind. Thus, India has become a great scientific experimental station, striving toward an ultimate goal, independence; developing a machine with which to attain it, non-violence; and meeting difficult obstacles—England and a lack of organization. Just as scientific discoveries often find applications other than those for which they were intended, so may the "machine" of this great "experimental station" be some day made to bring about not only independence, but also lasting peace on earth. This must be stressed, however: the nature of India's struggle is purely political; it is essentially, except for one man, a struggle for separation from an imperial power that seems severe and oppressive. To gain a fuller understanding of this, one must know more about the nature of the Indo-English struggle, about the pacifist method in India and how it is being applied today, about the militaristic tendencies which exist now in India, and about the actual pacifistic tendencies in India, especially those of one man, Mohandas K. Gandhi.

The struggle between India and England began in the days of the English East India Trading Company, whose exploitation and autocratic rule "sowed the seeds of Hindese nationalism."¹ It was against this rule that India fought what she called the War of Liberation in 1857, better known as the Sepoy

¹H. T. Muzumdar, "History and Growth of Non-Violence," *The Conscientious Objector*, IV (August, 1942), 3.

Mutiny, which resulted in defeat for the revolutionists. However, this war became the foundation for a political movement in 1885 for the purpose of liberating India by "political and constitutional methods."² This later assumed a more forceful form under the pressure of the extremists of this political party, now called the All-India National Congress, who demanded "swaraj," or complete self-government, and who agitated this with bombs and bullets. The result was a partial success for the Congress, in that the partition of Bengal (1907) was annulled. Later, in 1917, the "war to end wars and make the world safe for democracy by extending the right of self-determination to all nations,"³ filled India with hope. She was then promised by Montagu, then Secretary of State for India, "progressive realization of a responsible government in India." After contributing 1,500,000 men to the Allies, more than all the British dominions combined,⁴ India found that the British government had no intention of giving self-government to the people of India.

There followed then the launching of a nation-wide, non-violent, non-cooperation movement led by Gandhi, and this resulted in the arrest of over 40,000 patriots; in the great Amritsar massacre of 1919, in which nearly 800 Indians were killed and twice that number wounded;⁵ and finally, in 1922, in the arrest of Gandhi, who was released two years later. Not long after his release, Gandhi "retired" from politics and toured India for the purpose of finding ways to secure its economic independence. This he did by stimulating the village industries and by establishing branches of the All-India Spinners Association,⁶ which did not help in improving Indo-English relations. In 1930 Gandhi launched his famous "March to the Sea," a nation-wide non-cooperation movement in direct violation of the British Salt Law, which again resulted in numerous arrests and imprisonments—notably that of Gandhi, who was released one year later. The following period up till 1939 was occupied in "Silent revolution and social reconstruction."⁷

Today, India uses against England the same technique which she found most efficient in the past: that of non-violence. This type of resistance can be conveniently divided into stages:⁸ the first stage is that of refusing to join the issue on the field of battle and of assuring the aggressor of good will; the second stage is essentially an exploration into the aggressor's bill of complaints; the third stage is a sincere offer of cooperation with the

²*Ibid.*

³*Ibid.*

⁴Lin Yutang, "India and the War for Freedom," *New Republic*, CVII (August 24, 1942), 218.

⁵*Ibid.*

⁶Muzumdar, *op. cit.*, p. 3.

⁷*Ibid.*

⁸H. T. Muzumdar, "Indian Non-Violence at Work." *The Conscientious Objector*, IV (August, 1942), 1.

aggressor, and a strict examination by the oppressed of his own arguments; and the last stage consists of a propaganda campaign aimed at the people, stimulating them to direct action, that is, non-violent direct action, often called "Satyagraha."

By declaring India a belligerent at war with Germany on September 3, 1939, the British Government completely ignored the resolutions which the All-India Congress had been making since 1935, stating that "India would be no party to any future war in which England might be engaged, except on India's own terms, by the free will and the consent of her people." This put Gandhi, who had no desire to lend aid or comfort to the Axis, in a delicate position, for to put obstacles in the way of Britain's war effort would be tantamount to helping the Axis. He therefore planned to obtain two objectives: (1) to proclaim to the world that India was forced to participate in the war, and (2) to tell the Axis that India would not help them, either directly or indirectly. Gandhi achieved both these objectives at once by calling upon the Congress cabinets, which were functioning in eight provinces, to resign; at the same time he proclaimed his policy of "not embarrassing the British war effort." This meant in effect that he was not asking the people of India to obstruct the operations of the British-Indian army.

This program was met by the British Government with rigorous war measures and denials of ordinary freedoms. When Gandhi insisted upon the right of freedom of speech, and when his appeal was denied, a campaign of individual and civil disobedience was launched, which resulted in the imprisonment of many leading Congressmen, such as Nehru and Azad, who were later (December 7, 1941) released by England under pressure from the United States.⁹

The Cripps mission to India, a notable example of Great Britain's habit of giving with one hand and taking with the other, failed, and with its failure brought the situation in India to a head. On May 2, 1942, the Working Committee of the All-India Congress adopted a resolution of non-violent resistance which stated: "The All-India Congress Committee is convinced that India will be able to attain her freedom through her own strength and retain it likewise. The present crisis as well as experience during the negotiations with Sir Stafford Cripps makes it impossible for the Congress to consider any schemes or proposals which retain even a partial measure of British control and authority. Not only the interests of India but also Britain's safety and world peace and freedom demand that Britain must abandon her hold on India. It is on the basis of independence alone that India can deal with Britain or other nations."¹⁰ When this solemn warning

⁹H. T. Muzumdar, "The Crisis in India," *Fellowship*, VIII (September, 1942), 143.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, 145.

failed to accomplish the desired results, the same Working Committee ratified, on August 7, 1942, the "Quit India" resolution which Gandhi had submitted to them in July at Wardha. This resolution urged Britain to withdraw, definitely, its authority from India and to transfer governmental power from British to Indian hands. In addition to ratifying the "Quit India" resolution, the Committee invested Gandhi with full powers to launch the non-cooperation movement for India's freedom, but this was nipped in the bud when England arrested Gandhi and the Congress leaders.¹¹

The foregoing account has attempted to show that India was not always a practitioner of non-violence, but chose this merely as a convenient and necessary method of dealing with a nation more powerful than she. However, there are still military tendencies in India today. These tendencies are found to exist in high places in India, Jawaharlal Nehru being representative of the group. Nehru, who may one day succeed Gandhi, said after India was declared by the decision in Whitehall to be a belligerent of Germany: "Only a free and equal India can cooperate of her free will; until that vital change is made none of us have the power to make the people of India enthusiastic for a war that is not theirs."¹² In the parleying with the British Government he said: "The Congress has invited the British Government to state its war and peace aims clearly, and particularly how these apply to the Imperialistic order and to India. India can take no part in defending Imperialism, but she will join in the struggle for freedom. . . . This is no small offer India makes, for it means the ending of a hundred years of hostility between India and England, a great turning point in world history and a real beginning of the new order we fight for."¹³ More recently, Nehru promised the American emissary, Louis A. Johnson, that if Britain agrees to an Indian Defense Minister, the Congress will accept the British offer of post-war independence, and India will "fight all comers."¹⁴

Nehru is by no means the only advocate of such sentiment as this. Although the plan for the future independence of India which Sir Stafford Cripps carried to New Delhi was a failure, his mission was not altogether unsuccessful. In a letter to Cripps, Maulana Azad, president of the All-India Congress Party, declared: "We are agreeable to postponing the entire issue, so that the largest measure of unity may be achieved in the present crisis for India's defense."¹⁵ This was substantiated by Nehru's promise that "we are not going to embarrass Britain's war efforts in India, or those of our American friends who may come here."¹⁶

¹¹*Ibid.*

¹²Carl Heath, "India: Acid Test of Democracy," *Fellowship*, VI (February, 1940), 19.

¹³*Ibid.*

¹⁴Freda Kirchwey, "India's Zero Hour," *Nation*, CLIV (April 11, 1942), 414.

¹⁵"What Next in India?" *Nation*, CLIV (April 18, 1942), 448.

¹⁶*Ibid.*

India itself is of primarily militaristic tendency. The United Nations are fully backed in their war by such organizations as the All-India Free Moslem Conference, and many of the most popular elected Moslem officials, such as Allah Bakhah, Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, and Tazlul Hug, are for full participation in the war.¹⁷ Again, despite the non-cooperation policy which the All-India Congress has pursued till the end of 1941, there has never been any difficulty in recruiting for the Indian army more volunteers than it has been possible to equip. The military forces now stationed in India are large. On December 7 the Indian Army was in the process of being expanded from a million to a million and a half.¹⁸

No, it is not toward all of India that the pacifist and lover of peace may look, but rather to one man: Mohandas K. Gandhi. Within him and his followers, who are not so numerous as many would suppose, lie the true seeds of non-violence for the sake of non-violence. In his "Sermon on the Sea" in 1909, Gandhi said: "Passive resistance, that is, soul-force, is matchless. . . . Physical-force men are strangers to that courage that is requisite in a passive resister."¹⁹ And again: "The non-violent experiment of the Congress will have been vain if when India awakes from the present fear she does not show to the world the way of deliverance from the blood bath. The criminal waste of life and wealth that is now going on will not be the last if India does not play her natural part by showing that human dignity is best preserved not by developing the capacity to real destruction but by refusing to retaliate. I have no manner of doubt that if it is possible to train millions in the black art of violence which is the law of the beast, it is even more possible to train them in the white art of non-violence which is the law of regenerate man."²⁰

Here is wherein our hope lies.

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Recipe for Popularity

What makes a boy popular? That is an interesting question in this year of our Lord, 1944, when men are at a premium and one would think that the mere quality of masculinity would insure at least moderate social success for any boy. Somehow it does not. There may be fewer males around, but most girls reserve the right to be fussy about those who still circulate. Of course, a generally favorable appearance and a pleasant personality are the two most important attributes a boy can have. Unusual good looks are welcomed, but not expected, and a sense of humor is essential. Poise and a certain amount of self-assurance are necessary, although the latter can easily be over-done. When this happens, the result is often that sleek, super-sophisticated product known as the "smooth, Latin type," the creature who slithers around campus mentally twirling an imaginary mustache and murmuring, "Ah-ha, me proud bee-uty!" to every female he meets. Boys often object to the girl with the glamour complex, who regards the world mournfully from behind a blonde (more or less genuine) cascade of hair, whose cigarette droops from her mouth at a forty-five degree angle, as she determinedly tries to look sultry, but they forget that naturalness is just as attractive in a boy as in a girl: he may fancy himself a big, brawny man of the world, but *she* knows he's not quite nineteen. In all, the popularity of a boy, as of any one else, depends largely on the amount of effort he makes to acquire it. If he works at it consciously, and has the necessary raw materials to begin with, any boy can manage to get by.—LOIS RUDNIK

Aiding Nature

ROBERT C. DODSON

A.S.T. English 11, Theme 9, 1944-1945

THE PURPOSE OF THIS THEME IS TO GIVE THE READER some idea of what to do in performing a Caesarian operation on a guinea pig. You may ask, "Why perform such an operation on a guinea pig?" or "When will I ever have to do such a thing?" My answers to these questions are, "In performing such an operation, a future surgeon will gain some idea as to what he may be up against. The average person's chances of ever having to operate on a guinea pig are about one out of a million."

Some of the factors that lead to the need for Caesarian operations on animals are malformation of the pelvic region, improper or insufficient development of the animal, and paralytic diseases that prevent normal muscular action.

The gestation period of the guinea pig is from sixty-five to seventy days, depending upon the size of the litter. The larger the litter, the less time it takes. About eleven days before parturition, the pubic bones begin to separate and the vagina and vulva enlarge, becoming very soft and pliable. Twenty-four hours before birth, the two mammary glands fill up with the colostrum or first milk. The sow usually begins labor from two hours to twenty minutes before her young start arriving. During this labor period she will squeal, grunt, bend in the middle and heave, and sometimes jump around every time she has a pain.

Keep her under observation until the vulva bursts open and the amniotic fluid flows from the vagina. When this happens, place her on the operating table and work quickly. Make every move count, as little lives are at stake. Apply a chloroformed cloth to her nostrils and keep it there until she has gone absolutely limp and there is no movement of any kind. Then gently turn her over on her back, being very careful of her bulging sides. Take a sharp pair of shears and cut the hair on the belly short enough so that it can be shaved off. Then shave a strip about one and one-fourth of an inch wide and about three inches long, starting about one-half inch from the navel and extending straight toward the vulva. Be careful that you don't cut one of the mammary glands. Then sterilize the abdomen with alcohol. Use a very sharp knife or razor to make a one and one-half to two-inch incision in the skin. Spread the skin back and make another incision in the abdominal wall. Do not cut too close to the navel, however, as you are liable to cut a large blood vessel, causing the animal to bleed to death. Use some sort of clamps

or other sterile device to hold the wound open. You will be able to see the lower part of the uterus. Very carefully make an incision in the uterus, extending it from halfway from the vagina, to about one inch along each uterine horn, making a cut resembling a Y. Gently stroke the animal's left side to move the first young down for birth. The reason you start with the left side is that the young on the left side are usually the first to be born.

When the first one comes to the opening you have made, gently lift it out and, holding it to one side of the mother, remove the amnion from its head and allow any fluid present to drain. Do not sever the navel cord until pulsation has stopped and the young one is somewhat active. He will probably start kicking and gasping. When he does this, finish removing all the amnion and allow the navel cord to sever naturally. Have someone wrap the youngster in some warm flannel cloth while you finish the operation. If there are more young, empty the left side before you start on the right unless the young move down naturally. Take care of them as quickly as possible and then, with a sterile, elongated wire loop (preferably piano wire), try to remove the afterbirths. You must be exceedingly careful now, as you may tear them loose when they are not quite ready and thus tear the uterus or cause hemorrhage. When you have the afterbirths successfully removed (be sure you have one for each young) proceed to close all incisions.

For the uterus, the best kind of stitching material is animal tendon. It must be of very fine diameter and absolutely sterile. Use a drawstitch and sew the incision as straight as you can. If you have any sort of internal disinfectant like surgical powder or sulfa drug, sprinkle some over the incision area. Remove your clamps from the abdomen and sew up the muscle tissue with the same kind of material used on the uterus. The reason for using animal tendon is that it is usually absorbed by the body and does not need to be removed. For the skin, however, you may use a fine, high quality, white silk thread and a crossover stitch which can be easily removed. Be sure to use your disinfectant powder on each stitching. It will aid in preventing infection and in stimulating tissue growth or healing. When you have the animal sewed up, apply a dressing and bandage the wound.

When you have finished with the operation, remove some of the colostrum from the mother's mammary glands with an eyedropper and give a little to each of the young. Then very carefully place the sow on her stomach, in a clean box with clean straw. When the effects of the chloroform wear off, and she is feeling pretty good, you may give her her babies. Allow her to drink a little warm water when she revives, but don't give her too much. About half a teaspoonful will be sufficient. Also give her a small portion of fresh lettuce and barley.

Watch her progress for about a week, and change her dressings daily. After a few days the stitches may be removed. When she has sufficiently healed (in about ten days) you may remove the bandages entirely and let her eat all she can. Be sure that the babies are getting enough milk. If not, when they are about three days old, you may give some of them to another mother, who will not know whether they are her own or not. When the babies are three weeks old, they will be weaned and may be taken away from the mother and put with others of their own age and size.

Riding a Sun Wagon

ESTHER FALKOFF

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1943-1944

NOW I WAS REALLY FLYING! I HAD BEEN UP IN AIR-planes before, but this was the first time in earnest. And it was the first time I had a chance to see how a flier flies.

My instructor's face was reflected back to me by his rear-vision mirror. His behavior seemed all wrong; he didn't act the way a man should act who keeps himself up and alive by his own wits. He didn't seem wide awake and ready for any emergency. He sat up there in the blue, his shoulders slumped, looking nowhere in particular with a faraway expression, half-sad, half-bored, listening into himself.

My altimeter showed two thousand feet when his voice came through: "She's all yours." He held up both his hands. Now I was going to control my own flight. I quickly once more thought over the working of the controls, all I had found out about it since I had been an awe-struck girl reading about what fliers do. I took new hold of the stick and waited for the excitement to start. For an airplane surely would not stand for a girl from the street, unlicensed, bespectacled, a \$5.60 flier, at its controls; it would now buck or skid or slip or rear up or capsize or stall or tailspin or nose dive or do whatever else airplanes did.

But it did not. It barged straight ahead, unconcerned, fool-tolerant. I made a few tentative moves with the stick, and the wings wiggled obediently. This fact produced a considerable emotional kickback. It usually does, in first-flight students. Just because the ship actually responds to stick and pedals the way kids' books said it would, you think you are a natural-born flier, gifted with knack. Just because you fill all the land below with im-

portant noise, you feel that you are quite a proud specimen of mankind. There is nothing to hit; whichever way you swoop or swerve, no harm can result; and that produces a sensation of freedom, suddenly, like an injection of some drug.

His voice came through the rubber hose: "Go ahead and fly." I now saw his hands resting on the cowling. It was not his will I was feeling. It was the ship's. I relaxed my hand to feel for this will. My flying career had begun.

Feeling my way, I pulled the stick back toward me against the ship's resistance, exploring what might be that way. She nosed up willingly enough. I held on; she became heavy in my hand, and to hold her up I had to come back farther and farther with the stick. The ship protested with a steady pull. The instructor also protested. Some quick hard knocks came in the stick. They sided with the ship, away from me; and the voice said: "Don't freeze on the stick." I allowed her to come down from the cloud, and she became obedient again and light to the touch.

I pushed forward into the ship's resistance, wondering what I would stir up in that direction. Distant farmland rose up before me, then a small town that lay in the middle distance, then a nearby green field. I held her pointing at that field. The engine roared, and the stick became stiff and fought back roughly. "What are you diving her for?" The voice was peremptory. I let the stick snap loose, and she came up like a roller coaster. I became conscious of my stomach. So did the instructor of his. "Steady," said the voice. But it wasn't so easy; once disturbed she danced around and I was working all three controls, always a half beat out of rhythm.

The stick wrenched itself out of my hand with a circular jerk; he had taken over. With a few slams he put her nose and wings where they belonged. It was much the way a Bavarian waitress slams your beer in front of you: "Take it."

I tried to keep her there. In this position she was willing again, almost too obedient, too sensitive. I had to guide her with two fingers and small motions, as if I were writing.

She kept jittering. I was too heavy-handed. He told me to take my hands off the stick entirely, and hold them up, and he did the same thing himself; we spent the last few minutes that way. It looked silly, or rather, it would have looked silly, had there been anyone up there to see us: two people barging through the sky with hands uplifted, like a couple of ancient Greeks in prayer, riding a sun wagon that vibrated and smelled of exhaust. But I could see the ship do its own flying, the nose hunting slowly for its own level, and finding it, the wings steadying down. In my hands, I could feel the solid force of the airstream which held us up.

The American Folly

NORMAN SMULEVITZ

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, Summer, 1944

THERE IS SOMETHING CURIOUSLY PARADOXICAL today in the changed relationship between the book and the film world in which Americans live. Once—and not many years ago at that—many of us picked up a book or went to the movies for an hour or two of escape. But the war has reversed that. Today we live in what is actually a world of escape and take a brief dip into reality every now and then in our diversions.

When you read on-the-spot reports such as *Guadalcanal Diary* by Richard Tregaskis, or *Queens Die Proudly* by W. L. White—when you read these books, and others like them, you are strangely lifted out of the fantastic and unreal world that is America today and plumped into a world where basic values are at stake, where blood is flowing in mounting torrents to keep the meaning of America alive.

The contrast is even more striking with motion pictures—perhaps because the film is a much more compact and dramatically effective vehicle than the book. You go to see a film such as "In Which We Serve," or "Desert Victory," and come away dazed because your brief excursion into the real world of 1944 has been full of raw stuff; blinking because it is difficult to get adjusted again to the world you actually have to live in and work in. This world is much different from the one you saw when it took shape on the screen. This world—that is, the American world today—is an incredible world which no word describes so aptly and tragically as the word "escape"—in the sense that we are detached from the needs of the present.

Does "escape" seem too harsh when applied to America? How else would you describe a nation that is in a fight to the death, yet thinks it can afford the luxury of interminable wrangling, pulling, tugging? How else would you describe a nation where there are men in Congress who regard as their main enemy not Hitler but the President of the United States, and who count as a supreme triumph anything that will embarrass, hamstring, or obstruct him? How else would you describe a nation where efforts to stabilize wages and prices and taxes are constantly thwarted because each group wants the other group to make whatever sacrifices have to be made? And finally, how else would you describe a nation where there are race riots and devastating and irresponsible strikes?

Don't take comfort in the notion that this is the American way. This is not the American way, unless we are to say that the democratic way is disintegration and insanity. Can it be that when it comes to a showdown we

haven't got what it takes? Can it be that a nation born in the blood of freedom's battle has so far wandered from its heritage as to be ignorant of the bold requirements of continued freedom and self preservation? Can it be that all these internal explosions will serve only to pave the way for the destruction or overthrow of American democracy at home without a single enemy shell, bullet, or bomb touching our shores? If so, we had better call the boys home now, for there is nothing left for them to save.

My Town

MARJORIE HIGGINS

Verbal Expression 1A, Theme 1, 1944-1945

IN 1905, BRIDGEPORT, ILLINOIS, WAS A SWAGGERING young boom town, soaked with oil from newly-drilled wells and ecstatically dazed by prosperity. The streets were full of "oil Johnnies" in knee boots and smooth-talking strangers with bulging briefcases. The merchants charged double prices and got them. Everybody had a derrick in his back yard, and a few had producing wells. Slapped-together shacks mushroomed impulsively, and Bridgeport soon became the biggest town in the county. Then, gradually, the boom era passed. There were no new wells to drill, and the old ones had settled into a mediocre maturity. Reluctantly, the townspeople gave up their idea of a fountain of perpetual wealth. The "oil Johnnies," gypsy labor who follow always in the wake of the derrick, drifted on to greener pastures; Main Street became an almost deserted road between the rows of shabby houses. Many of the downtown buildings were empty, their windows smeared over with white paint.

Bridgeport began to take a new interest in her surrounding farms, and wagonloads of grain were brought daily to the elevator by Gray's Feed Store. Nevertheless, the main occupation of the citizens remained in the oil fields. By now, the devil-may-care driller or roughneck or roustabout, who drank and fought his way through the boom days, was replaced by the sober, solid employee of the Ohio or the Big Four, who attended one of the three or four local churches and boasted about his new Ford. Oil workers were no longer outcasts but had become mayors, members of the school board and of the Lion's Club. They still are.

Since boom-days, Bridgeport has become very much like any other small town north of Cairo and south of Chicago. It is the sort of place of which one wonders, passing through it on a train which does not stop there, how anyone could be born and live out a life and die contented in such an insig-

nificant, dormant hamlet. There is no mail delivery, no taxi service, no daily newspaper, no hotel since the ancient, decrepit Dukes, a relic of the boom, burned down a year or so ago. Outside the churches, social life is limited. Bridgeport has one motion picture theatre, one bowling alley, two drug-stores, a few assorted saloons and restaurants, and no library.

The streets have a small-town cleanliness. There is a fairly large park, the scene of the annual Lawrence County Fair. The schools are attractive and well-kept, neither better nor worse than one would expect them to be. The people are American farm or small-town stock. There are few foreigners, Negroes, or Jews. There is the same petty clique, the "four hundred," that Sinclair Lewis photographed in *Main Street*, but most of the people are unaffected and friendly. They like to play pinochle, know all about everyone else, and quote Gabriel Heatter.

But, typical though it may be, Bridgeport has one distinguishing feature. The carefree, adventurous flavor of the boom-time has never quite left it for the people who can wistfully remember the good old days. Nobody who knew Bridgeport thirty-odd years ago calls my town a hick town.

Speaking of Speaking

PIERCE ROSENTHAL

A.S.T. English 62, Theme 1, 1944-1945

EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD WHO HAS EVER passed through the gates of Ellis Island for the first time has become acquainted with a new language—a language considered by many to be among the most difficult in the world. It is with well deserved pride that so many foreign born Americans boast of their ability to speak English.

Unfortunately there are a few aliens in America, who, after living here the longest portion of their lives, cannot speak a word of our language. And a strange phenomenon is this, indeed, since the mastering of English seems but a microscopic payment in exchange for the innumerable benefits and opportunities the "melting pot" has given them. For this small minority I have nothing but disgust and shall therefore ignore them.

There are, however, millions of eager Americans who put forth an unmitigated effort to become proficient in English. Nevertheless, with all their ceaseless efforts, these "step-Americans" find it next to impossible to conceal their various accents and foreign idiomatic expressions when speaking English. Probably the worst offenders—and the most humorous in their

murdering of the "King's English"—are those whose original language was Jewish. In fact, all the outlandish arrangements of words and humorous Jewish dialects that one might suspect are gross exaggerations used merely to add an extra comedy note to some radio program are, in reality, very accurate reproductions of the real thing. Being of the Jewish faith myself and having had daily association with many immigrants of my race I have been on the receiving end of battered up sentences on many occasions.

Probably the most frequent distortions of the English language by these well meaning Jews are caused by their constant desire to pronounce *v* for *w* or *w* for *v*, to add an *h* before all words beginning with a vowel and to substitute *e*'s for *a*'s. Why some person should want to attend the "Vorkman's Wictory Ball in honor of the late Helexander Voollcott" is a mystery.

Another common error made by these people is their excessive use of the reflexive. Sentences such as "Vash yourself de hends and sit better yourself down by the table" are merely literal translations from the Jewish, since there are no such things as "words understood" in the language. Also, since many of these people think in their original language and translate word for word, such sentences as "It's by me in de house a broom, I should sveep it de floor," or "It's by Uncle Pincus in de stomach pains what he never hed it before" are not uncommon.

Not quite so common are the various original expressions they use to express their opinions and emotions with greater ease, incidentally making it easier for their friends to understand. One of the most picturesque original expressions I've ever heard was often used by a surprisingly well educated woman who, although she found it easier to speak Jewish than English, was forced to use the latter most of the time. Any time she found herself disturbed by someone, she would blurt out, "Oi, you're making from mine life a 'God-damit'."

No doubt the most amusing manner of tangling up the English language is the way in which Gertrude Berg (creator of "The Goldbergs" and por-trayer of Mollie Goldberg) does it in her daily soap opera. "Rosie, go throw an eye in the soup" or "Jake, button up your neck—it's cold out" are but two of her gems. And again let me remind you that these phrases are not mere radio quips, but real dialectal language taken from homes in our country which house just such interesting people as Mollie Goldberg. I can offer no reasonable explanation for these hacked up sentences, other than that Mrs. Goldberg, in her desire to use English colloquialisms, becomes a bit confused.

Yes, these American Jews, along with their other adopted brethren, were confronted with a new and difficult language when they left Ellis. Although in their efforts to overcome the difficulty they are very often amusing, they show a sincere desire to merge into the life of America.

George Washington Carver— American

SARA LINSLEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1943-1944

IT HAS BEEN SAID OF THE COLORED RACE IN AMERICA that none from their number has ever created anything that has not been surpassed by a white person working in the same field. And it has been said that most of those colored people who have been recognized as leaders in this country have been of the mulatto race, and that it has been the white blood in them that has made them great. The common belief is that the Negro has not equal native intelligence with the White.

The purpose of this paper is to present the life picture of an ebony black Negro who rose out of slavery, made every sacrifice to obtain the best education, gained a slow recognition of being the greatest agricultural chemist in a world of white men, and opened new opportunities for American Negroes. George Washington Carver demonstrates that in human ability there is no color line. In 1939 Carver, in being awarded the Roosevelt medal for distinguished service in the field of science, was introduced to two hundred dinner guests in Theodore Roosevelt's New York home with these words: "I have the honor to present not a man only, but a life, transfused with passion for the enlarging and enriching of the living of his fellowman . . . a liberator of men of the white race as well as the black; a bridge from one race to the other, on which men of good will may learn of each other and rejoice together in the opportunities and potentialities of their common country."¹ Black and White alike honor this American.

From the beginning the odds were against him. He had no family name, and there was no record of his birth. His father died soon after he was born, and he never knew the face of his mother—did not even know the facts of her death.

The story of his early childhood he was able to find out in part from the plantation owner to whom his parents were slaves. He was born in one of the many one-room shacks on the Moses Carver plantation near Diamond Grove, Missouri, in about the year 1860. In 1865, the year of the Emancipation Proclamation, secret societies came up from the South—Knights of the Golden Cross, bushwhackers, and guerrillas—and jungle law prevailed. It was the year that the nightraiders ran loose in Missouri, destroying build-

¹Rackham Holt, *George Washington Carver*, (New York, 1943), p. 33.

ings, and railroads, seizing household belongings, personal belongings, and Negroes. And it was in that year that young George and his mother were stolen by a band of nightraiders. They were carried into Arkansas. Moses Carver hated to lose his property, so he sent a small sum of money and a three-hundred-dollar race horse to the thieves to be traded for his slaves. But by the time the band was overtaken, the mother was already disposed of, and George, a sickly child from birth, had a bad siege of the whooping-cough. The thieves were glad to get rid of the sick child and willingly traded him for the horse.

Mrs. Carver had loved George's mother, and so, when the child was returned, she adopted him into the Carver family. He was named George Washington because of his straightforward honesty about the same sort of incidents as the cutting down of a cherry tree.

Because he was frail, he was not put into the fields, but allowed to do household chores. He was allowed to roam the nearby fields and woods, where he showed a love for plants and animals. During these hikes he first began to know his Creator and he got his first insight into the workings of nature—his first insight into the power of God and God's plan for his own life—the study of growing things.

He was allowed to attend a neighboring school for slaves. When the Civil War was over and freedom was given the slaves, George had finished the local school; and Moses Carver urged him to continue his schooling, that suggestion being all he had to offer the boy.

After he had saved a little money, he gained admission by mail to the University of Iowa—only to be rejected when he arrived, because of his color. He opened a small laundry then and saved enough money to go to Simpson College at Indianola, Iowa. He washed, scrubbed, cooked, and housecleaned his way through his junior year there and then went to Iowa State College to finish four years of agricultural studies.

While at the Iowa State College, Carver took Henry Wallace, then just a boy, along on field trips. "He was such an inquisitive little youngster," Carver said. "He wanted to know everything about every plant." The two retained a lifelong friendship—Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture, and Carver as a leading agricultural chemist.²

About the time of Carver's graduation from the Iowa State College, Booker T. Washington, at his Tuskegee Institute, was looking for a man to make possible economic freedom for the Negro farmer. Although he wanted an all-Negro faculty, he was about to decide upon a white man for this job because he had been unable to find a Negro trained in agricultural chemistry; and then he heard of young Carver. Carver accepted the position of Head of the Department of Agriculture at the Tuskegee Institute.

²"Goober Wizard," *Literary Digest*, CXXIII (June 12, 1937), 21.

When Carver arrived in Tuskegee in 1896,³ there was little for him to work on and nothing to work with. Washington wanted an agricultural laboratory, but there was neither equipment nor money. He wanted a university farm—the soil was infertile. He wanted grass on the campus—there was only sand.

Today in the glass case in the Carver Museum there are the materials which made his first laboratory. For heat he rigged up a salvaged barn lantern. His mortar was a heavy kitchen cup. He made beakers by cutting off the tops of old bottles gathered from the school dump.⁴ The soil he reclaimed with soil from nearby swamps, and on those acres produced two sweet potato crops a year and harvested Alabama's first bale-to-the-acre crop of cotton.

Dr. Carver insisted that this start-from-scratch formula will work anywhere. "The Southern people, if they had the vision, could control the markets of the world," said Dr. Carver.⁵ All through his Tuskegee days he was working with the Southern farmer, trying to show the way to new crop yields.

Formerly the South had looked upon the peanut as a nut to be sold at circuses and ball games. The farmers refused to be caught with an oversupply. Dr. Carver showed them, however, that all sorts of articles could be produced from this little underground nut.

When the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was up before Congress, Southern farmers were asking that the peanut be named an article on which an import tariff could be charged. Dr. Carver was sent to talk to the Ways and Means Committee on the merits of the peanut. After he had spoken for the allotted time, there were shouts for "More," and the congressmen demanded that he finish the amazing story of the worth of the peanut. Dr. Carver then talked for an hour and forty-five minutes—and the committee wrote the peanut into the tariff bill of the United States. A triumph for the Southern farmer brought about by Dr. Carver.

Before walking out of his laboratory for the last time, Dr. Carver had wrung over three hundred products from the peanut.⁶ He made it possible to shave with peanut shaving cream, write with peanut ink, bathe with peanut soap, equip the family car with peanut rubber tires, insulate the house with peanut shell insulation. He produced a massage for the face in the form of a beauty lotion, a dye for clothing, and an aid for the cure of infantile paralysis. In the peanut he found the ingredients for making milk, butter, cheese, candies, coffee, pickles, flour, and breakfast foods.

Asked about his work with peanuts, Dr. Carver replied simply, "I take

³S. High, "No Greener Pastures," *Readers Digest*, XLI (December, 1942), 73.

⁴*Ibid.*

⁵"Goober Wizard," *Literary Digest*, p. 21.

⁶Basil Miller, *George Washington Carver*, (Grand Rapids, 1943), p. 121.

a handful of peanuts and look at them and say to my Creator, 'Why did you make the peanut?' Then I find out why by taking the peanut apart. I separate the water, the fats, the oils, the gums, the resins, the sugars, the starches . . . the amino and amido acids. There! I have the parts before me. Then I merely try different conditions of temperature and pressure—and the results—well, you can see for yourself!"⁷ Out of this talk he repeated many times has come a yearly business for the Southern farmer amounting to a guarantee of a billion dollars.

From the sweet potato he made more than a hundred products, among them flour, meal, starch, paste, vinegar, shoe bleaching, ginger, ink, rubber compound, dyes, molasses, wood filler, and caramels. During the first World War, Dr. Carver fed the students at Tuskegee sweet potato flour, and, after much urging, sent samples of the flour to Washington. As a result, it was shortly thereafter recommended for wheatless days.

From shells of pecans he yielded seventy different dyes for silk and cotton. Okra fibre he used for paper, rope cordage, strawboard, matting, and carpets. With the soybean, the pomegranate, the chinaberry, and ordinary clay, he worked miracles equally amazing.

When he was lauded for these accomplishments his comment was always, in effect, "No miracle, simply a revelation of the proper method to use."⁸ Carver always felt that God was only using him to reveal these hidden mysteries for the good of humanity.

And throughout Carver's life, although he could have been fabulously rich, he cared nothing for money. He never commercialized his discoveries. He was this kind of idealist: "If I could be sure my experiments would be used to aid humanity that really suffers, I would have given them all away long ago."⁹ His money he used to help Negro students, and his small fortune of about \$33,000 he left to the Carver Foundation—a research laboratory for promising young Negro chemists.

He built his career upon an earnest search for the will of the Creator and a careful study of the Bible. He looked to it for guidance and believed it with all his heart. Dr. Carver felt that it was a divine mission for him to be at Tuskegee. He said, "Booker T. asked me to come here and to let down my bucket. I did come here. I did let down my bucket. And every time I've pulled it up, it has been brimful and running over—running over. God has been mighty good to this poor old Negro."¹⁰ Always in speaking about his work he was sincerely humble about his success, and always attributed all credit to God.

⁷Stewart, "Carver of Tuskegee," *Scribners' Commercial*, X (May, 1941), 12, 13.

⁸Miller, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

⁹Stewart, "Carver of Tuskegee," p. 16.

¹⁰J. S. Childers, "Boy Who Was Traded for a Horse," *American Magazine*, CXIV (October, 1932), p. 113.

All his life, Carver had worked alone in the laboratory—he was too deeply engrossed in his experiments to communicate the secrets of his work to any of his assistants. In 1935 a young Negro, a Cornell graduate, was made assistant to him. And Dr. Carver, then in his seventies, saw how interested and capable he was and realized that he should leave his work in the hands of some young, ambitious person. Austin W. Curtis was the person. Dr. Carver welcomed him not only into his laboratory, but also into his heart. He believed there was something providential about the coming of this serious young man. He was proud of him and loved him, taught him, and depended upon him as if he were his own son.¹¹ To Curtis he left his laboratory and his work. Dr. Carver had been one of the first examples of a Negro who created something which surpassed the Whites' experiments in the same field—and here was another Negro, just as capable, to open the way further for Negro youth.

Dr. Curtis helped in the establishment of the George Washington Carver Museum on the Tuskegee campus. The Museum houses some of the evidence of Carver's full and rich life. Besides the scientific collections and geological specimens, Carver hung seventy-one of his paintings in a little side room. Many were painted with home-made colors. He was proudest of his picture of four peaches painted with pigments made of Alabama clay. The paper he painted on he made from peanut shells, and the frames for his pictures he made out of corn husks. Also included in the Museum are exhibitions of his work in embroidery and crocheting, and gorgeous woven rugs.

In June, 1937, a bronze bust of Carver was unveiled at Alabama's Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. It was paid for by Carver's admirers, black and white—and many there were in the North and the South—mostly by one dollar subscriptions.

By the year of his death, 1943, eighteen schools had been named for him, and he had received honorary awards from the Catholic Conference of the South, the Variety Clubs of America, the *Progressive Farmer*, the University of Rochester, Simpson College, the Honorary Birthday Committee of the Thomas A. Edison Foundation for the Advancement of Science and Education, Kappa Delta Pi Honorary Fraternity, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. When an award came, Carver accepted it graciously—and went back to work.

George Washington Carver is remembered today because of his marvelous discoveries in agricultural chemistry and because he probably did more than any other man to rehabilitate agriculture in the South. He is renowned as America's greatest Negro—a Negro who was born in slavery, witnessed, as a child, a horrible lynching of a colored person, was refused admittance to a college on the ground of race, was treated as a slave by his

¹¹Holt, *op. cit.*, p. 307.

employers all through his bread-earning days at college, and was made to use the freight elevator and barred from hotels and restaurants even at the height of his fame, when traveling about on lecture tours. He was seldom allowed to forget he was a member of a despised race. He was personally sensitive and often hurt, but he took it like a Christian; he tried twice as hard to make the way easier for the youth of his race. And he helped open the way for racial tolerance and good will below the Mason and Dixon line.

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Apple Blossoms and the Pragmatist

Those who accept the world in general without question probably enjoy life in their own way. They are "nature's children," so to speak. While they miss the fine points, they enjoy the unified whole. When a shower of apple blossoms is swept down by a breeze, they don't need a knowledge of botany or wind currents to appreciate the beauty. Those who seethe with knowledge may be possessed by a desire to present a scientific explanation of every natural occurrence, to analyze in detail even the simplest of ideas, to rationalize, in essence, everything. Chances are that those who sit back watching the mad world tear by in its hurry to get to no one knows where will never suffer from nervous collapse. Life can come and go when it chooses. Apple blossoms are fragrant tossed in the air.

—V. LORENE CAROTHERS

My First Unknown

MARIE DUGAS

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1943-1944

THE WORD UNKNOWN MAY BE A CHALLENGE TO Einstein and Russell but not to me—at least, not since I enrolled this second semester in Chemistry 5, Theoretical Qualitative Analysis. For, sadly enough, “unknowns” are the basis of the graded laboratory work in Chemistry 5.

The object, I had been repeatedly told in my preliminary experiments before my first unknown, was to analyze its contents. By the shade of William Albert Noyes, I tried to do this. But the difficulties I encountered in my first unknown would have made even Madame Curie a little doubtful of her scientific calling.

From the beginning, I found no encouragement in this endeavor. Before I could even acquire the unknown from the stockroom, I was orally quizzed by my laboratory instructor as to my intentions, honorable or otherwise, toward the unknown. Would I smell it? Would I taste it? Heaven forbid! It might contain arsenic. What would I do if it didn't dissolve in water, in hydrochloric acid, or in aqua regia? By this time I was frantic with anticipation of what might go wrong during the analysis.

But, at last, my instructor handed me the “unknown” card and with a dramatic wave of her hand, which I assumed to be her official blessing, sent me stockroom-bound.

I brought the unknown back to my laboratory desk and murmured a plaintive prayer under my breath before beginning the analysis.

I diluted. I evaporated. I perspired. I added hydrochloric acid, ammonium, hydroxide, hydrogen sulfide, and a little of everything else that was handy before me. Aha! No Group I or II. I tasted the unknown, waited five minutes. Aha! No arsenic. By this time I was jubilant over my good results.

But then! In an effort to remove a crucible containing the unknown from the ringstand over the Bunsen burner with a decrepit instrument (which the chemistry department proudly claims to be a forceps), I spilled my unknown—my work of the last two hours. I became feeble with anguish. I called on the lords on high to witness my sad fate. I was sick with despair.

There was no time to do it over. I must hand it in today. From my previous analysis, I knew there must be one of two things present—sodium or potassium. I ran to the supply shelves about the room. I compared every sodium and potassium compound with my unknown. There! There was

one like mine. I scribbled sodium on my report card, and with a sudden burst of courage went to the stockroom to have it graded.

It was right! It had been sodium chloride—just plain salt.

Yes, since chemistry and unknowns have come into my life, I have aged considerably. In fact, I have acquired eleven gray hairs, one for each of the unknowns during the semester.

U.S.O.'s—Let Us Keep Them

MARY ELLEN NEVILLE

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944

THE UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATION IS OUR country's answer to a call for a home away from home for members of our Armed Forces. It has developed into a wonderful thing and, in most cases, has received wholehearted cooperation from many communities. A great deal of expense has been necessary to equip the U.S.O.'s, as well as to carry on the supervised entertainment that goes on in the various clubs. Behind all this are the volunteers who willingly give time and energy in order that the U.S.O. may function.

What is to become of the U.S.O. after the war? Will it cease to exist? Yes, as far as service men are concerned, the need will be over. But, what of another very important group for whom there is just as urgent a need for the same type of planned recreation? This group is our teen-aged boys and girls of America.

In my opinion, the very best thing to do with the U.S.O.'s throughout the country is to convert them into "Teen Towns." The equipment is all there, and the willingness to serve our teen-aged boys and girls should be just as great as to serve our men in uniform.

Proper recreation for teen-aged children may well be called a problem instead of a cause. The problem has become more acute during war time because adults have, in many cases, placed the children in the background. Mothers and fathers are not attempting to maintain home environment conducive to good character building. Consequently, in too many communities these minors seek their recreation in roadhouses and bars.

The U.S.O.'s in the country are equipped to give the younger generation the same kind of entertainment they get in their wanderings from tavern to tavern. They may dance and partake of refreshments. The only difference is that the refreshments will be non-alcoholic. Many U.S.O. centers have facilities for a wide assortment of games, good books, and good music. Many

special kinds of entertainment are planned for service men, and I see no reason why the very same arrangements could not be made for boys and girls of teen age.

As adults, it is our duty to look ahead. We are putting forth an all-out effort for the men who are fighting for freedom and a world of peace. When peace comes, we should put forth just as much effort for the youth who will be the men and women of tomorrow.

The U.S.O.'s seem the logical means to a wonderful achievement. These clubs have served and are serving their purpose and so let us keep them. The only thing that should be changed is the sign on the door to read "Teen Town."

Dishes

PHYLLIS CATHARINE RARICK

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1943-1944

IT WAS JUNE AND WE HAD PROMISED TO DO THE DISHES all month if we could go to Camp Drake. Although neither of us was particularly fascinated by the idea of doing dishes for a solid month, neither of us had expected a month quite so disagreeable.

We began our duties with a zeal, a zeal, however, not to do the job well and honestly to earn our "campship," but to rush through a necessary, yet not enjoyable task. We began a campaign to cut down the number of dishes used each meal. No egg-cups. No saucers. No butter knife. No individual creamers. No salad plates. One spoon per person per meal. Have you ever tried to eat a grapefruit with a teaspoon or cereal with an orange spoon? No pitchers. We even tried to establish a community knife, but the family refused to take turns cutting their meat and buttering their bread.

Because I could wash dishes twice as fast as Betty could, I was always the washer. Because I had not her patience and deliberation and was twice as remiss, the number of chipped plates increased. When one noon I chipped the large rose platter, Betty rebuked me in her mild manner. I, rather peppery, refused to continue washing; she, afraid that she had hurt my pride, refused to take my place. And so the dishes stood. The water grew cold. Grease collected around the edges of the pan. The dirty skillets became stickier and stickier.

We were as determined that evening, each in her own stand, as we had been at noon. The more stubborn Betty became, the more certain I was that I would never wash another dish for her; and the more resolute I grew, the more evident it was that she would never yield.

In desperation Mother told us that we would have to take turns doing the dishes alone. Neither lost honor with this decision.

But thenceforth we had to be asked individually to do the dishes after each meal. It was not because we did not expect to do them but because the one whose turn it was hoped Mother would forget who had done the dishes last and ask the wrong girl. Tearful were the times this happened. Among all our childhood sorrows nothing brought tears so easily or raised our indignation so quickly as the request to do the dishes two times in a row.

One afternoon Betty and a friend made candy. Since it would be my turn to do the dishes that night I told her she would have to wash all the utensils they had used. She said that she was sorry, but that she had to go for a walk. I said that I was sorry, but I would have to throw them on the floor, then. And she went for a walk. And I had to throw the dishes on the floor to show her I was a woman of my word.

As punishment I had to do all the next day's dishes. I denounced Mother as unjust and confided to Betty that I was going to run away. She thought Mother a hardened person. I *had* to throw the dishes on the floor or be a liar. She promised to help me with the dishes; then we would both run away in the night. Of course we didn't carry out our plans because we didn't wake up, but for one whole day no mother could have been in greater disgrace than ours.

Our secret antipathy soon dissolving, dish washing returned to a more normal level. In my turn I watched to see that as few dishes as possible were used; and Betty, when her turn to do dishes came, policed the table. No extra fork, no extra glass escaped us. What suffering there must have been under our rule!

The peak of our career as dishwashers came in the last week. It was my turn to do the breakfast dishes; but, as we ate, soapsuds and draining racks seemed so distant that I gave no thought to the extra saucers. I recollect that Mother was secretly relieved that there were no comments about the egg-cups.

Then I noticed Betty buttering her sweet roll. From force of habit I thought, "Sweet rolls don't need to be buttered, especially with a *clean* knife!" Betty continued buttering her roll, not realizing what she was doing, and looked at me so unconcernedly that I felt the sudden urge to stop her. I grasped what came to my hand first and hurled it.

My wrath passed as quickly as it had risen. I was immediately sorry. Betty just stared at me, her mouth and eyes round with bewilderment. I had missed her, but behind her a great apricot had slapped the wall, then fallen to the floor.

Suddenly we burst into laughter. All our petty concerns and bickering and broken tempers seemed ridiculous. War was over.

Butchering a Steer

HARRY KANTOR

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943-1944

ONE DAY, AS WE WERE FINISHING DINNER, MR. BACKE said, "Well, my brother will be here in a few minutes and then we will butcher a steer." I was immediately interested.

"Can I help?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "and there is Walter coming now."

We went out into the yard, met Walter, and the three of us walked over to the barn. The first thing we did was to rig up a block and tackle in the center of the barn. Mr. Backe then put a halter around the neck of the steer which was to be butchered and led him into the cleared space under the block and tackle. He took a small rifle and, putting the barrel between the eyes of the steer, he fired. Nothing happened. He fired another shot at a spot two inches lower. Again, nothing happened. This evidently called for a consultation. Mr. Backe and his brother stepped away a few feet and began to discuss what to do next. As they were talking, the steer collapsed, but he was still alive. Mr. Backe then fired another shot into the skull about one inch lower than the place where the last shot had gone. This time he hit the vital spot, for the steer had a convulsion, blood ran out of his mouth, and he died.

We took a bucket and, holding the animal's head so that the throat was over the bucket, Walter slit the throat. The blood that gushed out into the bucket was so hot that steam rose from it as it flowed. Now came the hard work. We tied a rope around the animal's head, attached the end to the block and tackle, and started to lift the animal off the floor. The steer weighed about 1200 pounds and the three of us tugged with great effort to lift him. As part of the body was raised off the floor, the strain became greater and progress was by inches. We finally succeeded in lifting the body completely off the floor. Walter then took a sharp knife and cut the hide from the throat straight down the center of the body. Mr. Backe and I pulled on the edge of the hide, and Walter cut between the hide and the flesh. This was a very tedious job as the hide clung stubbornly to the flesh. It took about an hour for us to get it off. The hoofs were next.

Walter then cut the body open down the middle. The intestines came out, fell to the floor, and began to swell. They increased in size so rapidly that, for a moment or two, I thought there would not be enough room in the barn for them. Mr. Backe told me that this was caused by the gases in the intestines. When they made a pile more than twice as big as the steer, I was asked to put them into a wheelbarrow and take them out to the hog lot. There were two wheelbarrow loads. The pigs also got the bucket of blood. While I was

doing this, Walter cut the body into quarters. We carried the quarters, the head, the liver and the other edible organs into the cold cellar. Everything was hung up to cool until the next day, when Mr. Backe sold three quarters to the neighbors and Mrs. Backe made one quarter into canned meat.

Hands Off!

GWEN ZOLLO

Rhetoric II, Theme 1, 1943-1944

ABSORBED, I WATCHED THE FLY CREEP ACROSS THE shiny red of Grandfather's forehead, pause, brush its feet, and then start down the lined parchment cheek toward the open mouth. Grandfather slept and snored. Soon the fly would reach the dark hole from which those noises rumbled. Something had to be done. I raised my hand and slapped—slapped hard, as hard as my eight-year-old strength would permit me.

From that episode, and the bitter meditations in the lonely bedroom where I was left to repent of my sins, I learned a lesson. It is a simple one. It is to let things slide. All around me I see people trying to push obstacles out of the way, or to put a hand to another's plow. But I sit still and watch and am lazy. If I am tempted to take a part, if things—people who chatter, situations that embarrass, yes, lessons that refuse to become clear—get in my way and tempt me to fretful action, I think of the fly on Grandfather's cheek and withdraw.

There are people living today who think that it is wrong to kill other animals—even poisonous snakes or man-eating tigers. That is a philosophy which I can understand. It is a philosophy of letting things alone, of withholding the hand, of watching life go on, content to let it go its own way, fulfilling its own purpose, whatever that may be. Perhaps this is a lazy man's creed. Perhaps it is a way of trying to justify purposelessness. I don't know. The real test of whether I could hold firmly to my belief may be yet to come. It may be that some time—on some dark night, when despair and futility fill me, and I yet cling to life—it may be that on such a night I may pause by a dark pool and see there a man drowning. Will I lift my hand and then withdraw it? Or will I plunge into the dark pool and pull the man back to the undesired shore, to the unwanted earth, simply in order that he may watch the illusion for yet a little while before he returns finally to the dark waters?

Road to the West

MARY BABCOCK

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944

THERE IS AN OLD DIRT ROAD THAT STRETCHES TO THE West. It has its beginning in our front gravelled driveway, passes our west orchard, and then goes on and on westward. I like this road, although I have never reached its end. Too many things interest me along its way. The terminus seems unimportant.

In summertime the road is loveliest at twilight. The descending sun seems about to roll down from its distance towards me. It makes black and white images of the Jack-pines on the next hill. When the sun has disappeared and the moon is out, the willows on my right and left turn their silver leaves a thousand ways in the cool light.

During autumn the roadside is a myriad of scents and colors. When I was a child I often picked "bouquets"—I call them that though they were mostly weeds of brightest colors—and took them home with me. There were brown-eyed Susans, daisies, and mysterious purple flowers. The goldenrod was plentiful; it was generally surrounded by a barricade of bees.

The road was used in winter as a trapping-line by my huntsman brother. I can't recall his catching anything spectacular except one fox. That "catch" occurred on a Christmas morning at the "Big Brown Hole." This has always been a place of mystery to me. It is a clay-hole about a quarter of a mile from the orchard and at the foot of Big Hill. Each year the opening of the Hole has been gouged a little larger by its inhabitants. It was interesting to investigate the mound of clay at the entrance. Sometimes I found footprints of the various animals and birds that had run across it.

In a patch of wild raspberry bushes atop Big Hill lies the Big Tree. It's only the trunk of an oak that was felled years ago and left there to rot into the soil. The inside of it now makes a tunnel for rabbits to run through. Violets grow ruggedly under the nearby brambles in the springtime.

The first mile of my road West ends abruptly. A clump of willows on one side and a creaky old fence post on the opposite side lean towards each other. There's a windmill a few feet from the post, and on windy days it grinds and groans as the wheel tries to force the ancient shaft wheel to pump just one more trickle of water into the tank. I have learned to drink from the tin cup that hangs on the side of the pump. Once when I was too short to quite reach the spout, I leaned far over the tank and fell in.

My road to the West goes a long, long way. Someday, maybe, I'll have travelled it to the end; but now it's more fun just looking for excitement along its way. I often hope I *never* reach the end.

The Snake and the Sash

LEWIS ODEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943-1944

IT ALL HAPPENED SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS spending my summer vacation in a small camp deep in the interior of the great North Woods. The last rays of daylight were fading away as my friend, an Indian youth, and I went to our cabin. The night was going to be cool and we needed our blankets for our camp-fire session. I pulled my blanket from its place in the corner, and as I lifted it to my shoulder something fell to the floor. Instantly a whirring rattle vibrated the air. I froze and the walls seemed to close upon me. There at my feet, coiled and full of death, lay a dreaded snake. Somehow, during the day, a great timber-rattlesnake had found his way into our cabin and had made his bed on my blanket. I was helpless. If I made even the slightest move, he would strike. My only hope was in my friend's actions.

I was amazed when my Indian friend did not run for help. He only stood there looking at the snake, and then a smile appeared on his lips. Next he did a very strange thing; he took off his bright red sash. Holding the sash before him, he slowly came towards the snake. He stopped about three feet away and slowly, ever so slowly, extended his arm until the red piece of cloth was just above the serpent's head.

During this time I was standing there with every muscle in my body tense. I was facing death and my friend wanted to play games. I don't really know whether I was more frightened or more doubtful of my friend's sanity. I was wondering what good my friend's actions would do me, when I suddenly noticed that the snake was slowly turning from me to the bright-colored sash.

As the snake was attracted by the cloth, my friend's hand began to move from side to side. Slowly, back and forth, back and forth moved the red sash. The eyes of the snake could not lose sight of it for a moment. As the cloth moved, so did the serpent's pointed nose, trying slowly to reach it. The cloth moved slowly, very slowly away, always moving back and forth, back and forth. The farther away it went, the closer it came to the floor, the snake's head still following it.

I was astounded. The coil of death at my feet was slowly uncoiling and moving away from me. When the snake was fully uncoiled, my friend stepped to one side of it. While he moved the cloth with one hand, he reached down with the other and grasped the snake's head just behind the massive jaw. It was now helpless and I was still alive. I had had a strange experience and had learned a great lesson.

Why Isolationism Must End

MARY LOUISE WORLEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1943-1944

WORLD WAR I LEFT US WITH ENORMOUS PROBLEMS, but the problems that World War II will leave us will be greater still; this is a much greater war than the last. We shudder when we look at the complete devastation of some of the theaters of war, but let us face this picture, and not turn away as we did twenty-five years ago. Thirty-five countries have been conquered by the enemy and many others, still unconquered, have borne the brunt of the war. Citing the city of Naples as an example of the deplorable state so much of Europe is in today, may I point out the following: the civilian water supply is completely polluted by the issue from the demolished sewage disposal pipes; all electricity, transportation, and telephone facilities are inoperative; and hardly a building is safe to enter because of the shaken foundations. Turning attention to the rural sections affected, we find that in Denmark 20 per cent of the cattle, 60 per cent of the hogs, and 70 per cent of the chickens have been destroyed, according to John C. Mueller, a Danish government official. The soil, although producing greater crops than ever, is in the worst possible state because of the lack of fertilizer and the little time given to its care; agricultural land is "pock-marked" by the explosions of countless bombs. The results of such destruction are evidenced in the extremely poor health conditions of these victim countries. In Denmark, because of the lack of dairy products, the children are suffering from tuberculosis, and all are stunted in size, being small and thin. Widespread epidemics of typhoid, dysentery, and malaria are now ravaging Europe.

Are we going to ignore these facts and declare that they are none of our business? If the humanitarian aspect does not appeal to us, the cold fact that such epidemics abroad threaten the health of our nation, should arouse us. May I quote Hiram Motherwell, authority of economics, who wrote this for *Harper's*, "There is only one important source of food for Europe—the Western Hemisphere." Are we then going to withhold this help?

The problem of transportation with all its ramifications is also an important part of the picture. Holland, which had one of Europe's most prosperous navies, is now stripped of four-fifths of its fleet. Norway has lost one-fourth of its merchant marine. So these countries will be dependent not only on our food resources, but also on our transportation facilities. In dealing with land travel, we must face the fact that hardly a road is still intact, bridges have been destroyed in great numbers, and locomotives have been bombed out of commission.

The reconstruction problem is so huge that it is almost beyond intelligent comprehension. The rebuilding of all old buildings, the creation of new homes for those people now dispossessed, the reconstruction of bridges and roads, the clearing of canals and ports now encumbered by sunken ships, will be problems of vital importance immediately following the war. Then the fact that many of the conquered countries are stripped of their man power places a double importance on outside aid.

Sir Stafford Cripps, the English diplomat, has stated: "One thing is sure, that the United Nations must, at the end of the war, undertake international regulation of the production and distribution of the essential raw materials." How true this is! The world has shrunk through the miracles of science to such dimensions that isolationism is no longer practical or probable. It is for us to make it our business what happens to the destitute countries of Europe, or we mock ourselves when we declare that we are a Christian nation. International cooperation is necessary for the prosperous new world which we are fighting for, a world of "peace on earth, good will towards men."

Rhet as Writ

Some people criticize this Sinatra craze that girls are having but if you want to know it is really a help to parents to have their girls' mind occupied with that instead of thinking about smoking or drinking.

. . . .

Men and women now walked down the aisle to receive diplomas—not youngsters.

. . . .

She descended gracefully (he hardly noticed her father) causing her satin dress to sparkle in the waning sunlight of later afternoon.

. . . .

But as I get older and watch both papers using the time old adage "Time will tell," I find that the *Tribune* with its slant outdoes the *Sun* with its point of view.

. . . .

In my opinion as a died-in-the-wool Roosevelt man, I think that in November we will have an oddity in the White House—a fourth term president.

. . . .

It takes many persons to make a world!

Honorable Mention

- Joan Brons—*The Case of the Missing Reader's Digest*
Nancy Bruce—*A War Correspondent's Day*
May Callas—*A Never-to-Be-Forgotten Scene*
Ben Duster—*The Ever-Alert Military Police*
Nancy Evans—*Humoresque*
Audrey Hufford—*Mrs. David's Purpose*
Joseph La Palombara—*Bismarck and the Unification of Germany*
Sara Linsley—*A Houseful of Brothers*
Barbara Moody—*This Is Haiti*
Oradel Nolen—*American Negro Poetry*
Roberta Polk—*Madame Curie—Her First Forty Years*
Robert Saint Clair—*On Success*
Norman Smulevitz—*Wild Life in Wisconsin*
Wilda Zilm—*The History and Romance of Fingerprinting*



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

MAR 23 1945



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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Ghost Town

MARGARET HAYGOOD

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1944-1945

IF YOU SHOULD GO TO FLORIDA THIS WINTER YOU would see many wonderful sights. Each Sunday the *Chicago Tribune* runs column after column describing the exotic charm of this land of "sunshine and flowers." If I were to be your guide on this trip, however, I should want very much to show you a particular place in the middle of the state which you will not find mentioned in any of the glowing and alluring accounts sent out by the Chambers of Commerce. This place has a past, and a past that wouldn't make good publicity for a state that brags of "eternal sunshine" and mild winters. "Ghost Town's" only claim to renown is the mention made of it by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings in *The Yearling*.

I remember that when I first moved to Gainesville, Florida, and heard the story of "Ghost Town," I thought it was a local myth. "You must drive out and see it," said a friend of mine. I had seen ghost towns in the movies of the West, but I was not prepared for the intimate glimpse into the past afforded by this Florida ghost town.

My trip was planned for an afternoon in late spring. Eight miles out from Gainesville, on the Palatka Highway, we came to a dirt crossroad with a sign which read, "Left, Windsor—Right, Island Grove—Straight Ahead, Hawthorne." We took the left. It was a beautiful, wide country road, bordered with giant oaks whose branches, festooned with gray moss, met overhead to form a canopy. The sun shone through the trees in patches, making quaint patterns on the road before us. Birds darted back and forth, and a squirrel scampered across our way; but of human life and habitation we saw no sign. We rode on and on. Suddenly there was a sharp turn in the road, and before us was a double-lane drive with a grassy parkway in the middle. Settled back among the trees, on both sides of the road, were a number of houses, set fairly close together. They were not the rambling, rough structures that one usually sees in the back country in the South, but large town houses of the late Victorian period, with many gables and eaves scalloped in fancy designs. Elaborate bannisters hedged the many verandas, and upstairs windows sported ornamental balconies. Each house had its flower garden, now a tangled mass of yellow jasmine and purple lantana. In one garden a rambling rose vine was choking an iron figure of Cupid with drawn bow.

Further on we came to what had evidently been the community center, for there was a small building with a faded sign plastered above its door,

announcing to the world that this was the "U. S. Post Office—Windsor, Florida—erected 1885." Across the sandy road was a low, rambling structure with a wide porch, equipped with benches. This was the village emporium, and faded lettering in the windows advertised "Staple and Fancy Groceries" and "Drygoods and Notions."

Leading off Main Street were other streets on which were more Victorian models. Down one street we found a gloomy schoolhouse, and further on a quaint little church with its burying ground to one side. It was a small village, of not over fifty houses in all. They were washed clean of paint by the rains of many seasons, and bleached a soft gray by much tropical sun. Everything was wonderfully preserved, and being off the beaten path it had not fallen into the hands of vandals. Roaming livestock kept the weeds and grass to a minimum height. I kept looking about as if expecting to see someone come out of one of the houses, but there was not a soul to be seen. How had this all come about?

Part of the history of Florida's growth and of the settlers' trek southward started from this section. It was here that Northerners came, after the reconstruction period, in search of gold, the gold hidden in the orange, grapefruit, satsuma, and kumquat. Hawthorne, Rochelle, Island Grove, and Windsor were the center of the citrus industry in 1897. Windsor was the smallest of these early settlements.

The wealthy northerners had built themselves comfortable homes and imported the latest in conveniences and machinery. As money rolled in from the sale of fruits shipped to northern markets, more land was bought, more fruit trees were planted; as far as the eye could see, there were beautiful, flourishing groves. The new settlers were pleased with their new home, for the winters were mild and the summer pleasant. But that was before the "big freeze" in November, 1898. In that section of Florida, even today, time is reckoned by that freeze.

Out of the northwest rushed a mighty cold wave, headed south and east across the western plains. There was no weather bureau to publish daily predictions, no radio to issue last minute warnings. The trees were heavy with golden fruit ready for the picking. True, the sky towards the northwest was overcast, but the growers "figured" they were in for only a "spell" of wet weather. They went about their tasks of shutting things up for the night, for the wind was high. "Well, I guess our Indian summer's about over," they said. After supper the thermometer read fifty degrees; by morning it said forty. The growers began to drag out their smudge pots and to pile pine and oak wood at intervals throughout the grove, just in case. At three in the afternoon, the temperature was at freezing. Smudge pots were going strong, and fires had been lighted on the north edge of the groves so that the wind could carry the heat through the trees. The growers and their

families worked all day and all night keeping up the fires. The temperature had fallen to ten degrees by the morning of the second day and remained there for two days; smudge pots and occasional fires could not heat a grove against such cold.

Everything was lost, for not only was the fruit frozen, but also the trees themselves were killed. Citrus fruits could not be grown that far north. The growers deserted that section like rats deserting a sinking ship, and moved farther south, below the frost line. Thus, the "ghost town" of Windsor stands as a monument to experiment and progress, while Florida tries to forget this blot upon its escutcheon of "sunshine and flowers."

Little Girl on a Bench

VICTORIA PRODAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945

I USED TO SEE HER QUITE OFTEN WHEN I CROSSED through the park on my way home after work. She was always huddled on the same iron bench swinging her thin legs slowly back and forth. She was a rather plain little girl about eight or nine years old. Her dresses were faded and the sleeve bands were too loose for her arms, indicating that her clothes had probably been handed down from a chubby older sister. Thin wisps of hair straggled to her shoulders, and over the top of her head crossed two scanty braids that pulled her scalp tight enough to raise the skin at the sides of her temples.

She had a lonely face. Her features were small and pale. Her lower lip drooped slightly even when she was not talking to her doll. Her nose looked as if it had forgotten to finish growing. I cannot describe her eyes for I never saw them. At times when I passed by, she would be talking silently to her rag doll; however, she was usually looking down at the ground, clutching the doll tightly in one hand. When she was sure no one was watching her, she would gaze wistfully at the noisy children playing hop-scotch a few feet away, entirely unconcerned with their small observer. If anyone came near, or one of the children chanced to look in her direction, she would immediately become interested in tying the ribbon on her rag doll's head.

After I had seen her a number of times, I began to greet her with cheerful remarks about the pleasantness of the afternoon. She always answered me by nodding her lowered head, and sometimes an expression almost like a smile played upon her lips. Although she never spoke, I caught her watching for me to turn in the park; and as I approached her bench she would start swinging her feet more rapidly.

A Lesson in Spanish

LOIS SCHLECTER

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1944-1945

IT WAS THREE O'CLOCK, AND THE BEGINNING SPANISH class was in session in Room 116. That is to say, it had met, for no class is actually in session when its members are as far removed from the classroom as those in this group were. The Senora, who had learned Spanish in a similar high-school study group, droned on in her North American Castilian. "Estoy, estas, esta," she said. "Estamos, estais, estan. Remember that 'estar' is used when referring to location or temporary condition." Feet scraped; a queer one hummed almost inaudibly to himself. A head dropped down on its desk as the owner promised himself to study the grammar especially hard that night after supper. An atmosphere of complete resignation filled the room, except in a rear corner where three Spanish speakers-to-be were struggling to keep the spark of life from going out. This spark did not lack for fuel and was rapidly fanned into being when Luisa poked Conchita between the ribs with her pencil and whispered, "Let's write a story, huh?" Conchita rather unsuccessfully suppressed a small yelp (she was very ticklish) and nodded her approval. Pancho was included in the little story-writing deal, the object seeming to be to write part of a sentence, fold the paper over, and let the next person finish it. Pancho, while waiting for his turn to write, had located an imaginary bug which he followed with his eyes as it flew over the head of the teacher, those of his classmates, and finally came to rest on a wall. He watched it as it crawled up the wall, skirting a colored map of Mexico and a gaudy picture of two Spanish dancers, and waited until it got half-way across the ceiling before he shot it down with a machine gun, also entirely imaginary. Staring, he allowed it to drop to the floor, then pretended to spit on it. The girls were appreciatively disgusted, but forgot the incident as they unfolded the paper which was the story and began to read it. Conchita read it and shook with held-back laughter. Pancho read it and grinned as he handed it to Luisa. She giggled and whispered, "Look, it says, 'The policy is "Our men shall not fight over hot dogs."'" She put her hands over her mouth and sat there shaking for a moment. Then, "'It was Christmas, and the sky was filled with great, big, baby buggies.' Isn't that a scream?" They squirmed and laughed, retelling the amusing combinations in their creation.

The Senora lectured on. Her voice was tired, and her eyes as well. She had them fixed on some distant spot above the students' heads. "'Ser' is used," she said, "in stating a definite fact. Soy, eres, es, somos, sois, son."

The Concerto

CAROLINE A. BARRETT

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1944-1945

THE CONCERTO IS AN INSTRUMENTAL COMPOSITION designed to display the skill of a solo artist. There is almost invariably accompaniment by an orchestra, although Franz Liszt's "Concert Pathétique" for two pianos and Robert Schumann's Sonata, Op. 14, published as a concerto without orchestra, are exceptions. The concerto, however, demands more than mere technical brilliance from the artist. He must be thoroughly competent in ensemble playing and show good musical judgment as well as demonstrate his virtuosity.

The classical concerto is written in a form called "sonata," which means that it is in three parts and states themes which are later developed and recapitulated. Thus the concerto is linked with the symphony in form, but with the all-important solo instrument to lend contrast.

The piano has always been composers' greatest favorite for concertos, the very nature of the instrument making it well fitted for contrast with the brasses, strings, and woodwinds of the symphony orchestra. Beethoven wrote five superb piano concertos, while Mozart has many more to his credit. Perhaps the greatest concerto is Beethoven's D major concerto for violin and orchestra. We might find it hard to believe that this magnificent composition was so poorly received at the first performance that it lay forgotten for many years, were we not told that the miserable premiere was played without rehearsal, the soloist sight-reading the score. This concerto was written for Franz Clement, a prominent musician of Vienna during Beethoven's time, who, in addition to reading the manuscript at sight, proceeded to play on the same program a set of variations with the violin held upside down! The other stringed instruments are featured in concertos also; Dvorak's 'cello concerto is a modern favorite. Mozart has a concerto for flute and one for bassoon, and Shostakovich has an interesting arrangement for piano, trumpet, and strings, which he calls a piano concerto.

Concertos are written for more than one solo instrument, and are then known as double or triple concertos. The A minor concerto of Brahms, for violin, violoncello and orchestra, is a very well-known example of the double concerto.

Although there are modifications of the form as settled by Mozart, the general lines of the concerto remain the same. There are three movements. The first begins with a tutti passage which serves as an introduction and presents the principal theme or melody. This tutti always ends in the original

key, and not in the dominant, or the relative major, as is the case in a sonata. The solo instrument enters with either the principal subject or a brilliant introductory passage. A repetition follows with the themes being divided between the soloist and the orchestra. The themes are next expanded, with the solo instrument playing an obbligato or merely elaborating on the orchestration. A return to the original subject leads into the cadenza.

The cadenza is a solo passage in which the artist is allowed to give a demonstration of his virtuosity to astonish and amuse the audience. It could be improvised by the player or previously composed, either by himself or by some other person. The soloist is expected not merely to show off his execution, but also to display skill in dealing with the subjects of the movement. A cadenza consisting entirely of extraneous matter would be altogether faulty and out of place, regardless of its technical brilliance. Beethoven, outraged by the irrelevant musical material often introduced by the solo players of his day, sometimes wrote out very explicit instructions for his cadenzas. In his concerto in E flat, Op. 73, he wrote out his own cadenza in full with the note, "Do not make a cadenza, but go on at once to the following." A usually hasty recapitulation by the full orchestra ends the movement.

The second movement, written in any slow tempo, closely resembles the corresponding movement of the sonata, but occasionally the variation form is used. The usual song form consists of a principal theme, a second theme of demure quality, and a return to the principal theme involving exact duplication. The solo part is of an extremely florid character, weaving in and out around the orchestra.

The finale of a concerto is mostly in rondo form, consisting of a principal theme and several incidental themes. After the statement of the main theme, each of the secondary melodies is voiced, but there are periodic returns to the chief subject. Mozart often introduced changes of tempo for variation, as in his E flat concerto (Köchel, 271), which has a minuet in the middle of the finale. Short cadenzas were also frequently introduced in the last movement. In Beethoven's concerto in G, Op. 58, there is a pause for the insertion of a cadenza, but there is also the special direction, "The cadenza to be short."

Franz Liszt made radical changes in the classic form by linking together the movements by means of themes running through the entire composition, giving the feeling of one tremendous movement instead of several short ones. Saint-Saëns and Delius have made use of Liszt's form, but other modern composers, such as Dvorak, Grieg, and Bruch, follow the classic pattern still. One of the most amazing twentieth century compositions is a concerto by Arthur Bliss for piano, tenor voice, xylophone and strings. Fortunately such works are sporadic.

Japan's Propaganda War

BERNICE RICHTER

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

EQUALLY AS GRIM AND DETERMINED AS JAPAN'S WAR with material weapons is her psychological war with words. Through the medium of a strong propaganda organization run by three Tokyo agencies—the Army, the Navy, and the Bureau of Information—Japanese leaders attempt to create certain reactions in public opinion.¹ The energies of Japanese propagandists are pointed in three main directions—at the Japanese homeland, elsewhere in Asia, and at non-Axis nations. The Japanese propaganda experts recognize the fact that each of these three groups requires a different psychological approach. And their job consists in finding the right propaganda line for the right group.

The propaganda to the Japanese mainland concerns itself with keeping the Japanese people content and ready for new sacrifices. Thought control is a necessary precaution. There must be no dangerous thoughts. Newspapers, magazines, books, movies, and radio programs are heavily censored, and what finally reaches the Japanese citizen is largely propaganda. Under the Japanese Peace Preservation Law, revised twenty years ago, anyone can be imprisoned if he so much as thinks the Constitution should be altered or that private property is wrong.² The general subject of "exterminating hostile ideas" was treated in a June, 1943, issue of *Koron* (Public Affairs). One writer reproved police for dealing too gently with a teacher whose offense was that he dissented from the view that persons holding opinions different from those sanctioned by the government ought to be shot.³

The other approach that the Japanese propagandists employ at home is that of constant references to "spiritual power." Here, in twentieth century Japan, is the mystical concept that is such a paradox to her modern ships, guns, and planes. Superstitions, witchcraft, and emperor worship are played upon to arouse in the Japanese people a kind of patriotic nationalism needed to win the war. The Japanese people are assured of the everlasting protection of the gods. They are led to believe that the air over Japan is filled with 800,000 *kami*, or gods, including the spirits of all the emperors, and that all Japanese have *kami* blood in their veins.⁴ The shrine of Yasukuni, which contains the ashes of all the Japanese soldiers killed in battle, is of

¹"Slant-eyed Haw Haw," *Newsweek*, XIX (February 9, 1942), 36.

²"Control of H. Jujino," *Fortune*, XXIX (April, 1944), 208.

³*Ibid.*, p. 207.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 157.

prime importance in the promotion and maintenance of civilian morale. The spirits of the dead soldiers are said to become, through such enshrinement, immortal "nation-protecting warrior gods."⁵ To the Japanese, Yasukuni is a great inspiration and an eagerly accepted solace.

The "spiritual" condition of the Japanese civilian finds its counterpart in the training of the Japanese soldier. The basic creed in the Army's spiritual training lists the principal soldierly virtues as loyalty, courage, and obedience. In his book *Japan's Military Masters*, Hillis Lory quotes a Japanese military official as saying: "The Imperial Army of Japan attaches more importance to spiritual training than to the art of war. Moral strength is greater than physical force."⁶

General Tojo himself has said: "This great spiritual power . . . is constantly flowing through the veins of 100,000,000 [Japanese]. . . . Because we have this spiritual power . . . unsurpassed by any other nation . . . we will always win."⁷ But recently, Japan has not always won, so her propagandists prepare the people for a "spiritual victory." This is a state of thought which will leave them convinced that they have not lost when they actually have. A Tokyo war review home front feature, describing the loss of Kwajalein in February, 1944, called it a "spiritual victory." It said: "In this protracted war it is only natural to experience changes on the fighting fronts. . . . Spiritually speaking, we are winning over the enemy."⁸

This emphasis on "spiritual victories" when material weapons prove ineffective may indicate that the Japanese leaders realize that their chances of victory are fading away. Other evidences of the Japanese psychological groundwork for defeat are the increased use of the emperor as a symbol to rally the people, and the decreased use of the method of notifying families of dead soldiers. The latter is done lest the extent of Japan's casualties be revealed and public grief accumulate to the harm of public morale. Consequently, the Army now enshrines only a portion of its dead at Yasukuni.⁹ Also significant is the pessimistic note that has appeared in the propaganda line. "Unless the decisive war-time internal structure is renovated and strengthened," one domestic commentator said, "we shall not be able to nip the enemy's efforts in the bud."¹⁰ Commentators at home have exhorted Japanese girls who are not already working to go into war plants. Said one: "The girls of enemy America make up a third of the employees of the

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 159.

⁶Quoted in John Beaufort, "Japan's Propaganda Front," *Christian Science Monitor*, April 22, 1944, p. 3.

⁷*Ibid.*

⁸*Ibid.*

⁹"Control of H. Jujino," *loc. cit.*, p. 159.

¹⁰Selden C. Menefee, "Japan's Gloomy Home Front," *Nation*, CLVII (November 20, 1943), 585.

Douglas Aircraft Company. When you hear that the hateful Flying Fortresses are made by these girls, can you women of Japan remain idle?"¹¹ This new approach may be a ruse to awaken the Japanese people to the struggle, and it might also mean that the Japanese realize that the victory of the United Nations is imminent.

Elsewhere in Asia, the principal purpose of the Japanese propagandists has been to arouse fear, unrest, and hatred for the white man. The Japanese have kept in mind the fact that all the Far Eastern countries have, within the past century, accepted or had imposed upon them the institutions of western civilization as an alien addition to their own traditional cultures and that they have all either been subjected by the imperialism of western powers or seriously threatened by it in the fairly recent past.¹² The Japanese claim that their only interest in the Far East is in "liberating Asia from Western Imperialism." According to one official, speaking of the "China Incident," Japan has never invaded China; she has only helped China to drive the "aggressors" from Chinese soil.¹³

Stirring slogans are employed by the Japanese to cover up their own aggressive intentions—"Anglo-American Imperialists" must be overthrown to build "a new decisive structure" in the "Great East Axis Co-Prosperity Sphere" and to free East Asia from "white capitalism," for "Asia should be for the Asiatics."¹⁴ That is how Japan's ambitions are stated in her propaganda to the Far East, but the Japanese know that the real meaning of "Asia for the Asiatics" is "Asia for the Japanese."

One of Japan's best propaganda weapons in the Far East is the racial argument. Our deep South serves the same purpose in anti-American propaganda as India does in anti-British propaganda.¹⁵ Tokyo attempts to prove that we are fighting for the perpetuation of inequalities and race discrimination. Our immigration laws are held up before the Chinese and Indians to prove our dishonesty in claiming to fight for a free world. The evacuation of West Coast Japanese-Americans is referred to frequently. India hears wild tales of Japanese-Americans being hacked to pieces by white mobs, their houses entered, their women attacked. Race riots and other instances of race prejudice in the United States are highlighted in Japanese broadcasts. A Manchurian broadcast beamed to Asia summed up the Japanese racial propaganda line in one sentence: "Democracy as preached by the Anglo-Americans may be an ideal and noble system of life, but democracy

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. 584.

¹²M. Carter, "Short Wave Weapon," *Asia*, XLII (April, 1942), 249.

¹³Selden C. Menefee, "What Tokyo Tells the World," *Christian Science Monitor*, December 19, 1942, p. 5.

¹⁴*Ibid.*

¹⁵Selden C. Menefee, "Japan's Propaganda War," *Asia*, XLIII (March, 1943), 167.

as practiced by the Anglo-Americans is stained with the bloody guilt of racial persecutions and exploitation."¹⁶

Another device the Japanese propagandists employ is the appeal to nationalism through the exploitation of symbols and personalities which already have some following in the Far Eastern countries. In China, the distinguished Chinese traitor, Wang Ching Wei, has been hired by the Japanese to head the "Chinese Government" of China.¹⁷ In Thailand, Premier Luang Pibul Songgram is publicized as the spiritual leader of the country, and posters appear showing the Thai Premier and General Tojo exchanging salutations. In the Philippines, the Japanese trade on the reputation of General Emilio Aguinaldo, aged hero-patriot, although experts on the Philippines doubt that he has been cooperating with the invaders.¹⁸ True or not, the use of his name is undoubtedly effective propaganda.

The Japanese go in heavily for the picture and cartoon variety of propaganda in the Far East. Many posters are extremely clever in their use of words to describe opposites. In China, a poster attempting to break down Chinese national patriotism shows a peaceful Chinese family scene in a country field with the message that life is simple and what is the use of a government. Another poster reads, "Growing New China makes the heaven and earth always bright and prosperous."¹⁹ The Japanese have pictures to show that a few minutes after batches of handbills are dropped over China, not one remains in sight. The Chinese run and pick them up and appear to be very amused. The real reason for the enthusiasm of the Chinese, says M. C. Ford, is that paper is one of the things the Chinese don't have much of, and the Japanese "paper-raids" come in handy.²⁰

Every occupied country in Asia has its "Cultural Relations Commission" because the Japanese are purportedly apostles of culture—as long as it includes only things Japanese or pro-Japanese. The "Cultural Relations Commissions" release such titles as "What We Should Learn from Japan."²¹

Japan does not omit the religious appeal in her propaganda to the Far East. She realizes its importance to the people of Asia. Japanese forces were instructed to make friends with the Bhuddist monks when they moved into Burma. They managed to have the ceremony of the signing of a pact between Japan and Thailand take place in the chapel of the Emerald Bhudda in Bangkok. In the Philippines, the appeals to Catholicism are a principal weapon. The initiation of diplomatic relations between Japan and the Vatican

¹⁶Selden C. Menefee, "Japan's Racial War," *Nation*, CLVI (February 6, 1943), 203.

¹⁷"Propaganda by Japanese Puppets," *Life*, IX (September 30, 1940), 58.

¹⁸Menefee, "Japan's Propaganda War," 168.

¹⁹"Propaganda by Japanese Puppets," *loc. cit.*, p. 60.

²⁰M. C. Ford, "Jap Propaganda Amuses the Chinese," *Colliers*, CX (October 17, 1942), 17.

²¹Menefee, "Japan's Propaganda War," 169.

is used as proof of official Catholic approval. Catholic bishops and authorities are quoted as favoring the "New Order in East Asia."²²

Unfortunately for the Allied cause, Japanese propaganda in Asia has succeeded in convincing a considerable group of Asiatics that whatever the hardships entailed by Japanese occupation, these are preferable to race discrimination imposed by the white man.

Among the non-Axis countries, the Japanese propagandists seek to foster uneasiness, suspicion, and mutual distrust. In the United States, in particular, they are following the strategy of "divide and conquer." They hope to disrupt our national unity and split us away from our Allies. They have tried to drive a wedge between the United States and Latin America. Isolationism is encouraged and attempts are made to convince us that Japan has no designs on the Western Hemisphere, that we have no moral right to intervene in Asia, and that, in any case, we cannot possibly defeat Japan. Whenever possible, American historians and statesmen are quoted to prove their points.

Radio broadcasts are one of the principal propaganda devices the Japanese employ. The Japanese radio broadcasts that reach us are similar to our own programs. They consist of news reports, music, playlets, talks, and lectures. But whereas our stations hope to sell us soaps and breakfast foods, the Japanese stations hope to sell us a point of view. The news of the programs is a mixture of threats, bogus stories, and extravagant claims. In its efforts to attract a United States audience, Tokyo has developed the trick of broadcasting names of United States prisoners and personal messages. Because the prisoners are not trusted to speak directly to America, their messages are transcribed and edited. The prisoners are forced to say they are well-treated. American officers, when they have been required to say something flattering about Japan, have produced some meaningless masterpieces. One officer, for instance, said only, "Whenever I hear the schoolchildren at play across the street, I think of my own dear little Patsy. It is gratifying to realize that schoolchildren are the same the world over."²³

Japan is always happy to find useful mouthpieces in the United States to carry on her propaganda. In September, 1942, two Americans and one British subject were arrested and convicted on the charge of failing to register with the State Department as agents of a foreign government. They confessed that the Japanese had agreed to back their publication, *The Living Age*, if they in turn would print at least one article a month favorable to Tokyo, and occasionally publish material ground out by the Japanese officials

²²*Ibid.*, p. 168.

²³"Japs Use U. S. Prisoners for Propaganda," *Life*, XIII (September 14, 1942), 26.

at the Consulate.²⁴ The Japanese also attempt to incite United States Negroes against their government. Three pro-Japan Negro organizations have been uncovered in Chicago. In New York, December, 1942, four leaders of the "Ethiopian Pacific Movement" were convicted of sedition and conspiracy to commit sedition.²⁵

As far as the United States is concerned, however, most American experts in propaganda agree that the number of people who are affected directly by Japanese propaganda is not great, although their potentiality for trouble is. Director Lloyd A. Free, of the Foreign Broadcast Monitoring Service, has stated that the real danger of Japanese propaganda is "that it serves as a model for propaganda circulated by agents and sympathizers on the spot—whispering campaigns, pamphlets, platform speeches and the like. Thus it reaches a secondary audience whose proportions cannot be determined."²⁶

Herein lies the difference between the effect of Japanese propaganda in the United States and Latin America. In Latin America, experts agree, propaganda hits nearer the center of the target. The dominant line that the Japanese propagandists employ here is that the "colossus of the North" is gobbling up the Latin American economy and that the good neighbor policy is simply a blind for Yankee imperialism. President Roosevelt is vilified as a power-mad war-monger. The United States is depicted as being under anti-Catholic influences and as having ominous designs of destroying Catholicism throughout the world. Japanese invasions have been sold as holy crusades for the preservation of the faith. The Japanese appeal to Catholics is very effective, since Latin Americans are predominately Catholic. It is this line of religious appeal that our own propagandists find most difficult to combat.

The Japanese have proved their skill on the battlefield. In this, their propaganda war, they are an enemy no less dangerous and cunning. The job of undoing the danger that Japanese propaganda has caused must be fought in kind, with words, and supplemented by deeds.

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Neutrality—The Only Course for Eire

MURIEL BURKE

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1944-1945

ONE RELATIVELY MINOR POINT WHICH IS BEING heatedly discussed is Eire's stand of strict neutrality. Eire has refused to give aid to the United Nations. She also has refused to help Germany or any other enemy nation. Under the strong, able hand of Eamon De Valera the Irish Free State is sailing through these very troubled times under what seems to be a very dangerous policy.

What moral right has Eire to take this rigid stand? Should she yield to the demands of the side with which she is most sympathetic? Surely she wishes to see defeated the forces that are against the principles the "fighting Irish" are famous for. This is the only side of the issue most of us see in our arguments against the Irish inaction in this war.

Justifiable as this stand seems, there is another side to the question. If we can only look impartially at the situation Eire is in, we can clearly see the reasons for her present attitude.

Ireland is a small nation, geographically located twenty miles west of England. The bases that would so ably serve the United Nations would be even more beneficial to Germany. The Nazis, who need only the faintest shadow of an excuse to invade, would be very glad to seize upon any aid to the United Nations as a break of neutrality. There are only two courses open to Eire. One of them is to allow England's army to fortify the coast and England's navy to patrol the surrounding waters. The other course is to be sure Germany never has the necessary shadow of an excuse. Ireland

struggled against English domination for seven hundred years. It is not reasonable for her to give up any of her newly won independence while there is any alternative.

True, it is possible for either England or the United States to overcome Eire's small army and her two-ship navy. But it would be awkward for either of these two nations to explain such invasion in the light of one of the chief principles of the Atlantic Charter. This principle involves the right of small nations to exist. One of the chief causes of blame against Germany is her invasion of whatever small country it is to her political or military advantage to invade.

Any trade regulation, any partiality to one nation's envoy to another nation's disadvantage, any refusal to harbor refugees, any persecution of these refugees—in short, any favoring one side and discrediting of the other side is considered a breach of neutrality as defined by International Law. Most of the attacks against Eire have been made because she refused to give up certain naval bases and because she would not refuse to harbor political refugees. Yet she could do neither without bringing herself under the attack of whatever country her action would harm.

England's army is full of Irishmen who, as individuals, have enlisted in the fight for decency. But these same Irish soldiers in Britain's army would defend any attack upon Eire's right to determine her own political and economic advantage. And in the light of ultimate freedom for small nations their stand seems justifiable.

I Liked That Place

BEVERLY HAFTERMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1944-1945

BLOOD RUSHED FROM THE GASH RUTH HAD JUST RECEIVED from a baseball bat! The little fellow who had hit her turned a sickly green and sat on the ground; I tried helplessly to support her when Eckie's voice cut through the panic we had aroused.

"Put her in a car, and let's take her to the doctor. My gosh! Can't you kids see she's bleeding; that thing needs stitches—C'mon!"

We filed into the car like robots; Wendell got behind the wheel; and it seemed to hit all of us, suddenly, that we were four miles from a doctor's office; and that cut was bleeding terribly. I shall never forget that ride to

the doctor's! The car tore up the road; and we swayed from one side to another. I was sitting in the back holding a rag over Ruth's head with nothing to watch but the coloring of the rag, and the blood slowly moving down her face and my arm.

We pulled up to the office the same instant the doctor's car arrived, and I felt limp with relief. The boys exchanged worried words with the doctor,—I heard Harold tell him it was pretty bad. When he told us to bring her in, we helped her out of the car as if she were a china doll. Ruth, who hated to be babied, greatly resented that soft treatment.

We brought her into the office and helped her onto the cot. Harold took one long look at her white face smeared with blood and retired to the waiting room. Wendell, Eckie, and I decided to stay—I had to hold her hand. Except for the doctor's one-word commands to his nurse, things were very quiet in the office. Since the door was open, we could hear conversation in the waiting room. All of us concentrated on the conversation because not one of us was really able to watch the actual stitching.

After Harold's departure we heard him sit down rather abruptly and remain quiet for several minutes. Then the real glamor of the situation must have hit him because he began to tell what had happened.

"The kid swang the bat right into her. She stood there and didn't know what had happened. I ran up to her and pushed a rag over the cut; you could've wrung blood out of it in a couple of minutes. Then I told Wendell to start the car, and we brought her in to the doctor's."

"Where are the rest of the kids?"

"I don't know. I guess they're in there. I had to have a smoke. I guess the doctor can manage all right."

In spite of the seriousness we felt, Wendell, Eckie, and I smiled. The street door opened as someone entered the waiting room. Harold's voice again.

"Say, you know Ruth Haferman, don't you? She just got hit with a baseball bat; knocked her flat. I saw that she was brought to the doctor's because one look at that dent, and I knew it had to be stitched. She'll be marked for life—boy, I'll bet Thompson feels plenty awful! He hit her. He couldn't even stand to look at it."

Eckie poked me, and we knew there would be no limit to Harold's tale now. It got bloodier with each opening of the door, until I had to look at Ruth's face to gain assurance. He had my poor sister nearly dead!

The stitches were in, and we left. The rest of us felt jellyish, but Harold was raring to go—until he saw the bloody bandage.

Harold fainted! I took Ruth into the car and the boys carried Harold back into the office. I was beginning to like that place.

Hidden Memories

JANE BUESCHER

Rhetoric I, Book Report, 1944-1945

COLONEL LANSER HAD KNOWING EYES. HE DIDN'T have the customary blank expression that the soldiers of the invading army wore. He was middle-aged, slightly gray, hard-looking. He had the bearing of a soldier, but his eyes were different.

In Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down*, the commander of the invaders represented the author's idea of a typical German leader in his second offensive struggle. Lanser was not the blind, inhuman officer that his colleagues were. He was tired from lack of sleep and numerous worries, but he remembered the Belgium and France of twenty years before. He knew what war is.

But even Colonel Lanser realized that he was a soldier with a job to do. He tried to put from his mind the horrors, the costly mistakes, the treachery, the suffering, the futility. Over and over he attempted to convince himself that his task was merely to follow orders, that this war would be different. Colonel Lanser was a curious mixture of a man with a mistaken idea of democracy, a man who believed in his cause, a sympathetic leader, and a man with knowledge of the worth-while things in the world.

In his talks with the representatives of the conquered people, Lanser seemed to be a true leader from a nation where duty to country, blind obedience, absolutism, and insignificance of individuals have been drilled into the minds of the people. From all outward appearance, he had no idea of the true meaning of democracy. When the mayor of the conquered town said that people would not like an order of the Colonel, the latter replied, "Always the people! The people are disarmed. The people have no say." He did not realize that under the democratic system the people act together as a unified authority.

Colonel Lanser's belief in the physical power of his country never flinched as he talked to the conquered men. He told them that resistance was foolish and that it caused needless bloodshed. On the surface, he seemed to believe this point of view, but in conferences with his subordinate officers he showed definite signs of being skeptical. Beneath his veneer of assuredness, he couldn't help remembering Belgium and France. When, in private quarters, his officers boasted of mastery of the land, the Colonel reminded them that the enemy was still in the world. He recalled what the others forgot. In trying to instill this same feeling in his men, he said, "Defeat

is a momentary thing. A defeat doesn't last. We were defeated and now we attack. Defeat means nothing. Can't you understand that?"

Once one of Lanser's men dared to insinuate that he was afraid. The leader, remembering scenes and people that were not good to remember, made the significant remark, "I'm tired of people who have not been at war who know all about it." All the officers were more restrained, more resourceful, than their men, but deep within their souls lurked the same fears, strains, weaknesses. The sound of enemy airplanes cracked their spirits within, but on the outside they remained confident.

At times, Colonel Lanser admitted to himself the shortcomings of his superiors. He found himself hoping frantically that the Leader actually knew how soldiers felt. He had no choice but to obey his orders, even though the high command didn't seem to realize what he gradually came to know—that the conquered nation was not made up of stupid people. "I'm a good, loyal man," he once said, "but sometimes when I hear the brilliant ideas of headquarters, I wish I were a civilian, an old, crippled civilian."

Regardless of his personal feelings about the conduct of the war, and war itself, Colonel Lanser showed remarkable qualities of leadership toward his men. He knew how they felt; he had been under the same pressure twenty years before, and it was not something he could forget. He tried to make them see, as he did, that there are no friendly people, no peaceful country, when homes and lives of families are at stake. He wanted them to realize their own inabilities, but he also had the capacity to project himself into their places.

Lanser could relax when he talked to his men. He was quick to see the humor in a situation, and his chuckle often put the officers at ease. He was as ready to praise as he was to reprimand. He demanded respect when he thought it was necessary but usually dispensed with formality. His greatest attribute as a leader was his readiness to grasp a situation, diagnose it, and act accordingly. He knew each of his men so intimately that he could easily help them overcome their misgivings. When asked why he was rough on one of the officers, he explained, "I had to be. He's frightened. I know his kind. He has to be disciplined when he's afraid or he'll go to pieces. He relies on discipline the way other men rely on sympathy." When Lanser's men became sullen or belligerent, he often knew what was troubling them before they expressed their troubles. In several kind and well-chosen words, he doctored up war-shattered minds and gave assurance to his men.

Because of prevalent propaganda, we are apt to regard the invading soldier as a beast having no characteristics of a human being. The characterization of Colonel Lanser dispels this theory, for even he has regard for the manly courtesies of life. When forced to execute a man of the conquered city, he felt genuinely sorry and expressed his sympathy by giving the victim

freedom to speak his mind before he went to his death. In the concluding chapter of the book he also showed an appreciation and knowledge of literature.

He was a man of suppressed memories. He, alone of the officers, had the ability to see beyond the conquering and slaughtering which was his job. Colonel Lanser had knowing eyes. He had the bearing of a soldier, but his eyes were different.

Into the Storm

RICHARD SHIFRIN

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945

IT WAS A BITTER NOVEMBER NIGHT THAT I STEPPED into as I left the warm house. From the inky-black sky above a chilling rain was falling. The icy droplets were being whipped by a piercing wind, which rattled the windows of the houses and whistled with an unearthly sound through the barren trees standing like gaunt skeletons. By the dim yellowish light of a solitary street lamp, I could make out the naked branches outstretched to the heavens, with an occasional dead brown leaf remaining as a vestige of summer foliage. Below the gnarled old trunks, the twisted roots could be seen clinging tenaciously to their hold in the frozen soil. The group was covered with a coating of cold, muddy slime stirred up by the rain; it would be frozen solid and covered with frost well before morning.

The sidewalks and street, beaten clean by the rain of everything except several muddy footprints left by the few persons with the hardihood to venture out on such a night, and dotted with little puddles into which the raindrops splashed as they fell, were practically deserted. At infrequent intervals, an automobile came dashing over the rain-swept pavement, its headlights gleaming like those of some nocturnal monster. Even more rarely, I could discern the shadowy silhouette of an unusually bold pedestrian looming up out of the murky gloom; looking closely, I could notice his head bent forward into the blast of the wind and could hear above the weather the shrill whistling with which he attempted to keep up his spirits on this wild night.

As the mournful whistle of the midnight train drifted through the storm, I forced my mind away from the squares of bright yellow light shining through the windows and the thoughts of warmth and shelter they suggest. Turning up my collar in a hopeless attempt to protect myself against the biting wind, I set out on my lonely tramp through the night.

Country—Sunday Morning

JANE BUESCHER

Rhetoric 1, Theme 2, 1944-1945

THE PEOPLE SQUINTED AS THE SUNLIGHT BROUGHT back a sense of reality to their stiff bodies and dulled minds. There were a few who walked down the church steps with renewed vigor and resolution, but Mr. Wagner, the preacher, had not put enough zest into his sermon to inspire the majority of his congregation.

After the service was over, the day itself did much toward arousing the spirits of the country folk. The summer had not yet reached that still stage when branches cease to quiver, the air hangs like black velvet, and conversation is carried on in muffled tones. A soft breeze crackled the Sunday School papers, and Grandma Barrett put on her jacket.

The congregation always stood around in the churchyard and talked following the benediction. If Mrs. Koenig should find it necessary to go home and fry the chicken before her husband had talked to his friends, the farmer would consider his day incomplete. The church bell clanged once, filling the air with its vibration, and then again, again, again. In tight bunches gathered women of varied ages—some had attended school together fifty years before but still delighted in sharing confidences. Farmers, their leathery faces and hands protruding from neatly-pressed suits, discussed the need for rain. Near a gnarled elm stood a scattered group of little girls taking care that their clothes did not become soiled. One tiny blonde, who was the proud possessor of new patent leather slippers from Kixmiller's General Store, would stoop down and dust them every few minutes with a crumpled white handkerchief. A group of high school girls gazed admiringly at Joe Miller's boy, who had a fourteen-day leave from the Navy. Most of the fellows from Freelandville had joined the Army.

But it was the multitude of little boys that least noticed their change in attire. To them it did not matter that their calloused feet were clad in Oxfords, that their ears were scrubbed clean, that they wore Sunday suits in place of sweaty overalls. Unlike the legendary urban youth, they didn't stand in a corner and shift their weight from one foot to the other. They laughed and they shouted. They tripped each other, and they whistled at the older girls. These future farmers, who worked in the fields with the men all week, took time to be children.

Then others were laughing, planning, arguing. The people were becoming accustomed to the sound of the bell. Mr. Grabbe began to crank his model T, and the motor hesitantly started, then shook the car so violently

that Mrs. Grabbe almost flew out. The crowd thinned somewhat, as several families crossed the road and drove from the field that served as a parking place.

The cars began to leave more steadily, and a few men started trudging up the hill toward town. The last car to go turned into the cemetery lane; white gravel crunched beneath the tires. The church bell pealed three more times; then all was still.

The sexton slowly pulled shut the heavy church door and shuffled down the dusty road.

Adelaide M.

LOIS RUDNIK

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1944-1945

MISS ADELAIDE M. WATKINS, INSTRUCTOR OF English and supervisor of the school newspaper, is one of the most picturesque individuals on the faculty of Tohee Township High School. She is short and dumpy, with small, colorless eyes set close together in a round, wrinkled face. Her graying hair is short and curly, and she often runs her pudgy fingers through it so that it stands on end. She is careless about her clothes: her dresses are often ill-fitting, and their colors are seldom harmonious. Miss Watkins is proud of her posture. She steps briskly through the halls, her head up and her shoulders back, her hair shaking from the force of her walking. Because most of her weight is concentrated above her waist, she sometimes resembles a top-heavy sailing vessel scudding along before a high wind.

Miss Watkins has a reputation for eccentricity, and she does her best to live up to it. She is admired by high school journalism instructors throughout the state for her superior teaching ability, business acumen, faculty for criticism, and capacity for hard work. She is also known for her cleverness, brilliant sarcasm, and ability to project herself. She believes in teaching by surprise. When asked by the assistant news-writing teacher to explain something to his class, she bursts into the room, states in a few terse sentences the information which the man has been trying to put across for the entire hour, crisply exclaims, "God bless you, my children!" sets her lips in a thin, straight line, and vanishes with a sharp click of the door.

Nothing pleases her so much as a well-written theme or a newspaper article showing signs of originality or creativeness. She likes to read aloud and often submits her classes to the slow torture of her cracked voice and

exaggerated, dramatic emphases. She is proud of her ability to produce a good newspaper, and is never reticent about telling the staff members its faults, and other people, its merits.

A streak of childishness in Miss Watkins' nature mars her character. She is absurdly sensitive, and sulks for days if her staff forgets about her birthday. Her favorite students can do no wrong, while those she dislikes can justify their existence only by writing good themes. She is often tactless and needlessly insulting when she intends only to live up to her reputation for eccentricity. Something about Miss Watkins leads one to think she may be covering up feelings of inferiority by determinedly maneuvering for the limelight. She works hard for attention, and often tells her troubles to her favorite students, mutely demanding sympathy.

The student members of the newspaper staff show a variable regard for her. The newer reporters look up to her with awe, worshipping her almost as they would a goddess. She holds their literary futures in her hands, and to them she is a supreme being. The older students know her better; they have seen her faults as well as her virtues. To them she is known familiarly as "Addie." They mentally disagree with all she says, and it is fashionable to dislike "Adelaide M."

Most people who are closely associated with Miss Watkins admire the woman, no matter how often they alternately despise, admire, hate, respect, and fear her. The dynamic force of her personality cannot be ignored, and one must respect her boundless energy. I worked with Miss Watkins for years, sometimes loving her, often hating her. Although it is easier to think kindly of her when she is at a distance, she will always remain one of the most unforgettable characters I have ever known.

The Common Bond

Shriek . . . a shrill, sharp blast pierced the air. Two seconds later masses of scurrying people hurried toward the outskirts of the town. Their goal was the hills beyond that rose majestically out of the horizon and seemingly offered protective covering.

Quietly and solemnly the crowd gathered in the caves called air raid shelters. Each entered and nodded mechanically to those around him; each took his place against the walls; and each began to feel himself strengthened by a common fate.

The ominous roaring and purring of far-off engines brought instant silence. Everyone groped for someone else's hand, hopefully seeking and drawing courage and energy from human contact.

As each thunderous blast shook the earth, the walls of the cave trembled and the crowd pressed closer. Then, just when the strain seemed about to snap, the welcome gong sounded the "all-clear."

The crowd filed slowly out and again each nodded to his neighbors, a nod of understanding and gratitude.—BETTY LEE SING

The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra

CAROLINE A. BARRETT

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID THAT THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC was the world's finest orchestra. Perhaps this is true—who can say? It is true that Germany has produced the world's greatest musicians. And as a center of German culture since late mediaeval times, Vienna had for centuries occupied an influential place in the musical life of Europe. Haydn as a boy was a chorister in Vienna's St. Stephen's. Schubert was born in Vienna, Mozart lived there, and Beethoven gained his fame when he came from Bonn to the Austrian capital. Both Czerny and Otto Nicolai were Viennese, and Brahms lived there for thirty-four years.¹ The orchestra certainly had excellent musicians. The members were recruited from the Kaiserliche and Königliche Hofopertheater, with only a few artists from elsewhere hired to complete the sections.²

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was great need for music in Vienna. The great lords had about played out their parts as patrons, and their small orchestras were by no means up to the new music. The new music itself had appealed to the people, but it seems that no one had thought to organize an adequate orchestra to present the great symphonies. It certainly did not bother the Beethoven fans, or anyone for that matter, that there was no great organization to interpret the music. Beethoven's and Mozart's works were performed by well-meaning dilettanti. The playing of the orchestras was confused at best—it is improbable that much thought was given to the music. A concert was entered into with a spirit of adventure; it was a gay affair in which almost anything could happen.³

In Thayer's biography of Beethoven there is a description of the first performance of the Ninth Symphony, which Beethoven himself conducted. Or, rather, he beat time and turned the pages of his score. Beethoven was stone deaf, and the orchestra (all of seventy-five players) had been instructed to take its cues from the concertmaster. At the end of the scherzo the audience burst into applause, but Beethoven stood, still turning the pages of his score, until a friend turned him around to bow. Imagine what the performance must have been like, despite the applause. To grasp the musical standards of Beethoven's time, picture a first performance of a new symphony by a great modern composer at which a deaf man is placed on the conductor's stand. The average concert of today has a perfection and a

¹"Vienna," *The Encyclopaedia Americana*, 1943 Edition, V. 28.

²Heinrich von Kralik, *Die Wiener Philharmoniker* (Vienna, 1938), p. 20.

³*Ibid.*, p. 11.

beauty that would have been inconceivable to an eighteenth-century audience. The great masters never really heard the works which we take for granted.⁴

It was the Beethoven symphonies which were responsible for the organization of Vienna's great orchestra. Otto Nicolai, conductor of the Vienna Opera Orchestra, founded the Vienna Philharmonic Society in 1842 for the purpose of giving adequate performances in Vienna of the Beethoven symphonies. The first concert was presented on the Monday after Easter, March 28, 1842, in the grand Redouten-Saale in which Beethoven had conducted the out-of-tune woodwinds, raucous brasses, and dreary strings of the orchestras of his day.⁵ The first program:

Beethoven: Seventh Symphony in A

Cherubini: Aria from "Faniska"

Beethoven: "Ah perfido, spergiuro!"

INTERMISSION

Beethoven: Third "Leonore" Overture

Mozart: "Non temer, amato bene"

16th Cen. Melody: "La Romanesca"

Cherubini: Duet from "Medea"

Beethoven: Overture "Consecration of the House"

The orchestra was, of course, conducted by Nicolai.⁶

For many years the Philharmonic concerts were highly irregular affairs, resting solely on the initiative of men like Nicolai and Professor Hellmesberger (director of the opera after Nicolai's death). Not until January 15, 1860, was the first subscription concert given, with Karl Eckert conducting. The season consisted of eight subscription concerts and one special concert for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund.⁷

During its entire history the Vienna Philharmonic Society remained truly "philharmonic." The members did not earn their livelihood from the concerts—they were all either members of the opera orchestra or professors at the Conservatory. The concerts were a monument to the members' love of music. Conductors led the orchestra by invitation only—no manager closed the deal in his office. And in the course of time virtually every great name in the history of conducting led the Philharmonic.⁸

The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra's first great era began in 1875, when Hans Richter succeeded Franz Jauner as director of the opera and leader of the Philharmonic concerts. Richter had been a chorister in the Court Chapel in Vienna, and was one of the most richly gifted and most experienced of

⁴Deems Taylor, *Of Men and Music* (New York, 1938), p. 70.

⁵Heinrich von Kralik, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

⁶*Ibid.*, plate facing page 20.

⁷"Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra," *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, Revised Edition, 5.

⁸Richard von Perger, *Denkschrift*, 1910.

conductors. His interpretation of Wagner and Brahms was supreme.⁹ Because he was such an outstanding Wagnerian, there was some anxiety that he might depart from the conservative traditions of the Philharmonic Society. Such anxiety was groundless, however, and Richter's regime was an outstanding period. His first concert in 1875 and his last concert in 1898 featured Beethoven's great "Eroica" Symphony.¹⁰

During the Richter era, the Brahms-Bruckner conflict arose and subsided. In March, 1863, Brahms himself led the orchestra in his first Serenade, following an argument in which Dessoff (conductor from 1860 to 1875) drove his baton through the score and stormed out of the rehearsal. When Brahms undertook the rehearsal he calmed the orchestra with the following short speech: "Sie haben mein Werk abgelehnt und ich kann Ihnen nur sagen, wenn Sie Vergleiche mit Beethoven ziehen wollen: eine solche Höhe wird nicht mehr erreicht werden. Aber mein Werk ist hervorgegangen aus meiner besten künstlerischen Überzeugung. Vielleicht werden Sie doch sehen, dass es nicht ganz unwert ist, von Ihnen gespielt zu werden."¹¹ In November, 1873, Brahms directed the orchestra in the premiere of his Haydn Variations. Under Richter's baton came the first performances of the Second and Third Symphonies.

Richard Wagner led the Philharmonic on several occasions; one of the most notable performances was that of May 12, 1872. The Program:

Beethoven: Eroica

INTERMISSION

Wagner: Overture and Venusberg Music, "Tannhäuser"

Wagner: Prelude and Liebestod, "Tristan und Isolde"

Wagner: Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music, "Die Walküre"

Following Hans Richter, came Gustav Mahler in the fall of 1898. By unremitting zeal and tireless enthusiasm he brought the Viennese opera and symphony orchestra to a high state of perfection, but the strenuous work which he exacted from all earned him the title of "tyrant" and made him many enemies. Mahler began his reign, like Hans Richter, with the "Eroica." At that concert, his imperious nature was already evident: late comers were left outside locked doors, and those who attempted to leave after the scherzo of the "Eroica" were foiled as Mahler gave the signal for the finale's tumultuous intrata immediately.

⁹"Hans Richter," *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Eleventh Edition, V. 23.

¹⁰Heinrich von Kralik, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. 32. You have spurned my composition, and I can say to you only that when you make comparison with Beethoven, such heights will never again be attained. Yet my work was produced from my sincerest artistic conviction. Perhaps, indeed, you will see that it is not entirely unworthy of performance.

Felix von Weingartner, who became conductor of the opera and philharmonic in 1908, did not have a particularly happy career. He said that taking of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra post had caused him many disappointments. Never before had a conductor been welcomed with such sincerity, but Weingartner felt the people disliked him.¹² Nevertheless, only Weingartner could have been able to return the orchestra to the age of Dessoff and Richter, and the philharmonic concerts rose to unequalled heights under his direction from 1908 to 1927. Professor Burghauser (former first oboist and president of the Philharmonic Society) claims that Weingartner had no equal as a conductor of Beethoven, though he had shortcomings in the modern idioms. Columbia Masterworks has recorded all of the Beethoven symphonies with Weingartner conducting, and only Toscanini performances can approach the incomparable Weingartner readings of these symphonies.

During the twenties and thirties, the list of Philharmonic conductors included—besides Weingartner—Richard Strauss, Franz Schalk, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Willem Mengelberg, Klemens Krauss, Hans Knappertsbusch, Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, Erich Kleiber, and Arturo Toscanini—to mention only the most celebrated names.

Tours were given all over Europe, and in 1922 the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra made a concert tour of South America. Austria, at that time, was in danger of being swallowed up by larger nations; so, although Vienna missed her magnificent orchestra, the sacrifice was greatly compensated for by the goodwill gained in America. Weingartner himself made all of the arrangements. Performances were given at the Teatro Municipal in Rio de Janeiro, the Teatro Solis in Montevideo, and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. The tour lasted three months, and everywhere the performances were great triumphs.¹³ In Buenos Aires the Philharmonic presented Wagner's "Ring" operas with such famous singers as Lotte Lehmann, Helene Wildbrunn, and Alice Mertens. Serious German music was accepted with understanding in South America, and the newspapers were especially enthusiastic.¹⁴

As the orchestra had every reason to be satisfied with the artistic as well as the material success of the trip, another tour was arranged the next year. Walto Mocchi and Arthur Hohenberg made plans this time, for Weingartner did not go on this journey. Richard Strauss was the conductor, and the Strauss works had first place on the programs. Armin Tyroler, then oboist of the Vienna Philharmonic, wrote a colorful travelogue which he presented in Vienna after the tour. He told the story of the orchestra's playing a con-

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 78.

¹³C. F. Pohl, *Festschrift* (Leipzig, 1925), p. 61.

¹⁴Heinrich von Kralik, *op. cit.*, p. 85.

cert in Bahia although the conductor, Richard Strauss, had already sailed for home. Professor Wunderer was elected to conduct the orchestra. Wunderer, mistaken for Strauss, received such a tremendous ovation that he and his colleagues could not bear to disillusion the audience by telling them that the marvelous performance was led by Wunderer instead of the famous Richard Strauss.¹⁵

In later years, the Vienna Philharmonic Society began the custom of awarding the title "Honor Member" to outstanding conductors, soloists, and patrons. Five conductors achieved this honor: Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Furtwängler, Walter, and Toscanini. Richard Mayr, who for decades sang the great bass solo part in every performance of the Beethoven "Ninth," Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, Emil von Sauer, and Wilhelm Backhaus were soloists awarded the title. Only one member of the orchestra held an "honor-membership": Arnold Rose, the patriarch of the Orchestra. In 1881 he entered as a violin player. In 1884 he was second concertmaster, and following Jacob Grün's death, he became first concertmaster—a position he held until the end, in 1938.

The Philharmonic's subscription concerts were continued without interruption until the sixteenth of January, 1938, at which concert Bruno Walter conducted Mahler's Ninth Symphony. The concert scheduled for the twentieth of February was cancelled because of the Nazi unrest. In March the Nazis arrived and the old Philharmonic Society broke up. The Nazis have continued to hold "Philharmonic" concerts, having collected enough additional musicians to replace the Jews who were released and the members who could not tolerate the new rulers. Those who remained with the orchestra are the true musicians who refused to allow political situations to concern them. Hugo Burghauser is now in this country, as is Friedlander, who plays with the Pro Arte Quartet. Hans Knappertsbusch is supposed to have conducted the Nazi concerts for some time. Though he was not in sympathy with the Nazis, he had a tremendous personal following which they could not alienate. Willem Furtwängler conducts the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and, quite possibly, some of the Vienna concerts also.

There may never be another orchestra with the grand traditions of the Vienna Philharmonic Society. Although we shall probably have finer orchestras in the future, the old orchestra members live in the glory of their past and remember the words from "Palestrina": "We are the descendants of those who were educated by Beethoven. Above the sound of our orchestra Brahms and Bruckner wrote their symphonies. Great composers and conductors have taught and led us. But we know that the roots of our strength lie in our native city, Vienna."

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 86.

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Rejuvenate the ASTRP

Pvt. CALVIN RYAN

A.S.T. English 62, Theme 9, 1944-1945

THE ASTRP AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS IS TURNING, or shall I say has turned, out to be a big joke. As far as most of the teachers and civilian students are concerned, the ASTRP is composed of a group of so-called "dummies," or "kids" of seventeen years. I am strongly in favor of revising the ASTRP, so that the teachers and especially the civilian college students would look up to anyone who is in the program.

The first step toward revision would be to make the qualifying test much more difficult. There are entirely too many men in the Army program who should still be in high school. If the qualifying test were made harder, the Army would then have the "cream of the crop," and a goal might be made for those who complete the course successfully.

My second step toward revision of the program would be to raise and set a certain grade standard. What good is a man going to be to the Army if he gets all "D's" in college? One-fourth of the students here get "D's" in two or three classes a semester. Therefore I believe that a student who is in the ASTRP should be compelled to make a "C" average.

My last step toward revising the ASTRP would be to require strict discipline at all times. Have you ever noticed how the ASTRP boys march on the campus? They walk along whistling at girls, making wisecracks at civilians and fellow men—and all out of step too. I've often wondered whether the ASTR's are boy scouts or soldiers. I'm sure that if the Army made them march in military fashion, the University of Illinois would really be proud of its ASTRP unit.

If all three of my suggestions were enforced, I'm confident that the college students and teachers would look up to anyone in the ASTRP, and it would be an honor to be chosen to go to college under the Army's supervision. And any student who attended college under the Army would be a greater asset to the Army, to his country, and most of all, to himself.

“Powder Monkey” in an Office*

JUNE NIXON

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1944-1945

HE WAS AN OLD MAN, WITH PALE, RHEUMY EYES AND a three-day stubble of white beard on his martyred, bovine face. On his unkempt white head he wore an ancient hunting cap that no longer pretended to possess color, and on his frail shoulders hung an old Mackinaw, so dirty its plaid was no longer distinguishable; his trousers seemed to be stiff with grease and grime, and his shoes (safety shoes, furnished by the company) were apparently the only durable things he owned.

“Yes, sir?” I asked, with a minimum of politeness and a maximum of patience and waited for him to find words with which to state his business.

“This the *in*—shar’nce office?” he queried huskily and with pseudo-timidty. In his near-sighted old eyes gleamed an innate suspicion of all stenographers, and his mouth, weakened with age, curled down at the corners in stubborn defiance.

“Yes, sir,” I stated and waited again.

“I been off sick.”

“You want to make claim for disability benefits?” I asked wickedly, knowing the words would mean nothing to him. He nodded his head with the sunny optimism of his class, that believes a positive answer will eventually get results.

“Do you have group insurance?” I asked. Once more he nodded, but past experience cautioned me to make a thorough check on his statement. I squinted at his badge to find out his name and clock number, and looked for his record card in the file. *That* checked.

“How long were you ill?” I inquired.

“I been sick ’bout a month.”

“Were you absent from work all that time?”

“I been off four days now.”

“Have you returned to work yet?”

“I’m goin’ back this shift; doctor says I can.” I set my jaw firmly and prepared to disillusion the poor fellow.

“I’m sorry, sir,” I explained, with all the kindness I could muster, “but you won’t be able to collect any benefits, since you have to be absent from work for more than a week.”

“But I been sick!”

“I’m sorry, but your policy specifically states that you cannot collect

*Note: “Powder Monkey” is an uncomplimentary name for a munitions worker.

benefits unless you have missed more than seven days' work. If you'll read your policy carefully. . . ." He turned dumbly away and shuffled out of the office. He wasn't angry or resentful; but I knew too well the dumb submissiveness with which he accepted the stern decrees of the Powers-That-Be, typified in this instance by a humble clerk in an insurance office.

Angrily and impatiently I returned to my typing and hit a wrong key with a vicious splat! I hated myself for having had to crush the old man's hopes, and I hated him because I realized I probably felt more poignantly about the incident than he did. I reached for an eraser and began briskly to rub out my error.

"Damn!" I thought wrathfully. "Why do these people have to be so ignorant!"

There Is a Dark Side

JESSE DAVIES

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

IF THE ATTITUDE OF THE SOLDIERS WHO ARE FIGHTING this war was as bad as that of many of the workers in the munitions plant where I was employed, we would now all be heiling Hitler and watching his goosesteppers march down Fifth Avenue and Wall Street. The attitude was like a plague, spreading among the workers; it seemed that only the administrative branch escaped. Those affected didn't "give a damn" about their jobs or the production goals. When part of the plant shut down because of lack of materials, the workers cheered and hoped that the shutdown would last a long time. During the cheering no one thought about the amount of explosives that could be produced during the time the shutdown would last. The amount was large, the need for the explosives great, and yet they cheered and joked about the coming short vacation with pay.

This feeling was responsible for many costly accidents. One welder lost both his legs because he neglected to inspect the pipe he was welding. The pipe was filled with T.N.T. that exploded from the heat of his torch. An explosion costing the government several million dollars would not have happened if an operator had not dozed off during the monotony of his repeated operations. As it happened, he was adding the acids and other ingredients when he fell asleep. He awoke suddenly, looked with horror at his temperature gauge, and fled from the building. The resulting explosion

cost the plant one-twelfth of its former production. I can remember clearly the screams of a man who was being drenched in fuming sulphuric acid. A workman on the previous shift had reversed the connections on the unloading pipes of a tank car filled with acid, causing a great pressure to be built up inside the car. When the air vent was released, acid, not air, came out and caught the worker in the gusher of 109 percent acid. He paid dearly for the careless attitude of another.

A person not understanding the conditions under which the men worked probably wonders why such an attitude existed. Perhaps some of the causal factors can be seen by comparing the two years 1941 and 1944. In 1941 living costs were not very high, rates of pay for the workers were good, and the work was not too hard because there wasn't the manpower shortage there is now. In 1944, however, living costs went high, the rates of pay remained the same, and there was three times as much work because of speeded up production and labor shortage. Another thing to discourage the worker was the fact that women were being hired and placed in the jobs that would otherwise give promotions to men. The women were paid less; so the men could not claim seniority rights. This, perhaps, caused more ill feeling between the managers and the workers than any other factor, although there were many more. Men who worked double shifts, or sixteen-hour shifts, so that production could be maintained despite the labor shortage, ate in the plant cafeteria because they could not carry enough food in their lunch boxes to last them. The white collar workers eating there resented their presence and an order was issued that the operators, or common workers, would have to eat in the area of their jobs. The food was brought to them from the cafeteria in trucks and on the way it became cold and undesirable. This unfair discrimination between the "white collars," or administrative workers, and the operators was never to be forgotten, and it also added to the growing friction between management and operation.

The company operating the plant was continually contradicting its aims. For instance, safety first was the topic of mass meetings and much emphasis was placed on the workers' welfare and safety. In contrast, the company seldom acknowledged safety suggestions from the workers. The company did quite well in keeping operating costs down by restricting promotions and carefully checking time cards, but they lost more than they gained through the wasting of material. T.N.T. was shipped to distant parts in white pine boxes and the empty boxes were sent back for re-use. Instead of being re-used, however, the boxes were burned by carload lots. Then during an acute shortage of boxes the plant lost time and the result was the plant's failure to meet the goals during the invasion of France when explosives were badly needed.

Most war plants were built on the cost-plus basis. The contractor building the plant received a percentage above the cost of construction. This resulted in the wasting of much money and material that is very difficult to get today. I once saw a crazy thing happen. I saw a bulldozer covering over a deep trench filled with kegs of copper nails, fireproof slate siding used on buildings, sheets of half-inch lead used for the floors of buildings, and tons of steel pipe used to convey acid. This material cannot be bought by everyone today and its cost is enormous. Buildings were torn down and rebuilt because they were not spaced properly to the exact foot. Bridges were blasted and rebuilt because they did not line up with their roads when the roads were built at a later time. The American people's money flowed as freely as the Kankakee River that cut through the plant.

It is little wonder the workers hesitate before signing up for war bonds. It is little wonder, also, that the workers complain about their income tax, and try to cut it down wherever possible; for it is difficult to stand by and see your own money squandered. I have not tried to justify the attitude of the worker, for I realize the fact that any attitude that is a hindrance to our war effort is unjustifiable. I have, instead, tried to bring out some plausible causes and results of this attitude. I have tried to explain that the workers were embittered by the unfairness and dishonesty of a modern industry.

Uncle's Last Fling

MARY LOU ROHLING

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1944-1945

WHEN MY FATHER WAS A BOY OF TEN, HIS OLDEST and wealthiest uncle, Emile, a gay old blade of fifty-six, loosed his earthly bonds and flew with the angels toward the pearly gates (we hope!). Before his death, Uncle Emile had specified that his mortal remains were to be cremated. Under no other circumstances were his nephews to receive a penny of his money.

As there were no crematories in Holland at the turn of the century, his body had to be shipped across the border into France for cremation. A week after the shipment had been made, my father's older brothers, William, Jan, and Lucien, left for France to bring Uncle back to his final resting place, a tiny shelf in the family mausoleum.

The trip to Roubaix was uneventful. They saw the morgue-keeper, paid him the fee, and were given a rather large bottle which, they were told, contained all that was left of Uncle Emile. William observed that there was still half an hour before train time. Accordingly they made their way to a small cafe. There, in its dimly lighted, smoky interior, they proposed a toast to Uncle Emile, who, in his place of honor under the table, could scarcely be expected to appreciate their sentiments. They talked awhile, smoked a cigar, and then, discovering that they had but a few minutes in which to catch the train, grabbed their hats and coats and dashed hurriedly down the street to the station, each thinking that the other had the bottle containing Uncle's ashes. Poor Emile, lonely and forlorn, lay in state, still under the table.

By the time the train reached Belgium, the boys had discovered their error and made arrangements with the conductor for the return trip. After what seemed endless hours they reached Roubaix once more. They ran up the little side street and into the cafe. The bottle was gone! They accosted the waiter and, in their excitement, demanded to know where Uncle Emile was. After the preliminary confusion, during which the waiter furiously denied ever knowing Uncle Emile, William explained that they were looking for his ashes, in a bottle. Leading them to the back room of the cafe, the waiter pointed out the metal tubs where the empty bottles were discarded and told them to look for Emile there, if they chose.

After an anxious ten-minute search, they found the bottle, or rather what was left of it, broken, in one of the tubs. Uncle Emile was strewn all over the bottom of the tub. William instructed Jan to search for another suitable receptacle while Lucien and he gathered up the ashes. Jan returned in a moment with what he termed "the most appropriate bottle" he could find. They placed the ashes in it and returned with them to Holland.

When questioned by my grandfather about the propriety of such a container for Emile's remains, the boys answered that Uncle wanted it that way. So now no one thinks it's queer to walk into the family vault and see on a shelf in the back a bottle plainly marked: Chateau Yauem, 1883 (the best sauterne in all France), and under this label a gold-letter placard:

BERNARD EMILE BERGER

1846 - 1902

May his spirit rest in peace.

Amen.

The Gentle Soul

PAUL OLSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1944-1945

WHEN MY SISTER HELEN CAME RUNNING HOME AND told us the news about Carrie Syler, I guess we made more noise than at last year's Fourth of July picnic. It was too exciting to keep still about. Carrie had gotten married!

There wasn't one of us who didn't think she was the kindest lady in the world, next to our own mother, and I know we weren't the only ones in West Hancock who thought so. She lived in a big, unpainted house on Emery Street, where almost every afternoon she was visited by someone on his way home from school.

The first time I met her was when I was in the fourth grade. I had stopped to throw some rocks onto her porch; she came to the door and asked me to come in. I don't know why I didn't run, but for some reason I wasn't scared. I thought she might pull my ears, but I was willing to risk it in order to see what she wanted. She told me I ought to be kind to her because she wanted to be kind to me, and right then we became friends. She always offered her guests peanut butter kisses and played songs about heaven for them on the piano. With her light blue eyes and yellow hair, she seemed so much like an angel that one look from her made you suddenly feel sorry for every mean thing you ever did. When her visitors left, she gave them Methodist Sunday School papers.

It was on such a visit that my sister learned of Carrie's marriage.

A few older people used to talk about her as though they were making fun of her. Whenever they spoke of Carrie's going to every funeral in town, they used to laugh and say, "I guess the old girl isn't any too bright." Those of us who knew her best, though, never saw anything to laugh at. We happened to know that Carrie cried at every funeral whether she had ever heard of the one who died or not, and I guess there's nothing so funny about that!

Everybody thought it was wonderful that she was married. Her husband was a French Canadian whose name we couldn't pronounce, but we made it easy by calling him Camel Romeo. He had roomed in her house for years, and some people said it was a good match. I noticed they usually snickered when they said it, though, and I couldn't see it at all. Carrie was tall and fair, and Camel was short and dark and had a big nose. Anyway, it didn't matter as long as Carrie was happy.

For about a year and a half after the wedding day we hardly saw them

except on Sunday afternoon, when they drove up Racecourse Hill and back again in Camel's Saxon. Carrie had stopped going to most funerals and even missed the big one at the Norwegian Church when "Pastry" Nelson died. We didn't see her much at her house either; it seemed very different with Camel around all the time. He just sat reading and looking angry. Then one day he chased everybody out and said that it was his house and he would decide who could come in. We never went there again after that, even though we knew Carrie wanted to see us.

People had thought for quite a while that something was wrong, but still it came as a surprise to everybody when they learned that Camel was going to divorce her. Then it came out that he had been courting Mrs. "Pastry" Nelson, and it was said he wasn't satisfied with the money from Carrie's rooming house and wanted to get into the pastry business. He thought it a fine system to have a woman make the meat pies while he sold them. After two and a half years, then, Carrie's marriage was finished.

It was a Saturday morning when they went off to the county seat. My cousin and I were going down Emery Street toward the canal when the car came down the drive. Carrie was wiping her eyes. Mrs. Savoy, who lived next door, was the only one who saw them come back. She told Mama that afternoon that when they returned, Camel had run into the house and come out again with all his things. She said he looked all red and excited and that Carrie was crying as though she were crazy. Mama had a way of making people calm down, and although she didn't know at first if she really ought to, she finally went over to see Carrie.

When she came back an hour or so later she told Papa all about it. As she was talking to him, he started to grin and get red and choke up, but a look from her made him serious again. Mama was not the kind who would laugh at anything like that, but poor Carrie couldn't keep it secret herself, and it was joked about long afterwards. She and Camel had never known that a marriage license alone was not enough. There was no divorce because there had been no wedding.

By that time I was too big to be visiting ladies on my way home from school, but I walked by the house a few weeks later. I saw the door closing behind my youngest brother and several other children, and it gave me a good, comfortable feeling. I felt sure things had worked out very well after all.

As I turned the corner I could still hear her playing the piano and a shrill chorus singing,

"There are treasures in heaven,
There are treasures in heaven,
There are treasures for chi-ildren
in heaven . . ."

Music Room

Almost as if this bantering music were an entrance cue, a slight, baby-faced girl clicks into the room. She walks kicking her heels impudently almost in time to the beat of the skipping violin bow. She is an outsider. There is usually one present at every music hour and it is interesting to notice these people whom the music does not touch. She sits now with one heel planted firmly on the floor, the other swinging merrily and quite effectively. She is reading a newspaper, but not really, for her brown, squirrel's eyes dart over, about and around the edges of the paper at the people—more specifically, the men in the room. The look is hard and cold, keen and calculating, a look that somehow does not belong to a baby-faced girl. She is ignored, even by the frolicsome notes, and she feels that she is an outsider—the music has escaped her—she knows she doesn't belong and I don't think I shall see her here again. But suddenly, without warning, the strings break into the swift, moving melody, and the scherzo comes to a sharp pizzicato stop.

Now each one unconsciously prepares himself for the finale. They all know what is to come, yet their faces bear the joyfully expectant expressions of a child seeing the circus for the tenth time. It is not disappointing—its sublimity at once thrills the heart . . . lifts it higher, higher until one must catch his breath for fear of soaring so high he must finally drop into fathomless space. But no, there is no sudden dropping but a smooth delicious rippling descent that carries the heart in sweet pain to its former place on earth. There is a raucous movement, an interruption—heads jerk up impatiently. The baby-faced girl kills her cigarette with two insolent scarlet-tipped fingers, runs a quick comb through her hair and flounces out just as the music reaches its first climax. Her action is disturbing, but not for long. The melody has triumphed again, this time louder, forcefully with complete orchestra and violin. Louder and louder the music hunders, unashamed. Now it swells into deep, sonorous tones . . . now slowly, slowly it comes to its husky finish. It is ended.—ADELE HERZOG

A Lesson in Psychology

I consider the preparation for the production of a play one painfully long psychological venture. Whether or not the actors are experienced determines the method of psychology. If the actors are experienced, the rehearsal period must be carried out with an air of great importance. The actors, especially if they are seasoned veterans of the junior play at high school, must be treated with deference by both the members of the faculty and the other students. This produces a hateful little clique of egotists who irregularly honor the school by their attendance in classes.

If, however, the actors are inexperienced, the effect of the novelty of the activity may require either of two psychological treatments. For example, with the one who seriously considers himself a potential Gary Cooper, one must discuss the aspects of his part—whether, in his one and only entrance, he should, as he sets the tray on the table, bow humbly or with English stiffness. With the other new actor, who may lightly cast aside compliments on her own acting, and glibly enumerate the faults of the others, one is often left no alternative. With such an experienced critic, one *must* agree!—V. LORENE CAROTHERS

Rhet as Writ

He [Chiang Kai shek] . . . goes to bed early and arises even earlier.

. . . .

My birth was a very calm event. It occurred during a pause in the conversation while Mother was canning tomatoes.

. . . .

Being born of healthy, intelligent parents gave me a fine chance of developing likewise. I inherited my dad's big feet, but mother in turn made up for it by passing on a good set of teeth.

. . . .

Industry in Russia is very poorly ran. A Kremlin is in charge of each factory. This Kremlin is appointed by the Government.

. . . .

Remember Life is what you make it so let's make it something unforgettable.

. . . .

By reading the book you learn how people work themselves from the bottom up, the hard way.

. . . .

Wealth consists of mines, machinery, farms, and factories used in further production of mankind.

. . . .

On this ship was a massive wench and cable.

. . . .

He was as clean as a freshly scoured pan, and his face was like its shining bottom.

. . . .

There have been many fine people in this world that in being on their death bed, lost confidence in themselves and passed on.

. . . .

Let us strike the axe where it will do the most good—the American parent!

Honorable Mention

Lawrence Borns—*Development of the Gerrymander
in the United States*

Sister M. Bronisia—*Radio in Education*

Muriel M. Burke—*Business Ambassador*

A. Ansell Gopaul—*There'll Be a Hot Time*

Leslie Henriques—*Education for Peace*

Iris Herbrig—*A Child Is Born*

Lila Jones—*Cannibalism*

Raymond Jordan—*Retrospection*

Ben Leviton—*Philosophy of Marx*

Lorraine McCluny—*War Dogs of World War I*

Heinz G. Neumann—*Journey to Freedom*

Sally Pfeffer—*Batter Up!*

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



April 1945

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Vacation

JANE BUESCHER

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1944-1945

JANICE DE LANO FOLLOWED HELEN TOWARD THE MIDDLE of the car, and sat down beside her on the dusty stuffed seat. As the train slowly pulled out of the University station, Janice realized that this would be her first Christmas away from her home in New York, but she admitted that the thought of spending the holidays on a midwestern farm was far from unpleasant.

"It was so swell of you to ask me down for the vacation, Helen. You know, when I came here to school, I knew that I wouldn't be getting home, and I sure appreciate your family's hospitality."

"Oh, that's all right, Janice," said Helen. "We're glad you are coming. Of course," she added, "this won't be anything at all, compared to what you're used to."

"Don't be silly. Why, I've never really been on a farm before, and I can hardly wait to see everything."

"Oh, it's all right."

"It will be so wonderful to have a little time to relax."

"Well, sometimes it gets kind of boring if you're used to it."

"How soon will we get there?"

"I made it in about an hour at Thanksgiving time."

"Will your folks meet us at the station?"

"My folks and the whole rest of the town, probably."

"It must be nice to live in such a friendly town."

"Yeah."

Janice settled back to watch the scenery change to a blend of farmhouses and large fields.

"Gee, everything looks so good."

"Good? Yes, I guess it does."

They paused to watch a little fellow across the aisle gnaw on an immense Jonathan apple. Janice closed her eyes. She recalled the things she had heard about Christmas dinners in the country. Why, there'd surely be roast turkey, and dressing. And maybe they'd have pumpkin pie with whipped cream! This would be a real, honest-to-goodness treat. She opened her eyes, and noticed a concerned look on Helen's face.

"Something the matter?"

"Oh, no. I was just thinking."

They pulled into Bicknell at 5:56, and Janice and Helen were the only two passengers to get off the train. The station was exactly what Janice had

hoped it would be. The dirty-brown building looked as if it had not been painted since it had been built, and the concrete steps leading to the door had settled decidedly on the right side. At the end of the brick platform stood a man and a woman with a half-grown boy.

"Look, that must be your family, Helen."

"Hello, Dad and Mom!" she shouted, and then remembering Janice, she pulled her friend toward them. "This is Janice De Lano. Janice, my father and mother. Oh, and this is Peter."

"How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Borgmeier. I'm very glad to meet you both, and Peter, too."

The buxom woman patted Janice on the shoulder, and said, "We're awfully glad to have you come. Helen mentions you in every letter from school."

Mr. Borgmeier said, "Hello, Jean," and then turned to his wife. "Let's get going. I have all the milking to do after supper because Bill is so drunk he can't stand up."

They started toward the car, and Janice heard Helen whisper to her father, "Dad, her name is Janice, not Jean, and why did you have to say that about Bill?"

Helen's brother didn't bother to whisper. "What's the big idea of saying my name's Peter? Pete is plenty good, and if you don't like it you can—"

"Pete, shut up. For heaven's sake, she heard you."

"Well, tough."

"Janice, don't mind Peter. He's in a terrible mood."

"Oh, that's all right. Gee, is that the general store you were telling us about?"

"Yes, that's Shaeffer's. It's not very nice from the outside, but they have some pretty good things there once in a while."

Mr. Borgmeier climbed into the driver's seat and waited for the rest of them to get into the car. "Dad doesn't always remember his manners when he is in a hurry, do you, Dad?"

"Huh?"

"Never mind." She hurried on, "That's the freezing unit over on our right, Janice. It's the only one in the county."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, and there's the big dairy that buys all our milk. It probably isn't much, though, compared to the ones in New York."

"Why, I have never seen one before. This is really interesting." She looked out the window at several of the farmhouses.

"That's where Uncle Carl lives," said Pete when they passed a mustard-colored house.

"Hasn't he painted the house yet?" asked Helen. "I thought he was going to do it this fall."

"Never heard him mention it," muttered Mr. Borgmeier.

"There's our place," said Mrs. Borgmeier, pointing to a one-story frame house just around the bend in the road.

"Oh, it's wonderful! It looks like I thought it would. Why, there's even a white fence," said the delighted Janice.

"Well, we like it," said Helen. "Perhaps next spring we can fix it up a little better, but you know—with the war and all, and materials so hard to get, well—"

"Is that a dog in the front yard?" asked Janice.

"Sure," said Pete. "That's Mutt. We've had him for a long time. If his fleas just weren't so bad—"

"Peter!"

"What's wrong with you, Sis?"

"Oh, nothing, but why not tell Helen something about school?"

"What's your trouble, anyhow? There's nothing to tell about school."

"Oh, all right. Just skip it."

Janice looked quite amused and smiled at Pete with understanding. Helen grabbed Janice's arm and quickly said, "Come on. Let's go in the house." After they were walking up the walk to the front door, she explained, "I just can't do a thing with Peter. But I guess boys will be boys." She laughed nervously.

"Where did the rest of the family go?" asked Janice.

"Oh, I guess they must have gone in the back way."

The house was as neat as Janice had ever seen a house, and every bit of furniture from the sagging davenport to the mahogany rocking chair looked completely comfortable. Just looking at it gave her a feeling of relaxation.

"I suppose this isn't much like New York, is it?" asked Helen.

"No, but it certainly is perfect. And I think your little brother is absolutely darling."

"Well, Peter means well." Helen turned and asked, "Would you like to unpack your things, Janice?"

"All right. But why don't we help your mother first? I'll bet she has a lot of extra work to do, with me here."

"Oh, you don't have to help, Janice. I'll help her, and when you get through, call me."

Janice began to unpack her clothes and hang them on the hangers which Helen had put out for her. She took her time, and sniffed the barnyard smells that had come in through the open window. A rooster crowed.

She finished emptying the suitcase and walked toward the bedroom door, above which hung an immense shotgun. As she wandered into the spacious hall, she heard Helen and Mrs. Borgmeier preparing supper in the kitchen.

"Wouldn't you like to come into the parlor, Jean?" asked Mr. Borgmeier,

who had taken off his shoes and rolled up the sleeves of his sweaty blue shirt. Little pieces of straw scattered from his overalls and made a trail across the hall where he walked.

"I'd love it." She followed him, and paused as he reached for the black photograph album which lay on the table next to an antique-looking floor lamp.

"Thought maybe you'd like to see some pictures."

"Why, that would be swell!" They sat down on the davenport and opened the book to the first page.

"That's Aunt Minnie Kettlehoot, when she was married. Hasn't changed a bit in all these years."

Janice watched the man as he eagerly told about his many relatives. "This is just like I thought it would be," she mused.

"Dad!" Helen rushed into the room, looked at the couple sitting on the sofa, and looked at her father very seriously. "I think you'd better get washed. Dinner is almost ready to be served."

"Supper's kinda early tonight, isn't it?" he asked, as he slowly rose to his feet and walked from the room.

"Has Dad been boring you with that old family album? I told Mother that she should put it in the attic. I think we're about ready to eat, Janice."

They walked into the dining room, and Helen noticed that her father had already sat down at the table. Obviously the best silver and dishes had been used, and candles at both ends of the table were the only lights in the room. Pete rushed in, sat down, and whistled audibly.

"Holy Christopher!"

"My, everything looks perfect," said Janice, eyeing a steaming platter of ham and eggs and a large bowl of apple butter. She thought that it had been several months since she had had ham and eggs. These looked delicious.

"It's too bad that we couldn't have something good for the first night," said Helen, "but Mother just didn't have time."

"Why, this tastes wonderful, Helen. I wish we had food like this at school."

Pete and Mr. Borgmeier ate heartily, and Janice did the same. Helen toyed with her food and gave Pete dirty looks every time he placed one or both elbows on the table.

"Helen suggested that I make a French custard pie for dessert," said Mrs. Borgmeier, when the main part of the meal had been completed. "I guess I should have made pumpkin, because I'm afraid it isn't so good."

Mrs. Borgmeier was right; she should have made pumpkin. The ensuing ten minutes were embarrassing for Janice and the Borgmeiers alike.

"Whoops!" said Pete, as the French custard dripped from his fork. "Kinda runny, isn't it?"

Finally they rose from the table, and while Mr. Borgmeier milked the cows, the girls helped with the dishes. At length, they all sat around in the parlor and listened to a news broadcast, while Mr. Borgmeier smoked his pipe.

"I'm having such a wonderful time, Helen," Janice whispered, during the commercial.

A bit of music ended the program, and suddenly Mr. Borgmeier yawned. "Well, it's eight-thirty."

"We can stay up longer if we want to, Janice," said Helen.

"Let's go to bed, kiddo. It will be so super to take it easy and get a good night's sleep."

"It's too bad we're not nearer town, so we could go to the movie," said Helen.

After they had finished getting ready for bed, Mrs. Borgmeier came in and said goodnight, and then tiptoed from the room.

"Girls who live in the city are lucky," said Helen, as she reached up and turned out the light above the bed.

Janice rolled over and smiled as she remembered the time when her brother had produced a small, green garter snake at her sixteenth birthday party.

Cakes and Ale by Somerset Maugham

MARJORIE HIGGINS

DGS 1b, Theme 1, 1944-1945

TO A GREATER DEGREE THAN MOST WRITERS, SOMERSET Maugham is best when he is autobiographical. *Cakes and Ale* is one of his best books because it is one in which he draws upon his own experience for material. It is not so good as his best novel, *Of Human Bondage*, because the story of Philip Carey is essentially Maugham's life, which, once written, could never be entirely re-used. It is rather significant that these two books, generally considered Mr. Maugham's best, follow his own experience more closely than do his later works, which the critics say have fallen off in quality, best-sellers or not. It may be that his departure from autobiographical themes—he is now planning one novel about Machiavelli and another which is set in sixteenth-century Spain—accounts for the slump in his work.

Cakes and Ale is one of the English author's earlier books, and parts of it could have been copied from his own diary. The setting in the clergyman's

disciplined household, the residence in London, the hero's writing—all are too familiar to Maugham readers to require elaboration.

Besides the autobiographical style, *Cakes and Ale* illustrates other Maugham characteristics: his critical attitude toward other authors unless they are long dead; his rather cruel habit which Mary M. Cohen called "depicting living people with what often has seemed calculated malice." *Cakes and Ale* is a satire which has been taken as a libel on both Thomas Hardy and Sir Hugh Walpole. The man who owes so much to Daphne du Maurier is Maugham's plugging, fawning novelist, Alroy Kear. Kear provides the background for the series of flashbacks of which *Cakes and Ale* is composed, by attempting to sponge material for his discreet, distorted biography of Driffield (Hardy) from the narrator, obviously Maugham.

The story concerns an English novelist and his ex-barmaid wife. The wife, Rosie, is usually involved in a series of affairs which she explains away like a true follower of Omar with, "Enjoy yourself while you have the chance, I say; we shall all be dead in a hundred years and what will anything matter then?" Her husband, Driffield, seems not to mind, as long as Rosie stays with him. He even draws on his observations of her experience **for parts of his novels**. Rosie is the most interesting character in the book. She is likable, but one doesn't worry about her. When she runs away with the least charming of her "gentlemen friends," you don't care at all. She is "not a woman who ever inspired love," wrote Maugham. "Only affection." At another spot in the story he says her life "had no effect on her character; she remained sincere, unspoiled, and artless." He has made her seem so to the reader.

Even so brief a review of the story must have presented another Maugham quality—the familiarity of the situations and characters. Over and over again he uses the same setting, the same people. "It is true," writes Jerome Weidman in his introduction to an anthology of Maugham's work, "that in almost every Maugham book or story there is a girl whose beauty is so great that she takes your breath away, or a young man who is not out of the top drawer, or a barrister who will never set the Thames on fire, or an irascible old gentlewoman who comes down on people like a thousand of brick. . . ." But he goes on to say that Maugham is a man "who can arrange the simple words and phrases, the clichés, if you will, of our language in such patterns that they stare up at you from the page with freshness and excitement." He thinks the triteness in some of Maugham's work is merely the result of its realism.

One of Mr. Maugham's theories is that a novel should not attempt to instruct the reader in psychology, sociology, or theory. It should entertain, and if it does not entertain, it is a bad novel. *Cakes and Ale* is a good novel. It is Somerset Maugham at his entertaining best, which is quite good enough for me.

Postwar Aviation

HARLOW B. STALEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

BEFORE WORLD WAR II THE AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY WAS a comparatively young but fast-growing industry. At that time it was considered chiefly a national, rather than an international, responsibility. Naturally there were problems, and they were solved individually as they arose. Gradually a national policy for aviation was worked out.

As the industry expanded, international airlines were established. Again problems arose, and again they were solved individually. Deals between countries were made for reciprocal flying rights and between companies and nations for the privilege of running commercial airlines in foreign countries. Pan American Airways, the first American company to enter the international field, could fly into thirty-eight countries. The United States had reciprocal agreements with England, France, Canada, and Colombia. Germany, England, the Netherlands, and France also had landing agreements with many other countries.¹

World War II has developed aviation to such an extent that a whole new series of international routes will spring up after the war. This brings up a new problem: What type of control should there be over international airlines? Such a large international enterprise will require some regulation, but it should be regulation which will not stifle development. There are several aspects to the problem. In order to insure safety, an international agreement on technical standards had to evolve. In order to prevent ruinous competition, some sort of regulation to prevent the creation of excess facilities was necessary.²

The political, and most important, phase of the problem concerns what is called freedom of the air.³ Should we have complete internationalism or unrestrained freedom of the air? Freedom of the air would be competition with a minimum of controls. Its advocates picture it as bringing vast expansions and improvements from unrestrained commercial enterprises. On the other hand, the advocates of internationalism claim that their policy would insure world peace and develop sound air transport.⁴ Actually the whole setup closely resembles a rat-race with everyone looking out for his own interests first.⁵

¹ J. Kastner, "Postwar Air," *Life*, XV (November 1, 1943), 101.

² F. H. Page, "The Future of the Skyways," *Foreign Affairs*, XX (April, 1944), 404-6.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 407.

⁴ S. G. Cameron, "International Air Transport," *Canada Forum*, XXIV (October, 1944), 155.

⁵ Kastner, *loc. cit.*

The final result will probably be some sort of compromise between the two schools of thought. Four gradations of freedom of the air, as given by F. H. Page in "The Future of the Skyways," are as follows:

"(1) The right to fly over a country without landing.

"(2) The right to land and refuel, but not to deliver or pick up passengers, goods, and mails.

"(3) The right to land and to deliver and pick up passengers from and for other countries.

"(4) The right to land, and to deliver and pick up passengers, goods, and mail."⁶

Another important problem, chiefly national in character, is whether to use a "chosen instrument" or have several companies of the same country operating in international airlines. Connected with this are the questions of government ownership and subsidies.

Geography will obviously play an important part in postwar aviation. The influential factor will be the distribution of the world's trading areas. Europe lies near the center of trade. The United States, South America, South Africa, and the Far East lie farther out. The importance of this is evident when the fact that costs vary almost directly with distance in air transportation is considered.⁷ Various nations or their possessions are on main routes, giving them an advantage. Yet no nation has a monopoly on air routes. The three most important "strategic areas" are probably Alaska, Labrador, and Soviet Eastern Siberia. They can all, however, be by-passed if necessary.⁸ Perhaps the most notable of the new routes will be those which skirt the arctic both east and west of the United States. Contrary to popular belief, none of them will cross the North Pole, which is often the shortest, but not the most efficient, route between northern cities.⁹

In Washington the State Department policy has followed the views of the American airlines which are holding out for virtual freedom of the air. These powerful companies, confident of their own ability to circle the world with a network of airlines, entertain no thoughts of real international control.

In the fall of 1943 the Civil Aeronautics Board sent questionnaires to "qualified persons," seeking the answers to various questions of postwar aviation. The majority of those answering these questionnaires believed that the government should not participate in the ownership or management of airlines or create a national corporation to operate the international air routes. This opinion was expressed by seventeen domestic airline operators and American Export Lines.¹⁰ The Civil Aeronautics Board then gave

⁶ Page, *loc. cit.*

⁷ J. P. VanZandt, *Geography of World Air Transport*, pp. 4-5.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 42.

⁹ Kastner, *op. cit.*, p. 100.

¹⁰ M. H. Froelich, "Report from Washington; Aviation's Postwar Problems," *Flying*, XXX (August, 1943), 196.

notice, by its proceedings, without boldly grasping the issue, that the "chosen instrument" policy was practically out in favor of competitive operations on international routes.¹¹ But the "chosen instrument" is still not a dead issue. Many of its advocates are in high places. Pan American Airways, which would become the "instrument," plans to sell forty-nine percent of its stock to the government. This would make it a quasi-official airline which would represent the United States in foreign air transportation.¹²

The Civil Aeronautics Board continued to make plans. Early in July it announced twenty new routes which it "tentatively concluded" would be desirable for operation by American carriers. On August 1, hearings were begun for the authority to operate these extensive routes.¹³ The chief route to Asia will be through Alaska, north of the bad weather of the Aleutians. This way is shorter than the southern island route for points as far south as Darwin, Australia. On the Atlantic side the route will also be north through Labrador. This is the shortest route from points as far south as Texas to most points in Africa. Our whole southern border is a gateway to Central and South America. Here nature has been lavish with her island stepping stones for intermediate landing points.¹⁴

The United States, however, holds no chain of bases to give it an advantage in the postwar air. Only in the Pacific, with a series of island bases, can the United States really stretch out. Even southward our last base is Panama. If all of the skies were closed, the United States would be in a poor position for operating international airlines. We might, by making deals with France and Portugal, be able to obtain bases which would carry us around the world. Otherwise, the use of British bases will be necessary.¹⁵

Six months after the war, the United States loses control of the bases it has built on British territory.¹⁶ In May, 1944, England's cabinet member in charge of aviation, Lord Beaverbrook, told the House of Lords that the United States could not use for civil aviation the Western Hemisphere bases which England leased to us for ninety-nine years for military purposes.¹⁷ Of course, some countries which cannot develop their own international airlines will be eager to be on the routes of other nations. They will give flying rights to the nation which will give them the most efficient service. The United States is a rich trading center, and therefore they will be eager to have reciprocal flying rights with us.¹⁸ But in the long run we must depend

¹¹ Cameron, *op. cit.*, p. 158.

¹² Froelich, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

¹³ Cameron, *loc. cit.*

¹⁴ VanZandt, *op. cit.*, pp. 31-37.

¹⁵ Kastner, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 101.

¹⁷ "American Plan," *Newsweek*, XXIII (May 22, 1944), 70.

¹⁸ Kastner, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

upon efficiency and technical superiority to offset our greater flying distance from the world's trading centers.¹⁹

After the war the resources of the United States for flying will exceed those of any other nation. The government is already operating the greatest air transport in the world—the Army's Air Transport Command and the Navy's Air Transport Service. This is accompanied by a vast world-wide development of ground services. The government also owns thousands of airplanes which can be converted to commercial transport use—both of the main line and feeder type. Most of the airplane plants now manufacturing military planes can easily be converted to civil aircraft. The question is, "Will the government be willing to turn its vast resources over to private industry after the war as it did after World War I?"²⁰

Canada is pressing for a high place in international air transport. On April 2, 1943, the Prime Minister stated that the government intended to take full advantage of Canada's geographical position and develop aviation. Flying privileges which had been granted to other countries were to be terminated soon after the war. He also said, "The government sees no reason for changing its policy that Trans-Canada Airlines is the sole Canadian agency which may operate international air services."²¹

On March 17, 1944, the Canadian Government tabled a draft at the International Air Transport Convention which envisioned an International Air Transport Authority with the structure of normal international organizations.²² The Canadian plan includes international strait jacket control of service frequencies, rates, and national passenger and cargo quotas.²³ The reason for Canada's fight for internationalism, which is directly opposed to the United States' desire for free air, is obvious. She is afraid that without restraint the American airlines would offer competition which would drive Canada out of the sky. After the war the United States will need Canadian bases, and this is Canada's strongest bargaining lever. Canada controls the important northeastern route to Europe. This advantage, however, could be eliminated by technical developments increasing the range of aircraft.²⁴

Canada will not be lacking in bases and ground services after the war. Soon after Pearl Harbor, the United States spent \$90,683,000 for airfields in Canada. Canada spent another \$31,600,000. Canada was to be reimbursed by the United States, but its government resolved that no foreign country should own vital facilities in the Dominion. Canada will pay the United

¹⁹ VanZandt, *op. cit.*, pp. 4-5.

²⁰ Froelich, *loc. cit.*

²¹ Cameron, *op. cit.*, p. 155.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 158.

²³ "American Plan," *loc. cit.*

²⁴ "CAB Study Indicates Lines of Postwar Air Horse Trading," *Newsweek*, XX (October 25, 1944), 72.

States \$76,811,500 for the estimated value of the United States' investments, thus bringing her investment in these vital routes to about \$110,000,000.²⁵

To Britain, keeping up with the rest of the world in international airlines is imperative. Her revenue from shipping and other accessories to foreign trade are vital to her. Before the war Britain was involved in forty percent of the world's international trade. British shipping firms are seeking control of the airlines and are in favor of free air. At first Britain had agreed with Canada's plan, differing only on details. Then, in April, 1944, Lord Beaverbrook, the United States State Department's Assistant Secretary, Adolf Berle, and other experts held a conference in London. Soon afterward, Beaverbrook announced to the House of Lords that the Canadian plan had been abandoned in favor of the American plan. On the same day he revealed that the United States had promised to supply Britain with transport planes after the war, while Britain was returning to peacetime production. It was all still in the doubtful stage. Britain is also beginning to favor competition on international routes over the "chosen instrument."²⁶

Great Britain is the only nation which could operate a world airline under a closed sky. Her possessions stretch around the globe and are within flying distance of each other. The only gap is in the Pacific, where Britain needs Hawaii.²⁷

In October, 1944, the British Commonwealth held a conference in Montreal. At its end a communique was issued stating that the representatives had agreed on the desirability of international authority, air services connecting Commonwealth Countries, and a Commonwealth Air Transport Council. Charts of proposed routes were approved and technical committees submitted reports to be approved by the individual governments. Nothing bound any nation's action in the United Nations Conference in Chicago in November.²⁸

This was the way the three nations most concerned, the United States, Great Britain, and Canada, were lined up when the Civil Aviation Conference opened up in Chicago in the early part of last November with approximately fifty nations participating. A. A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, opened the conference.²⁹ The objectives were threefold: to set up an international civil authority to coordinate commercial aviation policies; to decide on technical regulations; and to draw up operation plans and minimum rates.³⁰

According to the statement made by Mr. Berle at the conference, the United States believes in the sovereign rights of a nation to control the air

²⁵ "Airways—for War & Postwar," *Business Week*, November 4, 1944, p. 116.

²⁶ Page, *op. cit.*, p. 412.

²⁷ Kastner, *op. cit.*, p. 103.

²⁸ "Empire Air Plans," *Business Week*, November 4, 1944, p. 117.

²⁹ "This Is Our Air Policy—So Far," *Aviation*, XLIII (December, 1944), 119.

³⁰ "World Trade—The Postwar War," *Business Week*, December 9, 1944, p. 15.

above it. A definite stand was taken against a powerful international governing body.³¹ United States delegates insisted on the right to make bilateral agreements, which would give the United States an advantage over other nations. Also, most of the air transport business begins here. Great Britain, knowing this, demanded a control of routes with British and American airlines on an equal basis. The conference was split wide open by the opposing views of the two countries.³²

Finally the United States delegates won a partial victory. A draft proposal was adopted to be submitted to the governments of the nations represented. The draft calls for the following:

"(1) Creation of a world assembly to coordinate civil aviation, with every nation—large or small—allowed an equal vote, but with actual business between sessions of the full assembly to be handled by a smaller elected council.

"(2) Technical regulations, through the council, which will provide for such things as uniform landing signals, weather reports, airport facilities, and quarantine regulations.

"(3) Agreement on air routes to be negotiated on a bilateral reciprocal basis, rather than allocated on an international control basis as desired originally by the British, and with the individual countries determining the frequency of their schedules. . . .

"(4) Agreement on minimum rates in order to avoid cutthroat competition and subsidy wars."³³

Another statement made by Berle during the conference was that this country would make transport planes available to nations that recognize "the right of friendly intercourse" when the military situation permits. This was to be done without discrimination.³⁴ After a month and a half the conference closed.

The real battle between the United States and Great Britain will not come until after victory. In the meantime the United States and the nations which support its proposals (most of the Western Hemisphere) will proceed with bilateral deals for routes. Britain and its supporters (mainly the Empire and Western Europe) will probably form a multilateral plan to bargain as a unit or with a fixed set of demands. This could freeze us out of certain areas.³⁵

Another problem which will come to the front after the war is what to do about commercial airline services to Germany. The best solution would probably be to inaugurate routes to which all nations would have access. The entire ground organization would be put into the hands of the United Na-

³¹ "This Is Our Air Policy—So Far," *loc. cit.*

³² "World Trade—The Postwar War," *loc. cit.*

³³ "The War and Business Abroad," *Business Week*, November 4, 1944, p. 119.

³⁴ "World Trade—The Postwar War," *loc. cit.*

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

tions. This would be an experiment in freedom of the air, and could form a pattern to be extended later. It would also give the Allies a commercial interest in preventing Germany from rebuilding her air fleet soon after the war.²⁶

*Page, *op. cit.*, p. 408.

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"Usted Es en Su Casa"

To the Spaniard, his home is literally his castle, into which admission is not readily granted. For example, let us say that you are calling on a man in Madrid. The houses all look alike with plain, unprepossessing faces and huge, solid, brass-studded doors. If your visit is being made after sundown, you call the *sereno* who has charge of this immediate neighborhood, and you notice a bunch of enormous keys hanging from his belt. These keys unlock any door on his street. He manipulates the knocker and presently you find yourself looking into a pair of eyes through a slit in the door. After your name and business are stated, the *sereno* unlocks the door and you are taken by the servant to his master.

"Where, then," you ask me, "is the world-famous Spanish hospitality?" I'll get to that. Our idea of hospitality differs considerably from that of the Spaniards. It was an old American custom of the pioneer days to give every stranger a hearty welcome and a "make yoreself at home." Theirs is a different conception. They might almost call our hospitality promiscuousness. A Spaniard might sit all afternoon with chance acquaintances, drinking "café real" and gossiping. But later, when the time for parting comes, will he ask them to his house? Hardly! His home is his retreat, his place of seclusion for himself and his family.

And yet, when once you prove yourself to be a true friend, you are accepted on such terms as are very seldom encountered in English-speaking countries. You are truly made a part of the family circle, and there is nothing that any of its members will not do for you. You finally realize that when a Spaniard pronounces the formal greeting, "Usted es en su casa" (which simply means "You are in your home"), he is paying you his highest possible compliment.

—LYNN WOODWARD

Sunset on Guadalcanal

WILLIAM SCHOPF

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

FIVE DAYS OF PURE HELL. FIVE DAYS OF ROARING, flaming death, with men screaming, fighting, and dying suddenly and horribly.

Hell-cats and torpedo bombers in a finish fight overhead screamed in wing-tearing dives, or plunged with shattering explosions into the oily, congested ocean. For five terrible days the United States Navy lashed out with every gun she had. Navy planes bombed and strafed. The Japs died in hordes. They fought as only desperate, cornered men can fight. And through the middle of that blood-crazed melee, the fighting marines slogged to a bloody, costly victory.

We died a thousand awful ways before we secured that battle-scarred island. Stumbling and splashing through the cold water, we crawled, waded, or swam toward that bitterly contested shoreline. But for every drenched, shivering marine who flung himself prone on the narrow strip of land, still alive and game, there were three other American boys who were only lifeless hulks—ragged, pitiful bundles of khaki that would never laugh or fight again—water-logged corpses floating out to sea to be listed as “missing in action.” Here was man gone berserk, hurling all the violent forces of destruction at his command against his brother man. Here was chaos, a place of utter devastation, a living hell.

But this was our easy assignment. This was only the island of Tulagi. The colonel had told us how lucky we were. Our detachment would not run into much resistance. Only a couple of hundred Japanese soldiers to clean up and then on to Guadalcanal. But when we waded into that easy assignment, we found not two hundred Japs, but four thousand waiting for us. And we paid for the mistake with our dead and dying. We marched over the piled bodies of our own dead because it was an order and because there is no such word as retreat in the Marine Corps. Perhaps we who lived were not the lucky ones. If we had known what was in store for us, we might have chosen to be listed among the dead or missing. But we didn't know. We were going to take this “damned island,” and then we were going to sleep for a year. And there are men who are sleeping, sleeping forever. Maybe it sounds foolish to say that those who died were the lucky ones, but we who lived were truly the unfortunates. Bearded, dirty, hungry ghosts we were. Far from the glorious and victorious heroes you read about in the newspapers, we were just a bedraggled lot of weary men. We were stunned, some of us sick, and

all of us a little crazy, I think. We had been through what no words can tell about. Our minds could not and will never grasp the horrors of that fiendish nightmare of war. And all we wanted was a shave, a cooling bath, and something to eat.

All we wanted—All we got was “Bloody Hill,” in our next objective, Guadalcanal.

It was suicide all over again. It was something that had to be done and we who were left had to do it. We might have rebelled, but we were too tired. We just picked up those familiar rifles and marched out to die all over again.

When it was all over we read about it in the papers. We found out what we had done and why. The Japs were awake by then. They had an airport from which they were striking again and again with disastrous effects. Overlooking the airfield was a long, high hill. Strategically located on top of the hill was a big, sixteen-inch naval gun with which the Japs stopped every advance. That airport was the last desperate hope of the enemy, and they were determined to hold onto it. “Big Mike” we called that huge gun, and we all knew him and respected him before we took that hill. We couldn’t face him. He mowed us down like so much hay. Our only alternative was a flanking movement up the sides of the hill, which would bring us under the range of “Big Mike” and give us a chance to meet the Japs. Once we captured that final point, the battle for possession of the island would be over, except for the mopping up of snipers. The Japs knew this and threw in every man, gun, airplane that they had available. Another huge dog fight took place. Planes, screaming, diving, zooming madly, chasing one another with machine guns blazing, roared over the hill and out to the ocean. We started our flanking movement and they met us halfway. They had to stop us, so down they came. We had died before. We had seen the Japs die and had seen bodies pile up, but we had never seen anything to compare with this. They came down in hordes, and they died that way. Men fell and were covered up with more dead men on falling. It was kill or be killed. We didn’t think. We didn’t feel. We fought in a subconscious world. Occasionally the screams of the dying, or the incessant rattle of a particularly annoying machine gun penetrated the haze of one’s mind. But for the most part we were merely trained robots of destruction, to kill or be killed.

A small group of men finally gained the top. That spelled finis for the Japs. They were caught between their own machine guns, a devastating cross-fire from which there was no escape. “Big Mike” was silenced once and for all. Later came the flame-throwers, and the last of the Japs were routed out of the tunnels and pillboxes. When the battle was ended, the only Japs that remained were the dead ones. The rising sun had set on Guadalcanal.

“... until the day I die”

ERNEST ORCUTT

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945

THAT SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1941, WASN'T any different from the thousands of other Sunday mornings that had preceded it. The navy yard was quiet and peaceful with a few yard workmen coming and going, changing from the graveyard shift to the day shift. Great, sleek warships, painted battle-gray, lay to, sleeping at their mooring buoys, or tied up at the many docks. It was a particularly lazy day, hot and tranquil. The time was approximately six o'clock in the morning. The only sounds that could be heard were from the shrill, echoing boat-swains' calls as they piped all hands to chow. There was hardly any movement of the water except the gentle lapping of small waves at the ship's sides which accentuated the Sunday lassitude.

With their morning meal finished, spotless, white-clad sailors began to appear on the weather deck, some leaning on the lifelines casually looking into the water below, some lying and sitting on the equally spotless deck, bleached white with countless scrubblings. There was hardly any talk between them because, as was usual on all such mornings, everyone was thinking about home and his family. After a short while of reminiscing they started to straggle below decks again to get ready for liberty in Honolulu, which began at eight o'clock.

I was sitting on some bitts on the starboard side of the fantail, "shooting the breeze" with a shipmate and sipping an all-too-hot cup of "mud" when the stab in the back came. Coming over the purple mountains toward Pearl Harbor were countless planes with peculiar markings on them. We didn't know of any flying drills that day or have any idea why they were up there. We were soon to find out. They came in at a very low altitude—very fast. It was then that all Hell broke loose. God must have been asleep in Heaven. Dive bombers came down and started dropping bombs on the ships; torpedo bombers came in close to the water, dropped their deadly tin fish, then zoomed skyward. The air was full of flying bombs bursting on and around the warships. The water was full of torpedoes, deadly fish rushing to the kill. Through all this we remained stunned, hardly believing our eyes and wishing that we had no eyes to see with.

A direct bomb hit amidships and the terrifying screams of dying men, our shipmates, brought us to our senses. The Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor; unbelievable, yet true. Immediately, over the amplifying system, came the call to general quarters, "All hands man your battle stations." This was repeated over and over again. Almost simultaneously with the call every

man was at his station. We didn't wait for the command to "commence firing," as we had done so many times in practice. This was the real thing. By this time fire had broken out in a number of places, doubling the task. Jap planes were coming at us from all angles of the clock, bent on strafing the sailors that had battle stations topside. Men began dropping all around. Their war had begun and ended within a space of minutes. The remaining men expected to join them at any time, but prayed silently, hoping to be spared to carry on the fight until every last Jap was dead.

Fury and hate mounted so high in every man in the fleet that it proved very fateful for a number of unlucky Japs shot down. Every Japanese that survived the crash was torn apart by the infuriated sailors. Not one came out of the water alive; or if he did, his head was crushed in, teeth kicked out, and arms and legs torn from their sockets. The unbelievable treachery of the attack had sprung all the inhibitions of the human beings who a few moments before had been men of Sunday peace.

When the remaining planes had gone, men continued to fire their guns into the air at anything, mostly at nothing. Shock benumbed reason.

Some ships were sinking at their moorings with just the top of the foremast above water, others were zigzagging crazily across the harbor, and still others were blowing up from magazine explosions. The water was now covered with a thick blanket of oil about four inches in depth. Men were swimming, trying to keep their heads above it.

This is a small part of the scene at Pearl Harbor that fateful day. The number of men and ships lost will remain a secret until this war is ended, but the toll was great. December 7, 1941, will be with me until the day I die.

Coal Dust

LUCILLE SEREPINAS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

TEN YEARS AGO, WESTVILLE, ILLINOIS, WAS A PROSPEROUS coal-mining town inhabited by Lithuanian immigrants, strong, healthy individuals, unafraid of hard work. Naturally, these people gravitated to the coal mines, where most of the work required no skill and yet paid well. At a glance, one could tell Westville was prosperous. Most of Main Street was newly paved; the walks were broadened; a new hotel was built; bright neon signs went up above almost all the stores; and each Saturday night, Main and State Streets were thronged with old and young alike.

The coal mine was of the greatest importance to this settlement, for without it, the town would not have existed. Bunsunville Mine was only two

miles away from our house; but we could hear the mine's shrill whistle as if it were only in the next block. I well remember how, as a little girl, I was awakened at five o'clock each morning by this whistle which indicated that the men on the night shift had finished working. I knew that in another hour, my father, who worked on the day shift, would be lowered down into the deep shaft of the mine. Therefore, each working day at five in the morning, Mother and I got up to prepare Father's breakfast, which required some time and effort. A miner could not be expected to have only a cup of coffee and a roll; his strenuous day ahead required that breakfast be the heaviest and best meal of the day. After breakfast, Father and the other miners caught the "5:45 train." Two hours later, as I trudged to school, I noticed the deep silence which had befallen the town.

I was happiest during the summer, when school was not in session. Then, the other miners' children and I arose early, packed a lunch, and hiked to "No. 4 Hill" to watch the sun rise. "No. 4 Hill" had been a coal mine fifty years before; it was a steep but rather ordinary hill. Here and there were patches of red clay and slate deposits, over which the grass did not grow. We children never tired of climbing this hill, for each time we would choose different paths up and see which one of us would reach the top first.

When the sun climbed high in the sky and became quite hot, my friends and I rolled down and followed the adjoining railroad tracks to Jenkins' Ford, where there was a natural "spring." After drinking our fill of the cool water, we took off our shoes and splashed around in the soothing creek. By that time, we had such enormous appetites that our sandwiches seemed inadequate. In that case, we would fill our stomachs on the wild strawberries which we gathered on the way back home.

Often, I walked to the house of my best friend, which was next to Bunsunville Mine. Together, this friend, Jenny, and I would explore the exterior of the mine. We tried, many times, to persuade a miner into taking us down into the interior; but whenever a mine official saw us loitering around the elevator, he chased us away. There was always the danger that we would fall into the open shaft. Father had once told me that when he looked up from the bottom of the shaft, he could see the stars when it was daylight outside. I always wanted to ride to the bottom of a shaft and find out if Father was telling the truth.

Although Jenny and I were restricted from the most mysterious section of the mine, the open shafts, we amused ourselves by watching the "coal cribs" running up and down the less inclined side of the slate pile which was directly over the mine. Actually, these cribs carrying coal from the surface of the mine to the freight cars were approximately ten feet long and five feet wide and deep. But from the cinder-covered ground at the very bottom of the slate pile, where my friend and I stood, the cribs looked like the toy cars we had got for Christmas.

On the way back to Jenny's house, we passed the huge dynamo which drove blasts of fresh air deep down into the mine. These dynamos "sputtered-and-thugged" all day long. Even inside Jenny's house I could hear the continuous faint murmur of the great machines.

The coal dust was everywhere in and around the mine. And on some days, a south wind would carry the dust into the town itself. Such days were great nuisances to everyone. Mother declared that whenever she had her wash on the line outside, the wind would always change its direction and bring the gritty coal dust. Just before a thunderstorm, when the wind came in gusts and whipped around corners, the town's people rushed to their homes and shut all the windows and doors. After the rain, when the coal dust had settled on the wet sidewalks or else was flowing sluggishly in the gutter, everyone would come out of his shelter again to resume his chores.

Nothing about Westville fixed itself so vividly upon my mind as the return of the miners from work, each evening. Whenever I heard the whistle of the four o'clock train, I ran out and swung on the front gate as I waited for Father to come down the street. I could see the miners come wearily over the hill from the train station at the end of Main Street. Some marched four-abreast and greeted me jokingly as they passed by; others shuffled along in pairs discussing bits of news; but most of them walked silently alone. I could never make out who the men were, because their faces were as black as the coal; only the whites of their eyes showed. The only way I could distinguish Father, at a distance, was by his stride. At a closer range, I recognized him by the way his carbide lamp was perched on the top of his head; the other men's lamps were pulled low over their foreheads. Also, Father's aluminum dinner pail, which he slung over his right shoulder, shone brighter, I thought, than all the other dinner pails.

A dinner pail is to a miner what a stethoscope is to a doctor, and a slide-rule is to an engineer. A miner is judged by the condition his pail is in. For instance, "Old Man Allen," as the town's people called him, was a heavy drinker who, on the way home from work, dropped in at all the saloons. He was very undependable, never keeping his word or promise. Old Man Allen's dinner pail was rusty at the hinges, carelessly smashed in at the sides, and deeply imbedded with coarse coal dust, indicating that the pail had never been thoroughly scrubbed. In contrast, Father's pail was so shiny that I could see the reflection of my face on the lid. In spots, the aluminum would wear away and reveal a dingy greyness; but the pail was clean.

After the miners got home, silence, as in the early morning, would again creep over the town. It is this very silence that I have craved for each evening, ever since I moved to the noisy big city. But the peaceful, quiet evenings and the homecoming of the miners are the only things I nostalgically look back to, for Westville today is not what it was ten years ago. The

miners have grown old, and most of them are on pensions. Their children, the younger generation, seeing no promising future in the mine, have gone away to larger cities. The town's streets and walks are badly in need of repair; most of the neon signs have been taken down; almost all the store windows have been smeared with white paint; and on Saturday nights, Main and State Streets are deserted.

My family and I consider ourselves fortunate to have left Westville for a larger city which holds a more promising future. But often, I look back at the "reliable past" and think of the happy childhood I had in that little mining town.

Boots and Saddles—1945

JACK LANGAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1944-1945

THE OTHER DAY, WHILE THUMBING THROUGH A COPY of one of the weekly news-magazines, we ran across a bit of news that set our blood pounding and a warm glow creeping over us. Tucked away in a column headed "War Miscellany" was a short paragraph stating that the first shipment of horses had been delivered safely to units of the First Cavalry Division in the Philippines and that mounted elements of that division might see action in the near future.

To the average reader this short bit of information might seem unimportant and slightly anachronistic, perhaps evoking the comment that horse-cavalry went out with the Mexican Border incident in 1916. To us it meant much more, possibly because of our having served nine months with the Seventh Cavalry Regiment of the First Cavalry Division during the early part of the present conflict.

Be that as it may, it wasn't for sentimental reasons alone that we lauded the entry of the horse-mounted units into the present wartime operations. Something more than sentimentality caused an able military strategist and tactician like General Douglas MacArthur to call upon the services of man's oldest war-machine—the horse.

Since the advent of Nazi panzer techniques in the first year of the war, the American people and the armchair military experts have cried for the total abolition of horse units in our army. The twenty or so cavalry divisions that made up our mounted services in 1938 were, one by one, mechanized in full until by the spring of 1942 only the First, at Fort Bliss, Texas, and the Second, at Fort Riley, Kansas, remained predominantly horse outfits. The cry was tanks, tanks, and more tanks. All this in spite of the fact that

the first Nazi troops to enter Paris were mounted, that next to the airplane, the horse did more to help the Nazi conquest of Norway than any other part of the Prussian war machine.

In 1940, during United States Army maneuvers in east Texas and west Louisiana, the rapid advance of the mechanized "Red" Army was halted on the flats of the Sabine River by torrential rains which turned the plains into a quagmire. The "Blue" Army commander, calling on horse-drawn artillery from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, moved his pieces up where no tank, truck, or tractor could go and placed the "Reds" under such terrific theoretical fire that the battle was over and won in three days. *Horses* did that.

When MacArthur and his beleaguered army made their last-ditch stand on the peninsula of Bataan in the spring of 1942, their tanks were woefully inadequate in the thick forests and jungles. The trees were too big to push over and too close together to go between. MacArthur said, "If I had one fully equipped horse-mechanized division we would get out of this trap." A break through the Japanese lines and into the hills in the north of the island and those men might have had at least a chance to survive, instead of dying like rats in a trap. *Horses could have done that.*

Don't misunderstand our argument. The horse cavalry as it used to be is through. The tank is master at the game of fighting on the go—in most places. For terrain such as we fought on in North Africa, horses would have meant suicide. But for terrain like that in the Balkans, for instance, or Greece, where the roads are nothing but paths and the hills are all at least 45° angles, the horse will always remain king. Horses fit neatly into our modern army portée system, whereby the horses and men are loaded into trailer-vans and hauled swiftly as close to the front as the ground and highways permit, then unloaded and mounted for the journey to the battle line or for reconnaissance.

The modern trooper is, in reality, a far cry from the hard-riding, saber-swinging follower of Custer that most Americans envision at the mention of the word "cavalry-man." He is a specialist, an infantryman that gets where he's going on horseback rather than by truck. No better argument can be given for the maintenance of at least three horse-cavalry divisions in our modern army than the words of the master strategist and founder of present-day warfare tactics, General Nathan Bedford Forrest. In our own Civil War this great Confederate leader said, "The battle belongs to him who gets thar fustest with the mostest men!" If horses can get you there "fustest" on certain types of terrain, then there's still a place in 1945 warfare for the most colorful of the branches of the army, the cavalry.

It does us good to think that, somewhere in the Philippines, this morning a bugler will place his bugle to his lips and blow—"Boots and Saddles —1945."

Dogs Have Gone to War

MARGARET SHEPARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

66 **C**HIPS AWARDED SILVER STAR FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION." This caption appeared in many newspapers during November, 1943. Chips is a dog, one of the many ex-pets of our nation that are now fighting side by side with our soldiers on the fields of battle.

This war is not the only war in which man has made use of the dog. All through history the dog has played an active part in conflicts. As far back as 4000 B.C., dogs were used by the Egyptians, who kept them on the beaches to repel invasions. The Greeks, the Romans, and the Celts armed their "pets" with spiked collars and breastplates and sent them into the midst of the fighting to make direct attacks upon the enemy. Even during the Riff Campaign in Spanish Morocco, dogs had a role to play. The Riffs dressed them in turbans and "jellabas" and sent them out on the plain. From far off, the dogs looked like crouching men, and the Spanish invariably fired at them. It was a cruel way to use the animals, no doubt, but it disclosed the position of the Spanish, and so helped the Riffs.¹

Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years War, was the first to see the value of dogs in modern warfare. He used collies as sentries, ambulance aides, and messengers. Since then, dogs have been used extensively. They became famous during World War I as Red Cross dogs. Because of their acute sense of smell and hearing, they could find the wounded much more easily than a man could. They were taught to hunt only for wounded soldiers and to disregard the dead. First Aid kits were strapped around their necks, and the injured helped themselves if they were able. The dogs then tore a piece of clothing from the men and ran back to the kennels. Stretcher-bearers, upon receiving this notice, rescued the disabled soldiers from the field.²

For the past ten or twelve years, the Germans have been training at least 200,000 dogs for army work. Before Pearl Harbor, they shipped 25,000 of these trained dogs to Japan.³ Therefore, the Axis countries have been far ahead of us in equipping themselves with a force of army dogs, for it was not until 1942 that the Americans conceived the idea of a canine corps.

It was at a cocktail party that the idea was born. There, Harry I. Caesar, an investment broker; Mrs. Milton Erlanger, an owner of dog kennels; and

¹ Robert C. Ruark, "Have the War Dogs Been Good Soldiers?" *Saturday Evening Post*, 217 (November 25, 1944), 93.

² Genevieve Parkhurst, "Dogs of War," *Reader's Digest*, 32 (February, 1938), 82.

³ "Wanted: Dogs for War," *Reader's Digest*, 41 (August, 1942), 88.

Henry Stoecker, her kennel manager, developed the plan which was officially recognized by the War Department in April, 1942. Dogs for Defense, as they named it, is a non-profit organization which has been set up to recruit the eventual corps of 50,000 service dogs. It has turned to the American public for three things: (1) money, which would help cover the administrative expenses; (2) dogs which would fit Army specifications; and (3) trainers, experienced or not, who would undertake to teach the code of standards to qualified dogs.⁴

Since its beginning, many amateur and professional dog trainers have offered their services to D. F. D. Henry Stoecker, one of the instigators, well-known for teaching dogs police work, trained the first group of dogs. Together with Mrs. Erlanger, he wrote a manual as a guide for all trainers—a manual now used in twenty canine camps, where D. F. D. volunteers, such as Carl Spitz and Robert Pearce, trainers of movie dogs, and also many other noted trainers and dog fanciers are putting the dogs through their paces.

The qualifications for admission to this corps are so rigid as to eliminate a large percent of those canines whose owners wish to give them up to the army. To compensate for this, the War Dog Fund, an honorary organization, was founded for those who have 4-F dogs. The entry fee may be any amount the person wishes to pay, but the more he gives, the higher the rank for his dog. There are over 20,000 dogs in this civilian canine corps, with ranks of private all the way up to full general or admiral. This money goes to Dogs for Defense to cover their processing expenses.⁵

The processing, or basic training for an army recruit, lasts six weeks. It is during the first three weeks that the trainer can tell if the animal will make a good soldier. But before the dog can begin his training, he must pass a rigid entrance examination. He must be a healthy, ambitious dog, not more than five years old, stand eighteen to twenty-eight inches at the shoulder, and be a pure-bred or a cross-bred animal so that the trainers will know his inherited instincts.⁶ He must be intelligent, remember what he has learned, and, above all, be willing to use his knowledge. If the dog passes this examination, he has a serial number tattooed in his ear and becomes the property of the United States Army.

His training then begins. For six weeks he goes through the routine of learning the four basic commands. For one and one-half to two hours daily, or until he loses interest, the dog practices these commands. The dog's name always precedes each command:

1. "Heel." The dog remains close to the left of the handler. This is to keep the man's right hand free. The trainer presses down on the dog's head

⁴Joseph Israels, "Soldiers on Leashes," *Saturday Evening Post*, 215 (September 5, 1942), 57.

⁵"Dog Admirals," *Newsweek*, 21 (February 15, 1943), 30.

⁶Joseph Israels, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

or neck and repeats "heel" over and over until the dog understands. He must learn to do this while sitting, standing, or walking.

2. "Stay." The dog remains motionless, sitting or standing. The trainer uses firm pressure of his left hand to keep the dog in place. The dog must remain there, whether the man stays or goes away.

3. "Out." The dog ranges in any direction indicated by a wave of the instructor's hand.

4. "Come." The dog must return to the handler, wherever he is. The dog, to be taught this command, is put on a leash, which is yanked when the word "come" is uttered.⁷

During the last week of training, the dog becomes acquainted with the man he is to work with hereafter, his soldier-master. The two, together, then leave for finishing school. Here, the dog is assigned to a special duty, and he has a few weeks in which to perfect the lessons given him.

A sentry dog is the most needed and goes through the most rigid training. He must learn to be suspicious of all people but his handler. He must give warning of approaching persons by coming to attention and emitting an inaudible growl which warns only the handler, who keeps his fingers at the dog's throat, and can feel the pulsations. If he is ordered to attack, he must do so without hesitation. After accomplishing these tricks, he has to do them in the presence of all sorts of distractions, from chickens to actual gunfire. Then he must learn to perform in complete darkness, since much of his work will be done at night.⁸

The Red Cross and messenger dogs are not given the "commando" course (attacking human beings). When a Red Cross dog finds a wounded man, he takes the "brinsal" in his mouth. This is a leather-covered stick suspended from the dog's collar. With this as evidence of his discovery, he reports to his base. He then leads medical corpsmen back to the wounded soldier. The idea of the brinsal was adopted in this war, because, in 1918, the dog sometimes became so excited when he found a wounded man that, in tearing off a piece of clothing, he further injured the soldier.⁹ The messenger dog goes through a regular obstacle course each day. No obstacle can be too hard for him. He swims rivers, scales walls, crawls through dense underbrush and under barbed-wire entanglements, and makes his way through the heaviest traffic of city streets. He never pauses to fight, chase cats, play with children, or accept food from strangers. Nothing must interfere with his errand.¹⁰

Dogs are used for many other purposes, too. They are taught to ferret out land mines, follow the trail of an escaped prisoner or spy, carry packs of supplies and ammunition, and string telephone wires.

⁷ Avery Strakosch, "Canine Corps," *Collier's*, 3 (January 2, 1943), 32-33.

⁸ Joseph Israels, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

⁹ "Training Dogs for Defense," *Popular Mechanics*, 78 (July, 1942), 89.

¹⁰ Frederick Simpich, "Your Dog Joins Up," *National Geographic Magazine*, 83 (January, 1943), 95.

When the dog has finished his training, he is ready for active duty. Some dogs stay in the United States to guard essential factories and warehouses. Others go right into combat to apply what they have learned.

Over here, the dogs have done a commendable job. In one case, a Dalmatian sentry dog probably saved many lives and much valuable property by his alertness. He was pacing a wharf at a West Coast city with his soldier-handler. Suddenly he came to attention. When the soldier searched the pier, he found nothing. But the dog was insistent, so the soldier finally hailed a passing harbor patrol. The trouble was soon discovered, for a Jap in a row-boat was routed out from beneath the pier. With him were all the tools needed for a good job of sabotage.¹¹

Overseas, also, the dogs have proved their worth. In the jungle they have done their best work. Caesar, a German shepherd, is a good example of the help the dogs have given our soldiers. Caesar landed on Bougainville with the Marines in the first assault. On the first day, he was the only means of communication between Company M and the battalion post. He carried messages and captured Jap papers for nine round trips, a total of thirty-one miles (two trips under gunfire). Shortly after, when he and his master were advancing, Caesar heard the click of a grenade. He ran into the bushes and caught the Jap's arm in mid-air. The grenade dropped and exploded, killing the Jap and wounding Caesar in the hip and side.¹² Duke is another dog that has become famous in the South Pacific. He is called the "Sergeant York of the dog world." At New Guinea he "flushed" fifty Jap snipers, and at Cape Gloucester the number was eighty.¹³

In the European theater of war, dogs have been used extensively. Chips, the dog mentioned at the beginning of this paper, landed at Blue Beach, in Italy. A hidden machine gun nest was causing a lot of trouble for our soldiers, but Chips found it, ran into the hut, and singlehandedly eliminated it. He was awarded the Silver Star for this deed, and stood proudly at attention while the division General pinned it on his collar.¹⁴

Not always do the dogs have such good luck, however, for sometimes the owner of a dog sent into action will receive a letter from the War Department, stating:

It is with regret that I write to inform you of the death of _____, donated by you for use in connection with the armed forces of the United States. It is hoped that the knowledge that this brave dog was killed in the service of our country will mitigate the regret occasioned by the news of his death.¹⁵

¹¹ Avery Strakosch, *loc. cit.*

¹² Paul Healy, "Our Animal Allies," *Popular Mechanics*, 82 (August, 1944), 33-34.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 34.

¹⁴ "Chips; Gallantry in Action," *Time*, 42 (November 22, 1943), 72.

¹⁵ Temple Fielding, "Dogs of War—the K-9 Corps," *Reader's Digest*, 44 (January, 1944), 118.

When the training of these dogs was begun, the D. F. D. promised to return the pets after the war, their disposition unimpaired. But now, official orders rescind that promise. The parting is final when the dogs are given to the army, for the United States plans to have a large unit of war dogs on hand.¹⁶ Thus, this training may go on for many years, and dogs will continue to show themselves as good fighters.

¹⁶ Avery Strakosch, *loc. cit.*

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Gold Inlay

JO ANN ATOR

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1944-1945

OF ALL MY EXPERIENCES AS A DENTAL ASSISTANT I think I most enjoyed seeing Doctor make a gold inlay. It is an operation calling for the utmost skill and dexterity of even the best dentist, and I consider Doctor one of the best.

After I had slapped a napkin around the would-be sufferer's neck and prepared the necessary instruments, Doctor took over. The first step was to prepare the tooth for the gold inlay; this requires a great deal of drilling and polishing, but isn't very painful. After such an interval I brought Doctor the blue wax, which he slightly heated and slipped into the prepared cavity. When the wax had been put into place carefully and had set, the tedious part of the business started. With an instrument not as large or as big around as a pin, Doctor attempted to remove the wax without injuring its shape. This is called "drawing the wax pattern." Successfully completing this, he dismissed the patient and told him to return several days later. For me, the fun was just beginning.

This tiny piece of blue wax, so perfect and delicate in form, must be transformed in some manner into a gold inlay, fit for a human mouth. The first time I saw this done, I watched open-mouthed as Doctor swiftly placed the wax pattern on a tiny pin-like sprocket attached to a small base. He heated a small bowl of plaster, a fine type used only by dentists, and began to place minute particles of it on the wax pattern with a brush. It was a difficult process, for there must be no air bubbles to mar the inlay's form. When a cylinder had been placed over the sprocket and completely filled with plaster, the job was turned over to me. The plaster hardened and set. I then removed the tiny pin-like sprocket, and inverting the cylinder so that a tiny air passage reached up to the wax, I placed it on the electric stove. Here the wax melted and disappeared, leaving a perfect mold for the inlay.

Again Doctor took charge. He took several squares of gold, placed them in an asbestos-lined plaster dish and applied intense heat with a blowtorch. Meanwhile I had fastened the plaster mold to the centrifugal machine. Then, I turned to watch the melting gold. First it was a brilliant orange, but as the heat grew more intense, it finally turned into a beautiful molten, silver liquid. Doctor placed it in a little plaster dish with a tube leading to the entrance of the air passage of our mold, set in plaster. He then wound the machine around and around, much as a child winds himself in a swing. At a center point, Doctor suddenly let loose, and with a loud "swoosh" the gold was forced into the air passage and into the mold by the force of the unwinding machine.

The gold still sizzling hot, Doctor grasped the mold with forceps and dropped it into a pan of cold water. It sizzled and boiled for a few minutes, exploding the plaster mold and hardening the gold pattern simultaneously.

It was then my job to search through the pan for the gold inlay. After dunking it in acid, we finally had a complete gold inlay, an exact replica of the wax pattern we had drawn.

"I Dislike . . ."

I dislike the radio comedians who begin, "Funniest thing happened to me on the way over to the studio tonight . . ."; the concerts that feature a voice with a "purple hush," saying, "The house lights dim, the orchestra is tuning up, and the leader takes his usual place"; and the singer who insists on thanking you "on behalf of myself and the boys in the band." I dislike the programs that are always saluting somebody. It's beginning to sound a little silly. It's either the Spars of the Hotel Lincoln, or the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or the Paper Bag Company of Fall River. I dislike the young lady who says her name is Moitle Glutz and that she comes from Brooklyn. Cheers, screams, whistles, low moans, and that noise they make with their feet in the balcony, herald this simple confession. "Well, well, folks," booms the quiz master, "I guess there must be somebody here tonight from Brooklyn."—ROSEMARY TORNELLE

Factory—Wartime

HERBERT J. SHANER, JR.

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

THERE WAS IN THAT VAST EXPANSE OF WIRES, MACHINERY, and oil-soaked floor very little room to do anything but stand at one's machine and endlessly, monotonously turn the shiny steel crank around and around—around and around all day long except when this boring, tedious procedure was punctuated by the rest periods, the noon hour, and the four o'clock signal to quit for the day. Nothing to do during that time but keep half one's mind on the little spinning piece of metal that was in the machine and the other half on odd little things. After working in such a place for three months, one found the little things that he could attach his mind to becoming scarce. Hugo's mind constantly was trying to imagine and fathom the hours of labor and tons of materials that must have gone into this gigantic product of man's brain. To him, the beams that tangled and interwove their way across the three-block-square room were symbols of the power that America possessed. He often tried to count the tens of thousands of electric wires that ran from the machinery to the main power circuits above. He became panicky when he imagined himself one of the men that were called upon to find out why and where a machine had been suddenly cut off from its source of power.

Hugo, who had been working in a bakery for the last twenty years, thought that this was a grand adventure, a place of enchantment. Nevertheless, he disliked turning the shining steel crank. But he swelled with pride when the trim, blonde secretary scrawled "machinist" across his first union card. Of course, Hugo could not do anything to his lathe but switch it on and off and turn the crank. Whenever anything went wrong with his huge charge, he would scurry down the narrow path that ran between the countless machines and tell the "bossman" his plight. The same thing would happen every time. Mr. Varnosky, the big Polack that wore a suit to work, would grab the interfactory phone, dial a combination of numbers, and then spill out hurriedly in his broken English, "Send a feller to fix no. 422 in section two. Yeah, she's busted."

The little baker would look up at the big Polish fellow with an apologetic, half frightened expression on his small face. The "bossman" would then try to cheer the little fellow up and be firm with him at the same time; after all, he was a "company" man now. He couldn't simply say that the company could afford to pay for the blunder, as he would have said had he not been a foreman. He had to stick up for his company, for he was on salary now. The phone would ring and the difficult minutes between foreman and work-

man would be ended. The little German cook would then go back to his machine and await the man that was being sent to repair it. He would stand and wait as if he were a special man that had nothing more to do—just stand.

The plant during the day shift was a mass of human beings going one way and another, and to any spectator it would seem that these people had nothing better to do than walk about the huge birthplace of bomber motors. Men from the front office in business suits, white shirts, and gay-colored ties moved slowly down the large corridors with worried, excited expressions on their freshly shaven faces. Hugo often remarked to the little Jewish fellow that worked next to his machine that he thought more people walked about than worked. But just the same he, himself, loved to turn off his machine, hike up his pants, and join the throng that filled the wide alley-way.

One could certainly tell that times were good when he ventured into one of the large restrooms that were placed conveniently about the large plant. To go into any one of them was like going into an entirely different world, for it seemed that it was being used for everything except for what it was intended. In one corner, particularly on payday, some were flipping coins high up into the air, catching them, and slapping them on the backs of their hands. This action would be followed by a chorus of obscenity and the exchanging of coins. They were not tossing pennies; why be so cheap when everyone has shiny quarters and half dollars? Hugo often watched, but he never offered to participate. Even a quarter was a lot of money to a baker. In another corner a group of men were bent over little yellow cards. It was in this corner that the men foretold the collegiate football scores. A half "rock" on four teams brought eight bucks. On the days that the football cards were not in circulation the bookies were represented by racing sheets. Hugo knew that the bookie did not drive a LaSalle and go to Florida because he did not make money. Yes, the "can" was a wonderful institution. It was crowded eight hours of every day, for everyone went down at least three times a day at twenty minutes a trip. It was a scene of laughter, disorder, and profanity framed by a thick cloud of cigarette smoke. Men tossed for quarters and forgot the war.

One of the people that hustled down the main corridor of this huge arsenal of defense every day was Jim Smith from the tool room. It was his job to handle all of the interplant orders that came into the tool room. When he was going down the hall, he was on his way to the heat treating department with a cart full of tools that had to be tempered before they could be finished. He would walk with a brisk step accompanied by a whistle. Of course, no one that was not within five feet of him could hear him because of the shrill noises of reluctant steel being carved by even harder steel at the huge "bullard" machines. He was only eighteen, and, therefore, the men of the tool room thought they had a natural right to hand him advice, regardless of whether it was wanted or not.

To Jim Smith, working at Buick Motors Division was a "lark." It was a simple way of earning sixty dollars a week. He regarded working there as a great experience in meeting different types of people. He did not intend to work there all his life, but this was merely a bridge on the road. Most of the men in the plant had worked in plants like this all their lives; he was going to stay only until September. Besides, he felt sorry for the people that worked there. He couldn't see, as they did, paying for a six-thousand-dollar house with his entire life's work. He came from the wrong side of the tracks. He had eaten too well during his brief eighteen years.

When Hugo came into the plant in the morning, he would go to his locker and place his carefully packed lunch on the top shelf, change into his oil drenched overalls and shoes, and go out into the cream tiled corridor. At ten minutes of eight this three-block hall was a moving stream of blue-uniformed women and apron-clad men. There were three such halls, and all of them spanned the width of the entire building. Hugo would edge over to the stairway nearest his section of the plant above and talk to Fred Kudhal. Their conversations frequently included the fact that they were damned tired of getting up at six-thirty in the morning and coming to work when it was still dark.

One morning after Hugo had changed his clothes, he found big, dark-haired Fred waiting for him with an excited look on his large face. "Morning, Fred," said Hugo in his bakery shop friendliness.

"Hi ya, 'Ugo. Did ja hear what happened to one of de big guns yes' day?" Without waiting for an answer the big fellow bubbled excitedly on. "Well, dat guy, by de name of Sagerman, in the tool room—!"

"Didn't catch the name," interrupted Hugo.

"Sagerman, ya hoid of de bird," repeated Fred, impatient to tell his story. "Dat Jewish foreman in de tool room came to de plant drunker dan a dilly. De cops wouldn't let no drunk guy in no matter who he said he was. Damn good for de Yid."

"Are they going to give him the boot?" said the little German, who was not very excitable, even by such news as this. All of the employees liked to see the "big wigs" get into trouble.

"Yeah, dat's w'at I hoid dey was goin' to do ta de Hebe," replied Fred with a satisfied air. "Ya know, sometimes I t'ink dat guy Hitler has de right idea of killing off dose damn Jews. Dey want every damn t'ing a fella has, and dey still ain't satisfied."

Hugo, seeing the little Jew, Max, said nothing. Besides, a German that had only been in this country for twenty-five years watched what he said. He also remembered that Fred was absent quite often, because he was so tight that he could not sit up. The sounding of the bell caused the whole hall to move toward the stairway and work.

At the other end of the same line that Hugo was in, Jane Johnson sat at the bore-mill machine. She came from the north side of Chicago and was proud of it. The huge mechanical nightmare placed fifty tapped holes in an aluminum "head" in one operation. She felt as if she were really doing something when she placed the "head" on the machine and pressed the button that sent the fifty drills in the precisely correct position. She did this day after day in the hope that her husband, who was in Africa with the Army, could have his job back after the war.

Since Jane was so young and good looking, Jim Smith found it easy to stop and talk to her on his way to the heat treating department. Jane liked to talk to him, because he was either too stupid or too shy to bring up some of the things the married men did. In this way each found out what was going on in the other's part of the plant. Jim admired the way in which she had so much faith in the part she was playing in the war effort. She was also probably the only person in the plant that would not buy an illegal gas, shoe, or butter coupon. That was the quality that made her one of the plant's most effective bond sales girls. It was during the Fifth Loan drive that her husband was killed.

Hugo had the habit of looking up at eleven o'clock every morning. Eleven o'clock meant that in one-half hour he would go down to eat. Therefore, he would pick up a piece of cloth and begin to wipe the oil off his hands. It always seemed to him that the last half hour before lunch was the longest half hour in the day. He shut his machine off about one-half minute before the bell sounded and started down the aisle. The bell would sound, and he would forget that he was no longer a young man, for he would run down the machine-walled path toward the stairway and lunch.

The lunch room was one of the most interesting places in the huge factory. It was a large room that was equipped to handle a thousand people every twenty minutes. There were five separate lines to the gleaming, food laden counters. From the counters to the opposite wall, tables and chairs were placed in long, even rows. These were soon filled by the hungry men and women. The fact that they had only twenty minutes in which to eat is, in itself, an apt description of the scene that took place there every noon.

Hugo sat at a table near the rear of the cafeteria with Max, Fred Kudhal, and several others that worked in his department. They discussed everything from the war situation to the spats with the "little woman." One of their favorite topics of conversation was the activities of their great benefactor, President Roosevelt. President Roosevelt, according to the husky Italian, was the man that took the wrinkles out of their bellies. If the half hour before lunch was the longest in the day, the twenty minutes for lunch were certainly the shortest; but the instant the bell rang, a shuffle of chairs officially ended the period.

When the four o'clock bell rang out its dismissing note, everyone surged toward the lockers and time-clocks like a herd of stampeding cattle. It took fifteen minutes to get one's car out of the parking lots that spread the full length of the plant on either side. On Friday, payday, it was even worse. On this day everybody made a mad dash for the nearest saloons that had huge amounts of beer to meet the thirsty workers.

Hugo did not ride with his driver on Friday, for he had no desire to wait at the tavern two hours for the man to go home. He just stuffed the check in his pocket and took the bus home with the explanation, "Christine will take care of it." He often had to take the bus on Saturdays also, for that was the big day at the track.

Although the members of the Buick Motors Division were receiving more money now than they had ever gotten in their lives, they bought things which under ordinary circumstances they would not have thought of buying. However, Christine had seen too many days when Hugo had had hardly enough money to buy flour for his bakery, not to put some of his weekly earnings away for the days that were to come. Jim Smith's money went into the bank. Fred Kudhal and many others like him also put their money in the bank, but their bank was their stomachs—beer was the money.

. . . .

Mr. Andrew H. Lang sat at his huge desk in a luxurious office, peering at a letter and thinking of the huge plant that would respond to his every wish. He thought of the three hundred and forty-six days it took to build the Buick Motors Division plant and start it producing. To those he proudly added the measly one hundred and sixty-five days that it took to get the gigantic womb producing at peak. His mind ran over the days when this magnificent factory was nothing but a prairie and a blueprint. He recalled, as he sat looking over the sea of cars in the parking lot, how he ran giant advertisements in papers from coast to coast in order to get the necessary man-power. He bought up the land for miles around, put it into the hands of realtors, and sold it to the people that were going to work in his plant. He laughed at the six-thousand-dollar houses strung out for miles around the plant. He swelled with pride when he thought of the visit the President of the United States paid to his motor plant. He even shook hands with one of his own employees that day. He wondered who the lucky fellow was—Stamokosky or something like that. He relived the day on which the plant was awarded the Army-Navy E for having broken production goals. As he continued to look at the paper he held, he thought of his home in Michigan and going back to it. He suddenly sat up and once more assumed the characteristics of Andrew H. Lang, President. He clicked the switch on his desk and told the office force to prepare to lay off fifty per cent in all departments. Hugo still turned the shiny steel crank and waited for four o'clock.

Art—Made to Order

BEVERLY LIPPMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN INTERESTED IN THE TYPE OF art that average, middle-class people buy for their home. I compared the taste and knowledge of art that people displayed when they selected their pictures, with the knowledge of art that I had received at many art schools; and I arrived at certain conclusions. First of all, I decided that I could duplicate, with very little effort, the type of pictures that were bought. Secondly, although I would have my selling prices lower than those of the department stores, I could still make a large profit.

Thus my business began. In a few months I made ten pictures which were quickly sold. My customers not only bought the pictures but also served as agents for other customers, simply by displaying my pictures in their own homes. People who came to these homes saw them, admired them, and wanted copies for their own walls. As my business improved and I became more adept at my work, I was given ample opportunity to formulate more conclusions about the art taste of average people, and thus I learned more about how to paint pictures that they would buy.

First, I found it advisable to know the person for whom I was planning to do a job. In this way, I was able to discover his taste in art, and by painting what pleased him, I was certain that he would buy my picture. People react strangely to art. Many average people, after hearing the comments of their neighbors, decide that they, themselves, dislike modern art without even looking at it. If they do look at it, they scoff without even attempting to understand what the artist was trying to express in his masterpiece. It is a definite fact that few people, if any, actually know the exact emotions that an artist has when he paints an abstraction or any other modern piece. If the layman, however, would at least attempt to acquaint himself with some of the problems of space-breaking, either by trying to make a modern picture or by reading authoritative explanations of the problem, he would soon learn to respect such art and would no longer consider it comparable to a child's scribbling. At the other extreme, there are many people who claim to love modern art. Actually, they like it because they consider such art the "rage." They extol its qualities because in their eyes and in the eyes of their neighbors, it is the thing to do. These people would be completely lost if they were asked by art authorities why they liked the pictures they bought.

Unfortunately, the favorite type of picture of the majority of people is that which is as photographic in appearance as possible. If a tree looks like a tree and an apple looks like an apple, the painting has fulfilled its require-

ments as an art piece, and is considered pleasing. This type of art appreciator also likes pictures which extol "beauty," whether it be in a landscape or in a room interior.

When you have decided in which group of art appreciator your customer belongs, you have completed the first step of a particular job. The actual selection of subject matter is easy. Usually, the person liking photographic art will take you up to the art department of a store, and, with an awed expression in his eyes, will triumphantly point to his ideal picture—usually a copy of a vase and perhaps two oranges. Then you go home, find your own vase, add a banana to the arrangement, and strive for the same realness of effect that the picture in the department store had. Sometimes, a person has a pet subject, such as Chinese prints, which you can interpret to your own liking. I prefer this latter method.

Before you begin your work, the customer and you decide upon a price for it. This is not a difficult problem because you can gauge according to the prices charged by the stores. If you feel that your customer can afford it, you can probably charge the same price that stores do for the particular type and size that you are painting; if you have any qualms concerning your customer's financial status, you should lower the price.

When you have chosen the subject matter, you need to consider the medium in which you are going to paint it. As the average layman who is buying the picture is unfamiliar with such things as the types of paint, this is usually the problem of the artist. It can be decided upon by preference only. You will probably choose the medium in which you feel you do your most effective work in the shortest time. The most popular media for pictures in the average home are oils, water colors, and temperas. I usually do the majority of my pictures in water color or tempera.

The supplies that have to be used while painting a picture are well-known to those who work in paints. For water colors and temperas, I always have a large jar of clear water, a few pieces of absorbent cloth, a few flat pans in which to mix paints, good sable brushes ranging from the smallest to practically the largest in size, and a complete set of paint tubes that are well filled.

It is always difficult for you to decide when your picture is completed. When you are painting a picture for a person, you are faced with the problem of whether or not your results will please your customer. You want to please yourself, too. So the question arises as to who is to be pleased first. You do not want to lose your customer by painting the picture in a manner he will not like. I take a chance; I paint my picture until I, myself, am thoroughly satisfied with the results. So far, I have not lost a customer.

I have enjoyed my little business immensely, although I have discontinued it since I have come to college. It takes a lot of time and patience, I will admit, but I have still found my avocation amusing as well as profitable.

In Features Only

TSUTOMU G. ARAI

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

DECEMBER 7, 1941, IS ONE DAY THAT WILL LONG BE remembered by all who live in America because of the changes it brought into their lives. Especially is this true of the Japanese Americans, called *niseis*. Very few people know what we have to overcome and how we feel about the situation.

We have oriental features but our souls are American. We were born in this country, and the seed of democracy was planted within our hearts. We were educated to understand and to believe in democracy. We studied, worked, and played with other Americans. The seed of freedom was just sprouting when Pearl Harbor was headline news. Like the rest of the world, we were surprised. Shock and fear followed, and in our hearts there was a feeling that someone had just stepped on the seed that was developing into a firm belief in democracy. People stared at us, cursed us, and called us names. People we considered our best friends turned away from us. Our parents were interned by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on the grounds that they were considered dangerous enemy aliens. Thus our homes were split. Day by day the order to evacuate the West Coast was imminent. Because of this constant threat, we sold our houses cheap, gave away our furniture; and as we worked to clear our properties, we could always notice the heartbroken look on the faces of the older generation as they saw everything they had built crumble before their eyes.

But the younger generation wondered if this forced evacuation was to be carried out. Was it just to treat innocent citizens the way the government was treating us? We were in no position to argue or protest. The marker "A Jap is always a Jap" was placed on us—our features are oriental. Deep inside our hearts that little seed of democracy was uprooted.

Evacuation came like a sudden storm in March, 1942, and within three months, all of the Japanese were evacuated from the West Coast. Out of every three Japanese, two were American citizens. No charges had been filed against us, nor were we tried by any court. Evacuation was on racial, or, perhaps more accurately, on ancestral grounds. It was the largest single forced migration in American history.

Relocation centers in which we were placed were not normal communities. With barbed wire fences and strict military police guards, the camps took on a prison look. Because of the evacuation order, friends and families were split, homes were abandoned, and businesses were closed. The pleasant,

equal American way of life was a thing of the past; and the future was only a hope, and no longer an assurance.

In January, 1943, the Japanese American combat teams, the 100th and the 442nd, were being organized. This was the step that proved more than anything else that the *niseis* are a willing and loyal group.

In one section of the nation, a call for 1500 men was made for these teams, but more than 9600 volunteered. Then, suddenly, the Selective Service began to induct the *niseis* into these units. Many in the group were opposed to enforced enlistment because of the treatment we were receiving, but a logical conclusion was reached. Prior to December 7, we lived a normal, simple American life. We had the best of education. We ate, played, worked, and worshipped as we pleased. Yes, accepting the induction would be wise, for it was a chance to fight side by side with other Americans to restore the rights we once held.

The organization of the combat teams was started, and induction was in full swing. My cousin was inducted, and from his letters I can clearly relate the feelings and achievements of the fighting units. While the boys were training in the States, the *niseis* had to take a lot of abuse from Jap haters. The uniforms didn't mean much to these trouble makers—the boys in them did not look like Americans. Yet, they trained. Finally the day came when they were to show their loyalty to the people of their country. From known data and statistics, we learn that the 100th and 442nd, of the Fifth Army, landed and established the beachhead at Salerno in Italy, and have taken part in every major action. In their battalion of 1300 men, they have more than 1000 Purple Hearts. I am going to quote a *nisei* soldier writing in *Colliers*, because he shows the feelings of every Japanese American: "We aren't like the Japanese and German troops who fight only because they are sent somewhere and made to. We know what we are fighting for—for our country, like other American boys. We are fighting a little harder because we are anxious to let people know we are good Americans, so that our families would be better thought of and better treated back home."

Yes! In Italy they tried so hard to prove their loyalty that fully two-thirds of the battalion became casualties.

Because of the outstanding loyalty of the combat teams, we at home are being granted the rights that were once ours. The seed of democracy in our hearts is sprouting once more, and the future seems a little more assuring.

Today you will see service stars hanging in the windows of most of our homes. Our mothers are wearing service pins with stars to indicate that their sons are serving their country, and in the casualty lists of the daily newspaper, you can see a name like Akiyama beside John Doe. Regardless of our color or creed, we are fighting with the sincere belief that democracy will one day mean that all men are created equal.

A Year in the Yukon

ADELAIDE JAUCH

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

THE SILVER-BODIED CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINER settled itself on the runway.

"Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada," said the pilot. "End of the line. End of the world."

As I stepped off the plane and looked around, I was sure he was right. This was the end of the world, this dusty little town, a huddle of log cabins and ramshackle houses, completely surrounded by the quonset huts and barracks of Army and civilian construction camps. And this was to be my home for the next nine months. In my purse was a contract which said I was to work for the Dowell Construction Company, Alaska Highway contractor, for that length of time. I had signed it of my own free will, anticipating adventure and excitement. But this sense of anticipation was lost, lost in the sandy dust that swirled about me. Well, they had told me about the dust and the mosquitoes, a family of which had already discovered the back of my neck. But they had lied when they said it would be cool here. A July sun was beating down, and my woolen suit and sweater were uncomfortably warm. I was angry. I was disappointed. I was homesick.

The room to which I was shown, when I finally arrived at the camp itself, only served to heighten my disappointment. It was small and bare, containing only a chest of drawers, a desk, a straight-backed chair, and a narrow cot, covered with a rough Army blanket. It smelled of fresh paint and green wood. I was certain I could never call it "my room."

The next morning I reported at the barnlike office building and was put to work typing inventories. I protested that I was a stenographer but was merely told that the inventories were important. This calm statement of fact jolted me out of my depressed, self-pitying mood. I may have accepted the job for the novelty and the fun; but I had been hired to work, and work I would.

Monotonous as the inventories proved to be, I found myself actually enjoying the working day. There was an easy informality about the office. Executives and clerks intermingled, laughing and joking, ridiculing one another's home states, telling outlandish tales of the size of the mosquitoes and the rigors of a Yukon winter. But, above all, there was a job being done, and there was pride in doing that job and in being part of an historic and daring project.

And while I was discovering enjoyment and pride in my work, I was also finding the novelty and fun I had anticipated.

The camp itself was a novelty. Row after row of barracks, office buildings, machine shops, a postoffice, a recreation hall—it was a little city in itself. All meals were served in messhalls, and the cooks were more than accommodating in providing mid-afternoon and evening snacks and picnic lunches. All of the fruits and vegetables were canned; we ate powdered or whole eggs, and powdered or canned milk. But skilled cooks worked at making the food palatable, and sixty girls, who averaged a gain in weight of five pounds each, will testify to their success.

The women's barracks were presided over by two matrons who saw that we got up in the morning and got to bed sometime during the night. They were ever ready to advise or console. Little by little, conveniences were added—a washing machine, a bathtub, a recreation room which became a nightly center of activity. In spite of its bareness, the "Kitten Kennel," as it had been styled, became home.

The natural beauties of the North constantly awed me. The most lonesome soldier, the most hardened laborer were entranced by the Northern Lights as they moved magically across the sky, disappeared and returned, pale green and yellow, rose and lavender. The snow-capped mountains, the sun rising over them and giving them a rosy halo, the long, long winter nights, the twenty or more hours of daylight in the summer, more than compensated for the dust and mosquitoes, the ankle-deep mud in the spring, the sub-zero winter weather.

The town of Whitehorse itself proved interesting and novel. A remnant of the Gold Rush days of the 1890's, it was saved from becoming just another ghost town by its railroad, which is an important link in the transportation system of Canada's northwest. At Whitehorse the Lewes River, a tributary of the mighty Yukon, becomes too swift and narrow to be navigable; here the river traffic is transferred to the narrow-gauge railroad which snakes its way along the sides of mountains one hundred and ten miles to Skagway, Alaska. The population of Whitehorse is about six hundred in normal times; its streets are narrow and unpaved; its walks are of board. Because of its isolated position, it had more to offer than the average town of its size, but it was unable to accommodate the thousands of demanding Americans who descended upon it.

The three hotels—the biggest one, the cleanest one, and the one that had bugs—were filled to capacity. The restaurants were crowded every night with highly paid construction men looking for something, anything, to spend their money on, and "Spam-weary" soldiers seeking steaks. Crowds lined up in front of the Whitehorse Theater to see a two-year-old movie. The depart-

ment stores were cleared of heavy clothing before winter set in. Souvenir shops were open day and night selling Indian-made moccasins, mastodon ivory and gold nugget jewelry, and souvenir pillow covers at prices way above their value. Little shacks were erected one week and open for the sandwich-and-coffee trade the next. A new theater was erected, complete with neon lights, and the "98" Ballroom came into existence—the "98," which charged a couple two dollars, a stag three dollars, and gave an unaccompanied girl one dollar.

From the looks of the town one would have thought that it provided the only source of amusement, but this was not true. One of the construction camps had weekly dances, another had its own theater, and they all had parties on various occasions. Each Army company had regular dances and movies; the Red Cross had a club for enlisted men and their guests; there were officers' clubs and non-coms' clubs, and two orchestras, composed of Army personnel, to provide music.

I have often been told that it was this social life which kept the American girls happy. I can speak of keeping up a soldier's morale; but I cannot deny that it was fun. When it's twenty-to-one in favor of the men (or should I say the girls?) no girl is a wallflower. And no girl was. There was a dance someplace five nights of the week, and girls were urged to go without dates to give everyone a chance. If dancing became tiresome, there was a picnic or a drive on the highway in a jeep or other Army vehicle. There seemed to be no end to the quaint and interesting things to see around the countryside: Lake La Barge, made famous by the poems of Robert Service; Carcross, home of Jack London; Kluane Lode, where the Highway was dedicated; the Whitehorse Rapids; Miles Canyon, where so many goldrushers lost their lives; the deserted copper mine; Ice Lake, fine for fishing and ice-skating; Indian villages; Indian cemeteries.

Amid surroundings and activities such as these I had no difficulty fulfilling my nine-month contract plus three months more.

Eventually the time came for me to leave, and I boarded the funny little train that was to take me to Skagway. From Skagway I would go to Juneau and take a boat to Seattle, and after Seattle there would be home and family and a delayed college education. The future was not dull, by any means, but I could not look ahead; I could only look back. I could think only of this dusty little town and the friends I was leaving. I would never see most of those friends again, and the happy times and unusual experiences we had shared were now but memories. Just one short year ago I had successfully battled tears of regret upon arriving. Now I was battling tears of regret at leaving. But these were different; they could not be conquered.

Rhet as Writ

He took his office in 1919, the year before construction began, but through his tireless efforts he died in 1924.

. . . .

He works at the telegraph office as the assistant to Mr. Grogan, the operator and drunkard.

. . . .

Meddling with older fellows was my hobby, and many an afternoon I would come home with the scares of battle.

. . . .

I want to live on a farm with my husband and children and common beasts.

. . . .

I was proud to feel myself a clog in this great machine.

. . . .

You will also meet extraordinary characters such as Bustle McQuiston, whose moral standards were raised just high enough so everyone could see what was hidden below them.

. . . .

These springs are not affected by the . . . hot desert waists of Africa.

. . . .

She was a pulcherious blonde, with eyes of blue, who walked slowly.

. . . .

Soon after the success of several series of Zanuck's productions, he and Warner Bros. spit.

. . . .

I frankly think it good to change one's hair so long as it sticks to the environment.

. . . .

A coach's personality is what brings men out of the game on stretchers, with pulverized faces, broken limbs, and heaving lungs.

Honorable Mention

John Bloomfield—*Married Life and College*
Equatorial Nightfall Aboard a U. S. Transport

James Brand—*Squirrel Hunt*

David Brierley—*For Muscular Development—Weight Lifting*

Robert Cushman—*Getting into Character*

William Ditzler—*The Cottrell Precipitator*

Ferne Douglass—*Bertha*

John Flanagan—*Whittling*

Emil Freireich—*The Common Cold*

Shirley Gloger—*The Tarnished Buddha*

Romona Hart—*The Strength of My Father*

Madelyn Lang—*I Watched a Colt Grow Up*

June Nixon—*Good Fencing*

Ernest Orcutt—*A Queen Dies*

Frank Pacelli—"George"

Eudice Tourk—*Behind the Music of Shostakovich*

Jo Ann Wetzler—*The Dress Suit*

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A Magazine of Freshman Writing

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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Ring, Collar, and a One, Two, Three

JOSEPH J. BRANKEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1944-1945

A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN DAIRY FARMING, I BOUGHT A purebred Holstein bull calf. Ink, as we later called him, was extremely handsome. He was beautifully marked, had a very straight back, a fine head and was put up in a truly regal manner. Needless to say, I was very, very proud of him. I had always been wary of bulls, even young bulls, but Ink—well, I almost loved him.

Fine cattle were more to me than pretty girls—at that time. Every day Ink was put through his training program, for I hoped to show him at the fairs. By the time he was a year old, he knew the meaning of Giddap and Whoa. He later learned to back up like a horse, to walk very slowly like a king, and to trot, to canter, and to gallop with the speed and force of a thundering locomotive. I smile with pride in thinking back to the time when we used to race down our driveway, he a good two thousand pounds of hurtling bull, and I merely a hundred-seventy-pound human being. What a sight it must have been—Ink pounding along, his massive head way above mine, and our feet flashing in a whirl like a fast turning automobile wheel. What fun we had! How we both used to draw in great breaths of air, how our chests heaved after our efforts.

Now Ink wasn't much different from other bulls in at least one respect. He was a bull and had ideas of his own occasionally. After we had started some particular part of his training, it was always my rule to finish it; I'd never give in, no matter how long it took. A bull should not get the idea that he is master, if one is going to handle him correctly. Another must is that a bull should be dehorned. Accordingly Ink lost his horns as a yearling, and also according to custom was presented with a nose ring. A year later this light ring was exchanged for a very substantial brass ring in keeping with his size. It was so large that one could get three large fingers in it and allow plenty of freedom for Ink's nose. Another part of his jewelry was a strong, shiny, chain collar used in leading him about.

Well, Ink and I led a joyous life for some time. We'd see each other at feeding time when he would hungrily lick up his silage and ground feed and munch his pea green alfalfa hay. He would slurp and gurgle water from the automatic drinking fountain at his side. Sometimes he would become exasperated with being in the barn and would violently shake his head and stanchion so that the whole building rang.

One morning while preparing to milk I noticed that Ink was absent. Hmmm, I thought, he's broken out of his stall. Wonder how far he's gone. Hope not far; got to get the milking done before the milkman comes. After scouting around a little, I saw the old boy standing about an eighth of a mile away in the alfalfa field. Well, it was his feeding time, and allowing a mature bull to run about the country wasn't ethical even if it was Ink; so I started out to bring him home, nerving myself while walking in order to have maximum strength and thinking power ready when we met. I had no fear of him; I was merely going to bring him back, put him in the barn, and feed him.

While walking I noticed how nice and green the alfalfa was that year; it was well advanced and the prospect of a heavy crop was good. It was at this time that I noticed that Ink was not cropping the luscious legume, but was standing sideways, looking at me with a strange and ominous glint in his eyes. His head was held high, with crest acutely arched and muzzle turned inward. As I came closer he let his tongue hang out, dripping saliva, and emitted a deep, rumbling grumble from the caverns of his chest and throat. In his eyes I could see lightning as of an approaching storm.

I was in no mood to be frightened and was determined to win him back. Why shouldn't we be friends? We had done so much together. And, after all, I came out to bring him back, and we were going home together—that was all there was to it.

"Hello there, Ink, old boy," I said. "You're a good old fellow, aren't you?" As I spoke I rubbed his silky hide and ran my fingers through the longer, curly hair on the top of his neck. Ink relaxed a bit, probably did some thinking and became more at ease. With smooth, sure movement I put the fingers of my left hand in his nose ring and took firm hold upon his chain collar with my right. "Come on, Ink, old boy, let's go home," I said, and we started down the hill towards the buildings.

Ink was inclined to go, and then again he wasn't. He walked along easily for a little way, then walked stiffly. Finally he wouldn't walk at all, and suddenly balked and wheeled upon me with surprising alacrity for an animal that size. But I was ready for him. I had long studied his behavior patterns and learned how to protect myself from his various methods of attack. Once more everything was under control and we started. Several yards farther again Ink wheeled. We stopped, agreed a second time, and started off. Apparently Ink didn't like being over-ruled, for he became desperate and wheeled again, again, and again.

We were not covering distance very fast as our path described a wild circling in a general direction, something like the movement and path of a tornado, but by this time we were near the bare ground by the barn, and I thought, we've come this far—with any luck we ought to be in the barn soon.

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About this time old Ink seemingly reached the conclusion that I was too small a ruler for his mighty, muscular body and began a spasmodic attack of wheeling, lunging, and attempted butting. At this same instant I realized his conclusion and prepared for the attack, still holding to his nose ring and chain collar. He may be a good friend, but under the circumstances this is an all-out fight, and anything goes in order to "bring him to time," I thought.

We went at it fast and hard—Ink wheeling, lunging, butting. I wheeled with him, spoke to him, tried to calm him. He wouldn't be calmed. The battle became wilder and more deadly. I threw my every muscle, every nerve, my full mind and all my energy into combat. I buried my fist in his side again and again; I twisted his nose ring—but to little avail. As I held his ring and collar, he swung me about like a cork on the end of a line. It was all I could do to keep my feet. Finally he drove me to the ground. His hot breath blew in my face, his eyes bolted fire, his great head mauled my own head and chest. A dull knell of defeat rang through my entire being. It was no use; the odds were too great. I seemed to be outside of a transparent shell, looking in upon myself. To me things looked desperate for that fellow down there. If ever he was weary of life, now would be a good time to move on. For an instant I was lost, but the instinct of self-preservation came to my rescue; I struggled frantically and regained my feet. I was furious to think that I may have given up and that Ink should "take" me. We're going to the barn yet, old boy, I thought. After I regained partial control, we started again, but not for more than two steps—we went at it again.

There was little sound in our strife except for the scuffling and pounding of the dusty ground with our feet. We went this way and that, up and down, with me falling to my knees, getting up again, twisting his ring until my fingers were torn and bleeding, hammering my nerveless fist into his ribs, breathing with great, rapid gasps, trying to figure out how to whip him.

Suddenly all power seemed to drain away and I knew that I could not last much longer, that I needed help urgently. Never before or after have I called for help, but I did call then in a clear, ringing voice that surprised me. The next moment I was down again, fighting madly, with Ink's head coming down, again and again, his front feet trying to trample me. This was bad, very bad. The end could not be far off. My body fought on by itself. Everything was confused and hazy. I felt nothing.

Dimly I could hear someone yelling. I must have been on my feet, for he was yelling, "Run, Run!" In a split second the thought of continuing the battle and putting Ink into the barn came to me; I did not want to give up. In the other half of that split second I reasoned that the carpenter, who was working on our farm and was yelling to me, knew best under the circumstances. Breaking loose, I ran around a haystack and under a fence just in time to get out of Ink's onrushing path. He stood at the fence, glaring triumphantly as I staggered into the barn.

Riposte and Touché

JUNE NIXON

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1944-1945

MARK AND LEE FOUGHT FIRST; HOWARD AND I WERE the two judges; and Bruce officiated as referee. To all appearances, it was an uneven fencing match, since Lee had a "reach" of at least one foot more than Mark and was decidedly more agile; but Mark had a wrist of steel (as I had discovered in previous encounters) and remarkable endurance in his short, stocky Saxon body, while Lee was slender and inclined to fatigue himself with unnecessary movements. Their foils crossed over the referee's.

"Step back," commanded Bruce. Each stepped back a pace, so that there was a distance of about a foot between the rubber tips of their foils.

"Fence!" came the referee's signal. The two foils crossed again with the anticipatory whisper of tempered steel, and the two opponents watched each other closely, each seeking for a weak point in the other's defense.

Suddenly and recklessly, Lee lunged at Mark, who easily parried the blow and riposted quickly to score the first "touch." Twice more Mark, aided by his opponent's overeager impatience, "touched" Lee with unhurried ease.

The two tired contestants gladly exchanged places with Howard and me. I was not very willing to make the change, however; in fact, I was scared. Howard was a very good fencer, despite a physical handicap of which he supposed me ignorant; and I had early learned that I could expect no quarter from him simply because I was a girl.

As our foils crossed over Bruce's, my lips were already parted by the quick breath of excitement, and through my mind flashed one thought, "Don't take the offensive; you'll do well if you just maintain a good defense."

"Step back!" came Bruce's command from a great distance, and we stepped back a pace with a half-saluting movement.

"Fence!" Our blades slithered together: mine, quivering with uncertainty, his expertly feeling for the weakness in my guard. Behind the large mesh of his mask I could see his gray eyes fixed calmly and confidently on the trembling tip of my foil. "Why doesn't he lunge?" I thought, and in desperation I began the encounter with an exploratory lunge. With a barely perceptible twist of his wrist, Howard parried my awkward attempt and scored the first "touch" with what seemed a lightning-like riposte.

I was surprised and provoked at my lack of skill. "Careful, girl," I admonished myself. "Keep your guard up, and don't take your eyes off his blade!" I rested patiently in the approved crouching position, and he was

forced to take the initiative and lunge. To my amazement, I parried the manoeuvre with a fair degree of skill and speed, and managed a riposte, from which he had to retreat. My confidence grew apace, and I essayed another lunge, which was unwise: for the second time his blade leaped toward me and touched smartly the heavily padded jacket I wore.

"Now, that's enough," I promised myself, unconsciously drawing my lips back from my teeth in contempt of my unskilled fencing. "You're not going to let him score the third 'touch.'"

To my complete amazement, Howard did not "touch" me for the third time. Compelled by his vastly superior skill to maintain a steadfast alertness, I contrived to match every manoeuvre he made. We fenced relentlessly until I felt my breath drive into my lungs in short, stabbing gasps, and my knees tremble with the constant, cramped movement. I was determined, however, not to ask for quarter, but to continue, if need be, until I collapsed. As my determination renewed my strength, Howard stopped and confessed breathlessly that he was unable to "touch" me the third time.

Although he had undoubtedly won the match, it was highly gratifying to me to realize that I had made winning difficult for him. My supreme thrill, however, was Bruce's pleased smile and rather self-conscious praise.

"That was good fencing, June; I think you're beginning to get the idea of it."

The Duel in the Short Shrubbery

Produced by R. L. Stevenson

Reproduced by EUGENE REZWINE

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1944-1945

ACTING LIKE A VETERAN MAGICIAN IN THE MIDST OF a conjuration, Mr. Henry waved the last lump of plum pudding away with his silver spoon. He patted his lips deftly and opened his mouth to speak. The Master made a magnificent leap from his chair to the top of the table, landing on both feet, well astride the asparagus.

"Enough!" he bellowed, and his cheeks puffed. "It is a duel; my life or yours. I must have satisfaction!"

"But, gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, "there are still the tea and crumpets."

Both men resumed their former positions; I helped to wipe some of the vegetable off the Master. They gobbled up the crumpets, and I filled them up with tea, but soon they were saturated and could hold no more. I could see the inward fire of the Master flare up again.

He pounded the table with his bony hand, shouting, "Henry, you can't escape me forever. I own all Ballantrae, and you are not the one to sit in my chair. We will settle this with cold steel, now!"

And I swear that the Master licked his chops as he jumped gleefully up and down like a happy bumpkin. I rushed up to the men and shouted in the Master's ear.

"Sir," I cried, "the evening paper has arrived."

The Master looked at me dumbfoundedly and turned immediately to the stock report.

Time clapped its hands; another hour elapsed.

The Master threw down the paper with a crash and stomped over to Mr. Henry, grabbing him by the collar.

"Henry!" he yelled, looking magnificently into his brother's face, "you are a threat to my existence. You make my life miserable. I'll have your head!"

Walking coquettishly into the room like a coy maiden, I spoke out softly, "Cigars?" The Master was the first to approach me; he took a handful of the weeds. Both men walked out into the moonlit garden; I followed with a receptacle for the ash. The Master took final breath of his cigar, tossed it beautifully onto the green, as though he had practiced considerably.

He produced two swords of deadly length and, presenting one to Henry, roared, "Vile creature that thou art! We shall have the moon to judge this combat, and the shining stars to jury it. Think not of the future, Henry, for you have a river to cross and a mountain to climb before you can walk in the valley of certainty. In this game the loser is destroyed. En garde!"

I stepped under the arch formed by the crossed blades and said in a gentle yet firm voice, "Master, bed-time."

We re-entered the house in single file: the Master, walking dazedly, led; I, fully conscious of my role, followed him; and Henry, defiantly chewing on a blade of grass, brought up the rear.

Hello, George

FRANK PACELLI

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1944-1945

THE DAY BROKE BRIGHT AND HOT. THE BLISTERING sun, beating down on the New York pavement, made me lazy. The day had just begun, and it was going to be a long one for me—another monotonous day of knocking on theatrical agents' doors and receiving the inevitable answer. It was sometimes good to hear "Sorry, no casting

today," just for the sake of variety. The latter always sounded like an invitation to come back and try again, whereas "No" always reminded me of "Get out, and stay out!"

I had been trying to get a job in the theatre for nearly five months, and thus far I had had no luck. I was tired of pounding the same old beat. I was weary of being refused the chance at least to read for a part.

I'll take the day off, I thought. That would build up my morale, which by this time was well crushed. I had fifty cents, and with that I could buy the town, or the part of it that I wanted. There was Central Park, where I could feed the squirrels, and The Museum of Modern Art, where I could feed myself the food I really wanted.

I spent my first nickel on a "coke" at the corner drug store. I picked up the morning newspaper, which someone had left lying on the table, and glanced through the *Theatre Notes*. Gordon Hughes! That name struck a familiar note. Oh, yes! A friend of mine once told me to see Mr. Hughes, but the only trouble was that Mr. Hughes was "not in." I read further. It said that Mr. Hughes was casting *The Family*. I knew there was a part in it for me.

"Now is the time to see the elusive Mr. Hughes," I thought, and with that I gulped my "coke" and rushed out the door.

The Biltmore Theatre was dark, but I opened the stage door and walked in. No one had arrived yet. I sat in the center of the dark stage for what seemed like hours. Shortly, the theatre lights went up, and there stood Mr. Hughes, not ten feet away from me!

I tried to explain, but my throat seemed constricted. He popped questions at me. I couldn't answer. Finally, I mentioned Earl Ebi, the friend who had once told me to see Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hughes was not in the least impressed. He stared at me for a few minutes, pulled a script out of his brief case, and said, "Read the part of George, right now."

"But, Mr. Hughes . . ." I started.

"You're an actor, aren't you?" he clipped.

"Yes," I said.

"Read," he said.

"But, I've never seen the part," I answered.

"Read," he said.

I picked up the script and read George with all I was made of. It was now or never. I cried, I laughed, I shouted. I was George as I saw George.

When I finished, Mr. Hughes the Great came toward me. He came and stood right before me. He stared at me for about three minutes.

"Hello, George," he said.

Top Newsman

GEORGE PLATT

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1944-1945

THE BEST WAY TO UNDERSTAND WHAT MAKES THE modern top-notch war correspondent is to study the life of one of the leading personalities of the business. Just such a man is Quentin Reynolds. He has been in the field of foreign reporting for twelve years with *Collier's* magazine, ascending to this top-rank position after years spent as a "legman" with New York papers.

F. E. Rechnitzer portrays Reynolds as boy, college student, reporter, and war correspondent in his book *War Correspondent—the Story of Quentin Reynolds*. And he has a real story to tell. With a warm, though slightly overdone, enthusiasm that makes the tale an enthralling eighty minutes of reading, he traces the life of Reynolds.

In 1919 Reynolds graduated from Manual High School in Brooklyn, his birthplace. Seventeen and eager to enter Brown University the following fall, he first decided to make some money. The chance presented itself in the form of a job as a tool keeper on a steamship sailing between New York and Antwerp. He insists that it was the one hundred dollars a month and keep that influenced him most. But if what he has done since is any indication, there is little doubt that a hankering for adventure and the sight of far places was already making itself felt.¹ Now at the age of forty-three, Reynolds has covered stories for *Collier's* in Germany, Norway, England, Russia, Persia, Africa, South America, Italy, and many other places.

At Brown, Reynolds found that he could put words together very adeptly, although his spelling was atrocious. He had started in the sports field of the newspaper game while in high school, writing for the Brooklyn Section of the New York *Evening World*. At Brown he wrote up fraternity sports for the *Providence Journal* and majored in English because of his knack for writing. The conviction to be a newspaperman grew stronger within him. He had never noticed his urge to write until one day an English professor had called him into his office to discuss one of his papers. The professor cut it to ribbons as being too wordy and loosely constructed. He asked Reynolds if he had ever thought of writing for a living. Reynolds said he had not. The professor told him that it was one way to make a living sitting down. That appealed to the young Reynolds. Many times later in life while running for a slit trench to duck Nazi bombs, or while riding, cramped

¹ F. E. Rechnitzer, *War Correspondent—the Story of Quentin Reynolds*, New York: J. Messner, 1943, p. 12.

up, in the nose of a Boston bomber so that people back home could read about how it felt to fly on a night raid over German-occupied France, he thought about how he was making a living sitting down.

To understand Reynolds, himself, involves the reading of what he has written. Reynolds' personality is in every story—warm, understanding, generous, and very human. He lacks a sharp critical sense, but his emotional warmth gives him special insight.² And Reynolds is emotionally warm. He has a heart as big as himself, as the write-up in his college annual said when he graduated.³ He is the forerunner of Ernie Pyle in the writing of human personalities into the news. At Dieppe, when the Canadian and British commandos made their famous bloody raid, Reynolds was aboard a British cruiser to write up the battle. What he wrote about this raid showed that although he was impressed by the efficiency of the raid, he was attracted more by the human beings involved in it. He gave a vivid, understanding, personal story of the gallantry, tragedy, and humor he witnessed.⁴ It was this style that made him an excellent sports writer before he became a foreign correspondent. This is evident in his yarn "The Makings of a Baseball Hero."

Reynolds learned to be careful when writing. His ability to find a story, hang on to it, follow it through, and authenticate it is illustrated by an article he did on a boundary dispute between Haiti and Santo Domingo. It looked like one of hundreds of such petty boundary disputes, but Reynolds found out that there were bloody, hushed up hostilities going on in the border regions of the two countries. He refused to take hearsay evidence and trekked through the bush himself to get the facts, see the wounded and dead, and interview those who had escaped the massacres. It took him several weeks to get the story, but it scooped all the papers when he sent it in. His tenacious diligence had paid off.

Another attribute of Reynolds' character is his unswerving belief in what is right and his hate for what is wrong. He hated Hitler and the Nazis ever since he went to Berlin as foreign correspondent for *Collier's* in 1933. He stood by England through the hard days of the blitz, when the luftwaffe was dropping everything it had on London. Many reporters wrote England off the books in those days, but Reynolds did all he could to encourage and aid her. He woke up unbombed American city-dwellers with his tales of the destruction wrought in English towns by the Nazi sky-raiders. He endeared himself to the hearts of the British, something few American newsmen have done. In other countries, he "has maneuvered his highly flavored personality into the role of an unofficial U. S. ambassador-at-large."⁵

²"Ambassador from Brooklyn," *Time*, 42 (Nov. 15, 1943), 70.

³Rechnitzer, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

⁴Quentin Reynolds, "Dress Rehearsal," *Reader's Digest*, 42 (June, 1943), 121.

⁵"Ambassador from Brooklyn," *Time*, p. 71.

Reynolds began at the bottom of the ladder. He had the ability, the breaks, and the persistence to make good. He has written five widely read books: *Dress Rehearsal*, *The Wounded Don't Cry*, *London Diary*, *Convoy*, and *Only the Stars Are Neutral*. His stories in *Collier's* are read by millions. His voice over the radio is familiar. He has given the running commentaries on such motion pictures as "London Can Take It" and "A Day in the Life of the Soviet Union." He is held in the highest esteem by his journalistic colleagues. But the thing that makes Quentin Reynolds the great journalist he is, is his unaffected interest in humanity.

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Attack!

JOHN SPIEGLER

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1944-1945

THE MUD-LADEN SOLDIER SAT ON A GASOLINE TIN, waiting for the signal, his rifle cocked and loaded at his feet. His eardrums were splitting from the tremendous barrage that had started up three hours before. Every muscle in his body was tense, every nerve cell on edge. Throwing down a soggy cigarette with a grim, deliberate motion, he tried to think of something other than his imminent departure from the comparatively safe shell hole.

"Why can't that damned lieutenant blow his whistle and get it over with?" he muttered.

The thunder was rising in pitch now, reaching a point where the man thought he would start crying if it did not stop, and then another sound pierced his mind. Mechanically he picked up his rifle, checked his cartridge belt and his clip to see that they were full, and rose, just as he had been taught twelve months before.

Clutching a stump at the edge of the hole, he laboriously pulled himself out onto the grass above; around him were his fellow warriors. The men

on both sides were advancing slowly, crouched over their weapons as if to hide them from some unseen eyes. Now and again planes would shoot by fifty feet overhead, just blurred sounds.

An uninvolved observer could have seen this man's jaw muscles relax, his face become blank, his eyes turn to glass marble orbs never wandering from an imaginary sight just ahead. Now he was in the right place at the right time. This is what he had been trained for during sixteen months of hot, gruelling, Texas desert.

He moved forward steadily, slowing down now and then to sidestep an apparent booby trap or stray rifle that was of no use to anyone any more. He plodded onward, firing aimlessly at some invisible target ahead of him, and trying not to look at the faces of the men lying wherever he stepped for fear that it would be someone he knew.

His immediate objective, an artillery embankment, was in sight already a few hundred yards ahead. Now he could see flashes of fire at the crest of the ridge, and he sensed vaguely that they were meant for him.

Half the distance was covered by this time, and he began to return from his trance, into the world of emotion and rational thoughts. Glancing accidentally into a new shell hole, he suddenly saw a familiar face, half buried, looking up at him. Losing all his composure, he lowered his gun and jumped down into the shallow pit. He tried to speak, but nothing came out of his paralyzed lips. Abruptly another figure loomed up at the perimeter of the hole, and a gruff voice said, "Come on, soldier, get going. The medics will be along in a while and get him."

He climbed slowly out of the hole, his eyes still fastened on the face in the mud. It was only by a supreme effort that he was able to tear his eyes away from the scene behind him. But even that was of no avail, for the face still lingered before him and he was unable to drive it away. All that he could think of was himself, lying there in the dead man's place, with blood and dirt splattered over his face.

At this moment, some three hundred feet in front of him, a man, very much like himself except for a slightly different uniform, was pulling the short white lanyard of a field piece. A low whistle slowly rose in pitch until it reached a crescendo that threatened to burst the universe. The soldier heard this sound and instinctively threw himself to the ground. "Now," he thought, "my face is buried in the muck, but at least I am still breathing." A tremendous explosion rocked the field, and when the smoke had cleared away and the dust had settled again, he became aware of a sharp, burning sensation in his side. The butt of his rifle was slippery with some thick, sticky substance, but he was afraid to look down and see what it was. Finding that he could stand up, he painfully continued his stoical advance upon the objective.

A Queen Dies

ERNEST ORCUTT

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1944-1945

IT WAS NEARING MID-AFTERNOON ON A BEAUTIFUL tropical day, a day too perfect to be spoiled by what was to come.

The sea was unusually calm except for a few ground swells. All hands were taking sun baths on the topside deck, drinking in the sun which had been absent for a number of days. It was a perfect day for forgetting the war.

Like a bolt out of the blue it came — the explosion rang in our ears. Sailors began shouting excitedly, "Look at the *Wasp*, she's caught a 'fish.' " "Where? How?" "Well, here we go again." Almost at once came the familiar sound of the bugle and the "clang, clang, clang" of the general alarm, and the words, "All hands man your battle stations on the double." Sailors scrambled quickly to their feet, running swiftly and surely in the direction of their battle stations. The old man gave the order, "Full speed ahead, full left rudder." The ship shot ahead like a suddenly released spring. The change in speed made her great, proud body tremble.

The other ships in the task force began to fan out over the ocean, leaving boiling water in their wake. Our only thought was to get away to a safe distance.

The aircraft carrier *Wasp* had been in the very center of the task force, the center being the safest place — so we had supposed. The rest of the task force had been spread around her like a brood of chickens around the mother hen. The big lady had been wounded, though, and that was all that was on our minds. That was our last fleeting glance of her — dead in the water, helpless, with great red flames licking at her port side from the ugly gash at the waterline to the topside. It was a direct hit in the gasoline stowage amidships. The explosion went up through officers' quarters and on up through the flight deck. Men could be seen pushing burning, exploding planes off her decks, throwing hot ammunition overboard, and fighting the fire with many hoses, but all to no avail. By now she was listing badly to port, her flight deck almost dipping in the waves.

Without warning, like adding salt to her great wound, two more torpedoes hit amidships. These new explosions nearly broke her back. Tears came to our eyes as we saw this great, proud lady helplessly wallowing in the swells unable to fight back, just having enough strength to keep afloat. We were powerless to help her.

We changed course and lost her for awhile but picked her up again later. The picture had changed since then, with magazines exploding, men

jumping overboard, some with lifejackets, some without. Some of the men were sliding down lines so fast that their hands were burned, while others helped shipmates who couldn't help themselves.

Darkness was setting in, and the captain gave the order to change course. We were to leave the *Wasp* to her fate, a cruel thing to do, but one that had to be done for the safety of the rest of the ships.

The last look I got, she was listing badly, almost keeled over and afire from stem to stern. Explosions from magazines rocked her from time to time. Slowly but inevitably she was dying. I turned away with tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat.

Equatorial Nightfall Aboard a U.S. Army Transport

JOHN BLOOMFIELD

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945

AT DUSK, IF YOU ARE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO GET A position on the upper deck near the rail, you will see the blazing sun quench its blistered tongue in the cool, blue Pacific. The sun, with the horizon as a tangent, seems to be operated by a pulley. It looks as though it disappears in jumps; and you are certain it is being lowered, at regular intervals, inches at a time, until it finally drops completely from sight. The afterglow is an azure sky, tinted by withering red. From time to time, sunbeams pour through narrow openings, magnificently reflected on the water.

Shortly after this, the night surprises the sea with its quick blackness—an unwelcome guest that cannot be ignored. Then, suddenly, the siren breaks the silence of the night. The public-address system bellows, "Lights Out!" This means that all the portholes and exterior doors must be closed, all lights, including cigarettes, must be extinguished on deck. Everyone must go below.

While making your way along the narrow passages and down the steep stairway below, you meet a group of guards going on night duty. To make room for passing, you stand erect and very close against the bulkhead. While doing so you come almost face to face with your "Guardians of the Night." Upon every partially bearded, weather-beaten face, you see the expression of determination.

You retire with a feeling of complete security.

The Conflagration of London in 1666

MARY KATHLEEN KENEIPP

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

Night came, but without darkness or
repose,
A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom;
Where souls distracted, when the
trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies
come.

Those who have homes, when home
they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wand'ring
friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke
with care,
To look how near their own
destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where
once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted
room require;
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the
place,
As murder'd men walk where they
did expire.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal
fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And, while thro' burning lab'rins
they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they
would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

—JOHN DRYDEN

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1666, DIDN'T BEGIN AS AN EXCEPTIONALLY unusual day. At two o'clock in the morning the familiar cry of "Fire! Fire!" meandered down some of the crooked and narrow streets—and then silence. The people of London were too much accustomed to fires to be very much upset. If they had known what was to come, they might have prevented London's most destructive and mysterious fire.

The fire broke out in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane,¹ a lane composed of a line of old houses that ran unevenly down the hill toward the Thames River, and that were made of old and dry timber, coated with pitch, and built very close together, thus making the street very dark and unwholesome.² The commodities there were not very valuable, but they were so bulky they could not easily be removed.³

¹ Richard Lord Braybrooke, ed., *Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F.R.S. comprising His Diary from 1659 to 1669*, New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1936, p. 314.

² George Walter Bell, *The Great Fire of London in 1666*, London: John Lane; the Bodley Head Limited, March, 1923, p. 21.

³ Dr. Gideon Harvey, *The City Remembrancer*, Vol. II, London: Printed for W. Nicoll, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1769, pp. 41-42.

The fire progressed slowly until it reached the outbuildings of the Star Inn across the street. These buildings were filled with hay and other highly combustible material, which the fire greedily consumed, and from there proceeded rapidly down Pudding Lane and Fish Street. The cellars along Thames Street, which was adjacent to Fish Street, were filled with tallow, oil, spirits, hemp, and similar combustibles, making this quarter of London favorable above all others to the spread of the fire.⁴

A number of other factors greatly aided the spread of the fire. The season had been very dry, and there was a fierce eastern wind which literally blew the fire through the city. The heat from the burning buildings was so intense that the men were unable to get close enough to the fire to fight it.⁵ But had they been able to get nearer, they would have had no water to use, because the Thames Water-house had burned during the early part of the morning.⁶

Sunday afternoon the buildings above and below the bridge were burning furiously, and the fire was continuing, totally unchecked, through the city. By Sunday night it had reached Cannon Street and was heading toward the center of the city on the hill. It was reported the next morning that three hundred houses had burned during the night.⁷

At first the people of London were so benumbed by the fire that they hardly stirred to extinguish it. Instead they ran about like distracted creatures, crying out in great alarm. Everyone was trying to remove his household goods in boats or carts. Those people by the river who could not obtain boats threw their goods into the water with the hope of salvaging them later. They were clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another, trying to stay near their homes as long as possible. Sick people were being carried away on beds. The Lord Mayor in Canning Street said to Pepys, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."⁸

Monday the fire consumed Grace-church Street, Lombard Street, and part of Frenchurch Street. It then started through Cornhill, one of the larger and more spacious streets. Samuel Pepys, who was attracted by the fire as a moth is attracted by a light, persuaded the King to bring some workmen from Deptford to tear down the buildings surrounding the Naval Office to save it.⁹ However, some shortsighted men, among them aldermen,

⁴ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 23, 24.

⁵ William Bray, ed., *The Diary of John Evelyn*, Vol. II, Washington: M. Walter Dunne, 1901, p. 21.

⁶ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 28-29.

⁷ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, pp. 314-316.

⁸ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, pp. 314-315.

⁹ Clara Marburg, *Mr. Pepys and Mr. Evelyn*, Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1935, pp. 13-14.

would not permit their houses to be pulled down, thus directly aiding in the tragedy.¹⁰ Thus the fire continued its speedy itinerary, and by Monday night it had swept through Dowgate and Old Fish Street into Watling Street. It went through Threadneedle Street, up Walbrook, and up Bucklersbury, meeting at Cheapside. Its spread was amazing.¹¹

The greater part of the city was completely consumed Tuesday. This included St. Paul's Cathedral, the Inner Temple, Fleet Street, Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, and Watling Street. Melted lead was running down the streets in a stream, and the pavements were heated to a fiery red, stopping all passages, and making it impossible to get near enough to fight the fire.¹²

The fierce eastern wind, which had commenced Sunday, became quiet Wednesday, and the raging fire became more gentle. More houses were blown up with gun-powder, and by Thursday the blaze was extinguished. Its progress had been checked Wednesday at seven o'clock by the Temple, but it took much longer to quench it. However, it was not completely dead until March, 1667. Smoke and small fires were seen by Pepys on September 17, December 1, January 16, 1667, February 28, and March 16.¹³

After the conflagration, there was a thick cover of dirt lying around the stumps of walls and heaps of what had been houses. It was everywhere, for the fire had disintegrated tons of solid materials.¹⁴ Everything made of metal had been melted by the vehement heat, and all by-lanes and narrow streets were filled with rubbish.¹⁵ Cleaning up the city was an appalling task.

The losses of London were tremendous. On page 20 (below) is an estimate of the losses in pounds.¹⁶

Among those buildings not mentioned in the list were the Mermaid Tavern (popularized by Ben Jonson and frequented by Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Dr. Donne, Selden, and many others), St. Sepulchre, the College of Herald's,¹⁷ St. Magnus, and Boar's Head Tavern.¹⁸

The true cause of the fire was never determined by the Londoners. Some said it was because of the negligence of the people of the house where it began.¹⁹ But according to the baker, the oven had been drawn at ten o'clock

¹⁰ Bray, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

¹¹ Harvey, *op. cit.*, pp. 10-11.

¹² Bray, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

¹³ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, pp. 319-320, 324, 344, 360, 366, 370.

¹⁴ Bell, *op. cit.*, p. 172.

¹⁵ Bray, *op. cit.*, pp. 24-25.

¹⁶ Harvey, *op. cit.*, pp. 32-33. This information varies slightly in different books.

¹⁷ Marie & Charles Hemstreet, *Nooks and Corners of Old London*, New York: James Pott and Company, 1910, pp. 20, 29, 30.

¹⁸ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 24, 50.

¹⁹ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 64.

that night, and, upon having occasion to light a candle about twelve o'clock, he had noticed there was not enough fire in the bakehouse to kindle the match. He said that it was impossible for any wind to have come into the room and fanned the embers. When he had been awakened by the smoke just before two o'clock the next morning, he had seen that the fire was not near the oven and chimney. He, his wife, and his daughter had escaped through a garret window.²⁰

Sir Thomas Crew, after hearing the report of the committee for examining the burning of the city, thought it was certain that it was done by plots. It was proved by several witnesses that there had been attempts to aid the fire.²¹ Various strangers, Dutch and French, were imprisoned during the fire because it was thought that they had contributed maliciously to it.²²

When it was discovered that the water supply had been cut off, Bishop Lloyd accused one Grant, a Papist. It was related that Grant was interested in the Countess of Clarendon, who had asked him to help in a plan to burn the city. He was to shut off the water supply, as he was on the board that governed the water works at Islington. The Sunday before the fire broke out, Grant had gone to the water house and, having had authority to view the works at any time he pleased, got the keys to the place where the heads of the pipes were located and shut them all off. When he had left, he had taken the keys with him. Upon being accused, Grant denied that he had turned the cocks, but the officer of the works affirmed that he had. Grant confessed having taken the keys with him, but he said that it had been unintentional.²³ However, despite these suspicions it was obvious that the actual cause of the lack of water was that the Thames water, raised by the wheels at the bridge, had been cut off.²⁴

Dawes Weymansel, a justice of peace, said he had seen and stopped a man who was entering the city at the Temple Bar with his pockets filled with flax and other materials for aiding the fire. A company officer of the Trained Bands, Michael Marsh, arrested a foreigner who was carrying a dark lantern which, Marsh conceived, had been made to lay a train of powder. It was then full of powder.²⁵

"I saw the fire," Thomas Middleton, a surgeon, told the Parliamentary Committee, "break out from the inside of the Laurence Pountney steeple,

²⁰ Bell, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

²¹ O. F. Marshead, ed., *Everybody's Pepys 1660-1669*, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926, pp. 382-383.

²² Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 40.

²³ *Ibid.*, pp. 58-59.

²⁴ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 73-75.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

when there was no fire near it. These, and such observations, begat in me a persuasion that the fire was maintained by design."²⁶

Since the fire occurred at a time when the hot weather had dried the timber in the buildings, where there were so many timber houses, where the shops were filled with combustible matter, and when the wind blew from that corner toward the rest of the city, it was suspected that the Papists had plotted it. It was known that the Papists would not consider it sinful to burn a "heretical" city. The Lord Chancellor (Earl of Nottingham), in a trial during which no evidence relating to Papists had been included, gave judgment against Viscount Stafford: "Who can doubt any longer that London was burnt by Papists?"²⁷

Pepys found in an April, 1666, edition of the *Gazette*, that several persons had been tried for their lives and had been found guilty of a design of killing the King and destroying the government. They were to accomplish this by burning the city. The day intended for the plot had been September 3. Naturally, when the fire started on September 2, many people became suspicious.²⁸ Lady Carteret found a piece of paper blowing around which she showed to Pepys. It said, "Time is, it is done."²⁹

Some confessions were made. Bishop Kennet gave the following account: Only one person was put on trial at Old Bailey for being the incendiary, and he was convicted by his own confession, and executed for it. This man was Roger Hubert, a French Huguenot of Rohan in Normandy. Some people said he was "non compos mentis," and that he actually had enjoyed being hanged as the greatest villain. Others said he had been penitent, and that after his conviction he himself had led them through the ashes to the spot where the first house to burn had stood.³⁰ Edward Taylor, a boy of ten, when examined, spun a wild yarn about his father, uncle, and himself throwing two fire-balls made of gunpowder and brimstone into an open window of the house in Pudding Lane. He said that they had set fire to a number of houses in Thames Street and Fleet Street and to the Royal Exchange.³¹

As England, at the time of the Great Fire, was at war with France and Holland, it was believed that one of those countries had willfully set fire to London. One excited fellow rode down the streets crying, "Arm! Arm!" It was also falsely reported that four thousand Frenchmen and Papists were

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 41.

²⁷ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

²⁸ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, p. 347.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 358.

³⁰ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 59.

³¹ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 199-200.

in arms and coming to invade the city.³² Rather than be caught totally unprepared, the militia was fully armed and sent out, and the fleet that was out stayed very close together.³³

The King thought it was "God's judgment." Sir Edward Turner, Speaker of the House of Commons, thought that it was God punishing the whole nation. A few people thought that it was the King, because he seemed to be enjoying the fire so much.³⁴ However, most opinions are not acceptable, as the minds of the people had been altered by all of the excitement. When evidence of the city's being burned by design was presented later to the committee of the House of Commons, it was declared void of credibility.³⁵

To keep the future generations, as well as the people living at that time, from forgetting the dreadful visitation, a monument, called "The Monument," was erected in 1680 as nearly as possible on the site of the origin of the fire.³⁶ The inscription on the lower pedestal of this monument read:

This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of the most dreadful burning of this protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the papish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord 1666. In order to carry on their horrid plot for extirpating the protestant religion and old English liberty, and introducing papery and slavery.³⁷

Another kind of memorial appeared on a house near Pie Corner where the fire was extinguished: part of a carved figure of a child with the inscription which is now obliterated, but which originally read:

This boy is in memory put up
of the fire of London
occasioned by sin
of Gluttony, 1666.³⁸

Not only was the conflagration of London commemorated by a monument, but it was also observed by setting aside certain days for fasting. The first day was October 10, 1666, then September 2, 1667, and from then on the second of every September.³⁹ However, the people whose homes had been destroyed by the fire needed, and wanted, nothing to remind them of it.

Thus fell great London, that ancient and populous city! London! which was the queen city of the land; and as famous as most cities in the world! and yet how is London departed like smoak [sic], and her glory laid in the dust! How is her destruction come, which no man thought of, and her desolation in a moment!⁴⁰

³² *Ibid.*, pp. 31, 41.

³³ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, p. 321.

³⁴ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 67, 73.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 63.

³⁸ Hemstreet, *op. cit.*, p. 30.

³⁹ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, pp. 329, 433, 533.

⁴⁰ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

ESTIMATE OF LOSSES IN POUNDS

The Royal Exchange.....	50,000
13,200 houses at 25 £ rent at the low rate of 12 years purchase	3,960,000
87 Parish Churches at 8,000 £ each.....	696,000
6 consecrated chapels at 2,000 £ each.....	12,000
The Custom-house.....	10,000
52 halls of companies, most of which were magnificent struc- tures and palaces, at 1,500 £ each.....	78,000
3 city gates at 3,000 £ each.....	9,000
Jail of Newgate.....	15,000
Four stone bridges.....	6,000
Sessions-house	7,000
Guildhall, with the courts and offices belonging to it.....	40,000
Blackwell-hall	3,000
Bridewell	5,000
Poultry Compter.....	5,000
Woodstreet Compter.....	3,000
Toward rebuilding St. Paul's church, which at that time was a new building, the stone-work being almost finished...	2,000,000
Wares, household stuff, monies and moveable goods lost and spoiled	2,000,000
Hire of porters, carts, wagons, barges, boats, etc., to remove wares, household things, etc., during and after the fire..	200,000
Printed books and papers in shops and warehouses.....	150,000
Wine, tobacco, sugar, plums, etc., of which the city was very full at that time.....	1,500,000
Cutting a navigable river to Holborn-bridge.....	27,000
The Monument.....	14,500
<i>Total losses</i>	10,730,500

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Music Therapy

FRANCES WILMETH

DGS 1b, Theme 7, 1944-1945

MUSIC THERAPY IS THE TREATMENT OF PHYSICAL and mental ills by means of music. Music as a therapeutic device begins where medicine ends. The latter prescribes for the physical man; the former seeks to restore balance to the person as a whole. Music not only bolsters the morale and spirits of the sick but also tones up their bodies.¹

The history of music therapy dates back to the ancient days of Greek and Roman splendor. Apollo, the Greek god of music, was also god of medicine. Hippocrates, the "father of medicine," took his mental patients to the temple to listen to soothing strains of music. Aristotle ascribed its beneficial effects to an "emotional catharsis." The French Voltaire satirically claimed that we go to the opera chiefly to promote digestion. By the thirteenth century the Arabs had equipped their hospitals with music rooms. Florence Nightingale brought music to hospitals during the Crimean War. And thirty years ago William James used it at a mental hospital in Boston.

Today many hospitals are experimenting throughout the United States on the effects of music upon their patients. An official of the Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D. C., in a report to *Etude* magazine, said, "In reality the program of Applied Music at Walter Reed is, and will be for some time to come, in the purely experimental stage. Attempts are being made to determine if possible whether any constant factors can be arrived at in the use of music, with particular reference to psychic disorders. Of course, this being a medical installation, the experiment naturally must proceed wholly along scientific lines. The burden of the proof must therefore lie with the experimenters, who are working in collaboration with Army doctors. The medical profession, although open-minded, is quite the hardest of any organization to convince; but once such proof has been offered it will be able thereby to withstand attack."²

In spite of this almost pessimistic attitude of the medical profession, many people have become interested in this field. Helen Cartwright, who has done much work in army hospitals, states: "This much we do know, however, from immediate observation of hundreds of cases, that in many instances the right kind of music, rightly administered, does show beneficial

¹ D. K. Antrim, "Music Therapy," *Musical Quarterly*, 130 (October, 1944), 409.

² Quoted in Helen Cartwright, "The Healing Art of Music," *Etude*, 63 (February, 1945), 81.

results. When one has seen the morale of a ward raised; when he has seen tired, fretful patients relax and fall asleep, and has heard many say, 'Thank you, please come again soon,' he may well feel that a good day's work has been done."³

In experiments on the effect of music on the human body, it has been discovered that music increases metabolism, increases or decreases muscular energy, accelerates or decreases breathing, increases or decreases pulse or blood pressure, influences internal secretions, lowers the threshold of sensory perception, and affords a psychological basis for the generation of emotions.⁴ Music has been used as an antidote for pain in the operating room and the dentist's chair. For severe pain lively, loud music of pronounced rhythm is best, whereas calming music is used for nervous breakdowns, or sleeplessness. Some hospitals have substituted playing music in the evening for sedatives.

In war hospitals fast, rhythmic music helps soldiers regain the use of arms and legs that have been in casts. Men with artificial or injured legs are made to march and dance. Familiar tunes such as "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," or "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," are played in insane asylums. "But music is not a specific for mental disorder. There is even the danger that the wrong music may be used by patients to express and reinforce delusional ideas."⁵

Music therapy is also used on maladjusted children. This is especially true in the Children's Psychiatric Ward of Bellevue Hospital in New York, where many nervous, shy, over-pampered, defiant, and illegitimate children are brought. Dr. Loretta Bender, psychiatrist in charge, has said, "I am quite convinced that our music activity reaches the subcordial center of the brain, where other activities do not, and thereby helps to integrate the personality that is going to pieces in these children."⁶ Active participation in the making of music is often considered more effective than mere listening, for group performance develops a spirit of cooperation and fellowship, thus helping the patients to overcome their inhibitions.

The playing of instruments is also used in the treatment of dental defects. The late Dr. Robert Summa, an orthodontist of St. Louis, used a flute to correct an undeveloped chin, a double-reed instrument for a short upper lip, the clarinet for a receding upper arch, and, for the most common malformation—a protruding upper arch—the bugle or trumpet.⁷

Today, "medical institutions are slowly but surely waking up to the necessity for research in this field of musical therapeutics. We are prob-

³ Cartwright, *op. cit.*, p. 110.

⁴ Antrim, *op. cit.*, p. 411.

⁵ "Music Used in Therapy," *Science Digest*, 17 (January, 1945), 77.

⁶ Quoted in Antrim, *op. cit.*, p. 417.

⁷ Antrim, *op. cit.*, p. 418.

ably at the dawn of a great era in the treatment of disease. The fact that eminent physicians are constantly contending that the functional diseases which are the result of disturbed mental states and emotional stress are far more numerous than is generally known indicates that the calming effect of music will be employed more than ever in the future."⁸

⁸Helen Cartwright, "More Musical Therapeutics," *Etude*, 63 (March, 1945), 136.

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Mushrooms on Exhibit

ANNE HINES

DGS 1b, Theme 6, 1944-1945

THE NEWEST AND PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING section of the Museum of Natural History at the University of Illinois is the mushroom showcase. It is really an injustice to call this "modified part of the woods," which was completed about two weeks ago, only a showcase, because it is much more than that. It is an artificial reproduction of nature at her loveliest in one of the most educational exhibits I have ever seen. When I first saw this mushroom exhibit, I was very favorably impressed by the originality that its creator had shown, then by its beauty, and finally by its very close resemblance to actual scenes in nature. I learned that this project had been planned and executed almost entirely by Dr. L. A. Adams, Curator of the Museum of Natural History, and so I went to see Dr. Adams to get the full details.

"It all started," he began, "about twenty years ago when I discovered that people were actually interested in mushrooms." People used to come to his house late at night with bucketfuls of mushrooms, wanting to know what species they were and whether or not they were poisonous. Dr. Adams believed that if people were really as much interested in mushrooms as they appeared to be, a section of the museum should be set off for their display. He did not want an ordinary showcase of pictures or of preserved mushrooms—he wanted something "alive," something that everyone would be interested in, whether or not he was actually concerned about mushrooms.

A little over two years ago, the actual work was begun. First, the species

of the mushrooms to be used had to be obtained and wax casts made of each of them. There are forty species shown, all of which are native to this state. The mushrooms are all made of wax, and they are excellent reproductions of the real things. Some of the mushrooms used for models were grown on this campus. One of these is the "dog stinkhorn" or *mutinus caninus*. One of the most beautiful of the mushrooms is the *amanita muscaria*, a poisonous plant. Several other plants which, I believe, especially stand out are the "white death cup" or "earth star," the giant puff ball, and the *lepiota*.

After the mushrooms were gathered, the problem arose of obtaining the natural setting. In the right corner of the case is a beautiful log which Dr. Adams and his associate found only after a long search through many woods. "We looked at over a thousand logs before we found this one," Dr. Adams said. "It's a beauty." The log, however, was not as long as Dr. Adams wanted it, so a plaster supplement was made, connecting the log to a painted continuation of it on the background. It is an excellent job of art work, and many noted critics have been unable to tell where the log itself ends.

Next came the task of obtaining the grass and the leaves. Much of the grass used is actual grass which was collected from the University campus in summer and preserved in formaldehyde and glycerin. The remainder was made from pine needles and split palm leaves. Every piece of grass had to be put in individually. This took about six months. The leaves are all actual leaves which were gathered in the fall, dried for six months, and processed so that they would not dry out. Dr. Adams calls this process "embalming the leaves."

The various flowers, which are made from wax, were put in solely for the purpose of decoration. There are only two species present—the red and white trillium and the lady slipper, an orchid.

The showcase itself is located where it is so that no natural light can reach it. There are no windows near, and only the artificial light in the case lights the exhibit. The background of the case was painted by an art student on this campus. Excellent work was done in "killing the corners," a trick often used in this kind of work to camouflage the corners and make the scene look natural.

The last problem Mr. Adams had to overcome was that of labeling the mushrooms. Botanists insisted there must be labels, but Dr. Adams insisted there would be no labels in his woodland scene. "It's supposed to be natural," he said, "and there are no labels in nature." Finally, as a compromise, pictures of the scene were taken and hung directly above. The mushrooms are labeled there, and those that are poisonous are marked by a skull and crossbones.

This woodland scene is, as I have already said, very realistic. There are even various insects—flies, beetles, and locusts—placed on several plants. Everything in the scene is made to look exactly as it does in actual life.

The Crash

WILLIAM L. RABY

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1944-1945

"DEAR MOM," THE KID WROTE, "THIS ISN'T A BAD place here. The sick bay is small, but it's almost like a miniature hospital. The Chief says that a small place like this is the best place to learn to be a corpsman, and he should know. He has been a Chief Pharmacist's Mate for quite a while now, I imagine, as he has hashmarks all over his sleeve.

"Everybody here is quite informal. They all call the commanding officer 'Skipper,' except when they are addressing him, of course. 'Skipper' is the Navy name for the commanding officer of a ship or station. All of the crew call the chief either 'Chief' or 'Doc,' and to tell the truth I don't even know what his name really is. Both the 'Skipper' and the 'Chief' act pretty hard boiled, and that's the way I'm going to try and act 'cause it seems to be the best way to get along in this outfit. The Chief seems to be a little nervous right now, as he is pacing up and down the hall and smoking cigarette after cigarette. I ——."

A prolonged shriek split the air, interrupting both the kid's letter and the Chief's pacing.

"Crash alarm," cried the Chief. "Come on, kid, we've work to do."

Side by side they sprinted out to the ambulance. The night had come alive. Sirens were shrieking, gears were grinding, voices were shouting, and headlights and searchlights were cutting through the moonless dark. To an uninitiated person, like the kid, this was just a mass of confusion, but behind the seemingly aimless activity there was an orderly purpose.

The ambulance roared away behind the Skipper's jeep. Between bumps and jolts the kid could see the intent, almost tragic expression that the dashboard lights revealed on the Chief's face.

They had gone about a mile. All about them stretched the swampland, and far ahead the reflection of a large blaze could be seen in the sky and on the taller trees. The jeep came to a standstill.

"Hey, Doc!" yelled the Skipper to the Chief.

"Yes, sir? What in hell's wrong?"

"It's pretty damn bad going in here. Think we ought to try it?"

"You know who's in that plane, Skipper?"

The commanding officer stood there looking at the Chief for a moment. His face seemed full of pity, but the kid decided it was just an illusion created by the headlights playing on him in the dark.

"Okay, Doc, we'll go through. You lead the way," said the Skipper.

Cursing at the delay with every bit of vocabulary picked up in thirty years of service, the Chief reached down and connected the front wheel drive. The headlights were useless, or almost so, as the ambulance went ploughing ahead in second gear. Trees and bushes went down before it as it pushed along.

Sometimes they almost stopped, but the Chief always managed to tear the ambulance loose from the ooze that was all around them. The kid tried to wipe his brow and smash at the insects that were on him, but the Chief just gripped the wheel and played on the ambulance for the utmost in performance.

"Light me a cigarette, will you, kid?"

"Sure, Chief." There was a pause, then a click. "Here you are."

"Thanks."

It was quiet in the ambulance again, except for the cracking of trees and bushes, the roar of the motor, and the steady "sclutching" noise of the wheels.

They burst through a thicket and into full sight of the wreck. All they could see was a mass of flame roaring up from a little island. The ambulance pulled up on the comparatively dry land, and the Chief slowly got out. Just as slowly, he walked over to within ten yards of the wreck, and stood there with his hands shielding his face.

The jeep came "put-put-putting" up.

"It's no use, sir," said the Chief as he shuffled over the blackened swamp grass. The glare of the fire made him seem a garish, wavering figure. "They're cooked, and they're still in there; I could see them."

"God damn it, Doc, I'm sorry," and the Skipper turned away to bellow at the fire truck which had just come up.

The Chief sat with his forehead pressed against the steering wheel for over an hour. It took that long to put the fire out. Finally the blaze was reduced to smoking embers.

"Go on, kid," said the Chief wearily, "pull them out. That's the medic's job."

White-faced and with taut features, the kid walked over to the shambles. He looked in and saw a twisted, blackened, and shrunk form with the general outline of a human being. There were no hands or feet, for the bones must have dried too fast and the appendages burned away. There was some sort of white stuff oozing out of a long fissure in the head.

Gingerly, the kid's hands reached under the armpits. He pulled his hands loose even as he touched the corpse, and stood there looking at the wet, charcoal-like substance that clung to his fingers. Sweat stood out on his face, and then he turned away and vomited.

"That's okay, kid, I'll do it," said the Chief, but there was a hollow note in his voice.

"Let me detail somebody to do that, Doc," pleaded the Skipper.

"No, sir. This is medical department business. I'm the medical department here, and so it's my business."

Slumped over on the running board, the kid felt rather than saw the Chief put first one body and then the other in the back of the ambulance. The fire truck crew stood by, wide-eyed, and watched the Chief move back and forth in the triple glare of the headlights.

"God," someone whispered, "how can he stand it?"

The Chief slammed the rear door of the ambulance and climbed into the driver's seat.

"Come on, kid," he said. "We're going."

As they inched their way back through the swamp, the kid recovered a measure of his spirits. He was a bit ashamed of his breakdown.

"Poor suckers," he said cockily. "Well, they got to expect that when they're flyers."

"Shut up," said the Chief savagely. A moment later he half-turned and looked at the kid. "I'm sorry, lad," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt you." He paused for a few moments, and then continued, "I don't blame you for getting sick. It's never pleasant, but it's something you have to get used to. This crash has made me fully as sick as it made you, but in a slightly different way."

"Yeah," thought the Chief, "it's a different way. Just yesterday the boy came up to me. 'Dad,' he said, 'how'd you like to have a daughter-in-law?' I told him that it wouldn't exactly break my heart. 'Well,' says he, 'I'm marrying Alice next month.'"

"Then this evening the Skipper calls up and tells me the boy has volunteered for this night flight. Now I'm carting him back to sick bay in such a condition that a pimply faced hospital apprentice faints when he looks at him."

They drove along in silence. The Chief gripped the wheel desperately; his cigarette sent out little sparks.

"God," said the kid finally, "but those two messes stink up the place."

Don't Wait to Live

In these years of war and bitter hatred, we often become so engrossed in wishing for the future to come that we forget "the present we have always with us." Our thoughts, ambitions, and hopes are all directed to the time when things will be as they were. And so we go to a dance and enjoy ourselves until we happen to think, "If Bill (or Bob or Jack or Jim) were here, I'd be having so much more fun." And our evening is ruined. We go home to wait for the end of the war to enjoy ourselves, while life goes marching endlessly past us. The war alone, however, is not to blame for this state of mind. We have always more or less wished our lives away, forgetting the present in our anxiety for the future.—MARY ALICE ROYLE

The Dress Suit

JO ANN WETZLER

DGS 1b, Theme 2, 1944-1945

AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, THE RACIAL PROBLEM which is perplexing politicians and troubling sociologists was settled something like four years ago. It took less than two minutes to settle it — long enough to walk from the elevator in the Hudson Building to the door of the radio studio where Mother worked.

It was a school holiday and I had come down to have lunch with Mother. Returning to the studio after lunch, we rode up in the elevator with Donald, who sang on Mother's program. Donald received more fan letters than anyone else on the staff. Women, young and old, adored him; taxi drivers ran through red lights in order to get him to the studio on time when he overslept; newsboys, bankers, and bootblacks called him by his first name. It wasn't merely that he sang love songs in a peculiarly personal style, or that he had a lean, hungry-looking face and an arrogant manner. Donald possessed that intangible quality known as "personality." On the air, "emceeing" in the Jackson Hotel ballroom, riding bareheaded in his canary-colored convertible, or perched on a stool in Walgreen's, Don attracted attention. It was partly because of the way he dressed.

His suits were always of the latest cut, the finest fabric. His shirts were custom-made, and never was he seen without a flower in his coat lapel. Donald liked yellow. Some folks said he had good reason to. There was a streak of it up his back, for, in spite of his popularity, there were many whispers about his personal reputation.

However, Mother liked Donald in an amused, tolerant sort of way, although she got angry with him at times. One of these times occurred when he showed up for her program on New Year's morning still wearing his elegant dress-suit, slightly rumpled, and with the front of his white shirt covered with lipstick. He sang slightly off-key and had to hang onto the microphone because he was still very drunk. Mother sent me home that day and said she had changed her mind about letting me study for radio.

But getting back to the day on which the racial problem was solved. On that day, Donald was very cheerful and sober. We stepped into the elevator together, and instantly several people called out, "Hi yuh, Don!" The colored boy, Sam, who worked in the shoe-shining parlor downstairs, was in the elevator, too. He was carrying some shoes in his hands, apparently returning them to a customer on one of the floors above.

As the elevator stopped at our floor, Donald turned to Sam. "Did you have a good time at your shindig last night?" he questioned.

Sam's face broke into a pleased grin. "Yes suh, Mr. Don," he chuckled, "ah sure did. A swell time, thank yuh, sir."

"Sam out stepping last night?" Mother asked as the elevator door clanged behind us.

"Yes," Don answered, "it was hot stuff, I guess. He wanted to borrow my dress suit for the occasion."

We were walking down the long corridor to the studio door by then, Mother's heels making a sharp tapping sound as she matched her step with Donald's long stride. I was tagging along behind, but I saw the amused look on Mother's face as she said, "Well, did you lend it to him?"

Donald had the door to the studio open by then, and entered without waiting for Mother and me to go in first.

"What do you think?" he answered, looking quizzically over his shoulder.

"I don't know," Mother said in a quiet voice. "Did you?"

Donald turned sharply. "Of course I did. We're the same size, aren't we?"

Yes, they were the same size. That was correct.

Mother walked into her office without saying another word. She took off her hat very slowly and put it on the filing cabinet, then stood in front of the window, looking into the alley-way between the buildings for several minutes. When she turned around, the corners of her mouth were curved upwards in the way they do when she is pleased and proud about something.

Mr. Smith Blushes

JEAN LOPIN

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1944-1945

MR. SMITH HAS BEEN THE HISTORY INSTRUCTOR AT our high school for several years. He is short and thin. His thick-lensed glasses, added to his dark hair, dark eyes and features, help him look studious and distinguished. The members of his classes have seen him in only three suits: one brown, one black, and one grey; and, as well as they can surmise, he has only five shirts: two white ones (because he couldn't wear one as often as he does and keep it clean), one grey, one tan, and one with blue stripes. He is a rather young man, and the timid look on his youthful face makes the girls describe him as "cute" or "precious." Whenever he overhears any of these remarks, Mr. Smith blushes.

Mr. Smith's blush is a familiar sight. He blushes at almost every occurrence. His countenance turns from white to pink, then to red, which spreads rapidly over his face, neck, and ears. He tries desperately to divert attention

to someone else. During the interval the flush recedes from his cheeks, and his face resumes its normal color.

Mr. Smith has a bulletin board in his classroom. On it he posts the pictures and clippings pertinent to the period his classes are studying. He labors religiously at this collection. Each picture or clipping is fastened with a tack at each of its corners, and all are arranged in orderly rows or are grouped according to their subjects. Each row or group is in chronological order that one may have a comparatively complete picture of the period from a close study of Mr. Smith's bulletin board. He often works late after school on this project, and can be seen leaving the building quietly between 5:00 and 5:30 p.m. He tries to leave unnoticed, but if he happens to meet anyone on the stairs, Mr. Smith blushes.

Mr. Smith likes to argue. It is very unusual when a whole class period is spent on the lesson assigned. The hour will begin with a discussion of the lesson. The discussion will develop into an argument. This argument will lead to another topic. A recitation beginning with the causes of the depression may end with a heated debate on the advantages of socialized medicine. With chagrin he realizes that he has not covered the text subject, and, looking at the innocently grinning faces of his students, Mr. Smith blushes.

Mr. Smith is very restless. He is constantly walking about the classroom, pausing now and then to sit on a corner of his desk. When he does use the chair provided, he tilts it backward or makes it rock. He likes to play with pieces of chalk. He throws a piece into the air, catches it, and begins again. Very often he drops a piece, and it shatters into tiny fragments. As he leans over to retrieve any reasonably large segments, Mr. Smith blushes.

Mr. Smith rarely enters into any social activities. He will occasionally chaperon a school dance, but he prefers to stay at home with his invalid mother. When he does attend, however, he will place himself in a dark corner and will not move until it is time to pick up the coke bottles, turn out the lights, lock the doors, and go home.

Mr. Smith is afraid of the girls. He gets along very well with the fellows, but girlish giggling and chattering annoy him. He involuntarily backs away when the girl in the front row is reciting. Coy glances and brilliant smiles frighten him. A girl need only look at him, and Mr. Smith blushes.

I must visit Mr. Smith at the high school when I go home. I can see myself now. I walk up to him and say, "Hello, Mr. Smith."

He shakes my proffered hand and says timidly, "Hello, Jean. How do you like the University?" And then, of course, Mr. Smith blushes.

Whittling

JOHN FLANAGAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945

OF ALL THE HOBBIES THAT MEN MAY CHOOSE, THAT of working wood with a knife is one of the most fascinating. Any one who desires to may participate, for the necessary implements are few and inexpensive. An ordinary jackknife and a piece of wood are the fundamental essentials, although there is a variety of knives available that are made especially for whittling.

My paternal grandfather is an avid enthusiast of this particular pastime, and well can I remember the many hours I spent watching him work. Hours flew by like minutes as we would sit together in silence. The only sound was the "szzp! szzp!" of Grandad's busy knife. His favorite retreat for whittling was under a large oak tree out in the country. Somehow the roaming, angular branches above, and the gnarled roots poking their noses out here and there like children playing hide-'n'-seek seemed to inspire him.

Monarch was Grandad's dog. "Mon" seemed to me to be utter perfection in "caninity." He was the most beautiful collie I have ever seen. A gentle air of quiet dignity pervaded any scene of which he was a part. His glistening coat of ivory and tan, his small delicate feet, and his perfectly shaped ears were the outstanding points that heralded the approach of "the trio" as we would go through town toward the tree.

Some of Grandad's notable works include the presidents of the United States in walnuts, a circus menagerie in peach seeds, and his calendar. I have no recollection of watching Grandad carve the presidents, which undoubtedly constitute the best work he has ever accomplished. Each one is carved from a walnut, and the furrows on the surface of the nut are taken to perfect advantage to create the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Each figurine is a masterpiece in itself, but the complete set is something on a still higher order, a *chef d'oeuvre*.

A careful study of the set instantly reveals Grandad's politics, for sometimes he allowed his opinion of the particular individual he was carving to guide his knife. Not that any one is a caricature; each is a superb likeness, but a line of the face or the expression on the mouth clearly indicates Grandad's opinion of the individual. The most intriguing piece is the bust of Grant. It seems Grandad caught the strength that was Grant and ex-

pressed it even through the beard. The line of his jaw, though not obvious, suggests a fighting man with strong convictions.

The first things I can remember Grandad carving were the animals. This amusing collection includes a bear, a dog, a donkey, an elephant, a hippopotamus, three monkeys, a parrot, and a tiger. Each figure is complete to the most minute detail. The bear's mouth is open in a savage snarl and each tooth is distinguishable. The nails on the dog's feet, the ribs showing comically through the donkey's side, the fragile trunk on the elephant—all of these trivial details are included.

Fond are my memories of the summer days when I would hear Grandad's whistle for "Mon." Then he would stroll over to where I was and ask me if I cared to go for a walk. His calabash clamped firmly between his teeth, his pockets full of peach stones, knives, and a small rasp, he would start out, flanked by a magnificent collie and a towheaded youngster. The small, minor details still cling tenaciously to my memory. The smoke rolling from Grandad's pipe like that of a steamboat fighting a strong current, "Mon" snapping viciously at the irritating flies, the hot, dry dust sifting caressingly through my toes, as barefooted I ambled along in the gait common to ten-year-old boys—all these things are always with me. When we would reach the tree, Grandad would settle himself down on the soft grass with a manner of dignity approaching pompousness. Dogs go through a unique procedure to lie down, and "Mon" was no exception. First he would glance around to see whether he had picked the best spot; then, satisfied, he would turn around three or four times, lowering himself slowly as he did so. I, being an innocent youth ignorant of the importance of the formality of properly seating oneself when preparing to observe whittling, merely sank down in the fashion most convenient at the time.

The calendar was a novel pastime my grandfather had. Every day he would whittle out a link in a wooden chain. Since the war has made wood scarce, and he can no longer obtain the kind in the right size, he has discontinued the calendar. When soft white pine was available, Grandad would buy a piece about four feet long and an inch square. For every day in each month there was a link. Sundays and all other holidays were larger links of the chain.

More than anything else I enjoyed the "man-to-man" chats we had in the shade of the rambling oak tree. Many and varied were the subjects of our conversation, and if I possess any definite philosophy today, I owe it entirely to those discourses with Grandad.

High School Sororityism— A Plague

AUDREY EDSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

THE LAVISHLY FURNISHED LIVING ROOM WAS crowded with extremely dressed girls. The oldest of these was scarcely seventeen, but if a casual onlooker were to make a guess at the average age, the number would probably be nearer twenty-one. Scattered about the room were several very anxious girls. Their faces were overly animated, and their conversation was too feverish. These young women were rushees to one of the many high school sororities. They were eager for the prestige and position which admission would bring to them.

Joan Simon, an active member of this select group and therefore one of the objects of the rushees' heroine worship, sat in a large brocaded chair near the fireplace, talking quietly to Helene Shaw, one of the rushees. Helene was worried and nervous; her small, piquant face showed the strain of forced vivacity; she stuttered from the effort of making a good impression. Joan glanced at her from time to time. Finally she asked, "Helene, why do you want to get in so much?" The younger girl looked at her for a few puzzled moments, and then her eyes lighted up.

"Oh," she said, "I'd just give anything to wear that pin."

Just those words—no mention of sisterhood, no mention of making friends. She just wanted to wear the pin.

Joan reflected for a moment on her motives for wanting to join the sorority. Stripped of false ideals, the motives were pretty much the same: a desire for prestige, and a desire for an enlarged social life.

"Okay," thought Joan, "I'll try my hardest to get Helene in."

Joan was a new member though; she had never participated in the game of blackballing. So she smiled at the rushees; she was kind and gracious and encouraging.

It was an unwritten law of the sorority that the rushee speak to every member, and it was terribly nice if she could remember their names. After all, there were only fifty girls.

Joan looked over the twenty-odd rushees. There was a confident one, babbling to her best friend, who was an influential member, about the swell date she had had the night before. Joan walked over to the girl. "Betty Baker" was written on her name tag. Joan introduced herself and sat down nearby. Betty's lips, painted well over her lip line, moved up and down, producing a torrent of conversation in sentences beginning predominantly with

the first person singular. This rushee seemed poised. She was familiar to the members and was secure in the possession of a "steady," who was calling for her after the tea. How differently she acted from the majority of rushees! Joan, who had resolved never to blackball a girl, felt a moment of spiteful desire against this cocky little adolescent.

Joan looked at her small, gold watch; it was three o'clock. The rushees would be leaving soon, and the meeting would start in earnest.

"So long, Joan, thanks for everything." Joan turned; there was Helene, a soft, hopeful look in her eyes.

"So long," said Joan. "I'll see you soon again." Helene looked properly hopeful, and left, following the other aspirants to the high station of pledgedom.

This was the third rush tea. Of the remaining girls, many must be excluded once and for all. This was the last time that many of them would ever attend a meeting of this sorority. Those who would be accepted would receive the coveted pledge pin; the others either would forget about the affair or mope about, depending upon the amount of common sense they had.

Joan's thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the social secretary reading the name of the first rushee, Phyllis Allen. There were no comments, except an occasional whisper about the cuteness of Phyllis's brother. Betty Baker was also admitted.

Suddenly the voting was interrupted by the insistent ring of the phone. The president answered it and came back presently with an odd look on her face. "That was Arlene Wheeler's mother," she said. "Mrs. Wheeler said that Arlene came home crying and insisting that she hadn't been accepted. Mrs. Wheeler said that Arlene would think she was a failure if she didn't get in." Excited murmurs greeted this announcement. The sorority decided to vote on Arlene immediately. One girl put in a blackball. Joan wondered whether there would be anymore; she needed only three to be excluded. The girls were silent. Joan relaxed against the wall. From her position on the floor she was rather well hidden from view, and she had excellent opportunities to study these teen-agers. Joan wondered whether they had some special facility which gave them the wisdom to judge their contemporaries. She decided that if the girls did possess such a gift, they had it well hidden.

The blackballing continued. Rushees were discarded as ruthlessly as a rayon stocking with a run. Some girls weren't "sorority material." Joan was beginning to think that "sorority material" was as rare as nylon. Snobbish Linda Wolff rose and blackballed Helene Shaw. A yelp of protest came from Joan, who wanted to know why. Linda declined to give any reason other than that "I don't care for the girl and I don't want her for a sorority sister." Joan was a little "sick" of the procedure by now and was glad that it was almost over.

A few more girls failed to make the grade; the remainder were counted. Nine girls of the twenty had been admitted. Nine girls were now privileged to go through the period of pledging; nine girls would have the honor of carrying out the ridiculous whims of the members for two or more months. The willingness of the pledges to fulfill these stupid duties proved their loyalty to the sorority. The pledge rose when a member entered the room, and she did not resear herself without the member's permission. The pledge carried a member's books home, or carried her shoes to the shoemaker. The pledge did all this willingly. Joan knew, for she had gone through pledging. Now she was a member and could look at her high school sorority from the inside. She found it nothing more than a weak imitation of its big sister, the college sorority. Joan knew now that that organization which preached sisterhood was in reality practicing segregation.

Joan's head ached when she thought of those eleven disappointed girls. "Damn it," she swore, on her way home.

Remember This — Remember This

KATHLEEN EADS

DGS 1a, Theme 4, 1944-1945

THE LOCKER ROOM WAS PACKED THAT NIGHT WITH A milling, rushing throng of graduates-to-be. Everyone was putting on caps and gowns and talking, shouting, or even shrieking to friends in the large room. It was a madhouse of chatter under the glare from the big lights on the ceiling far above us.

"Anybody got an extra bobby pin?"

"Hey, Alice, come here a second!"

"Gee, this is fun!"

The last exclamation probably came from me. To tell the truth I didn't exactly know how I did feel about graduation. I knew I was glad, but I felt that maybe I was expected to be sad. Or maybe I was really sorry to see the past fade so fast. Was I going to be afraid of my future? Should I be? I mean——. "Well, *really!*" said something within me. "You knew long before now that you would feel like this. You always have on other occasions of the like. You thought this all out weeks ago, and you know that the best you can do is just look happy." That's what the something said to me, and I felt terribly ashamed. I detest all that melodramatic talk about "little voices within one's self," and I hate to admit that I possess one myself. Anyhow, I did as I was told and talked a blue streak just as if I were deliriously happy.

The line formed and all the lost were found just in the nick of time. The music began and so did we. We started slowly and marched through aisles lined with parents and friends with whom we exchanged stealthy winks and grins of recognition. Then we reached our seats. The rest of the evening went by in a solemn and sedate manner except that all the time the something, the voice, within me kept saying, "Remember this—remember this; it can't happen again." At last, quietly and seriously, we went to the stage for our diplomas. "You're supposed to remember this," came the ever-ready whisper. "Everyone else does." I wondered how soon my cap would fall off.

"Goodbye," I said to my best girl friend just behind me. "And good luck, in case I don't see you for a while." She said, "Oh, I'll see you this summer, I guess." I haven't seen her since.

The lobby was packed and I saw a pushing, wiggling crowd of graduates, friends, parents, relatives, neighbors, teachers. Oh, so many people!

"Congratulations!"

"You looked swell!"

"Goodbye! Good luck!"

"So long—see you soon!"

"Mother—Hey, Dad! Here I am!"

It was as if a whirlwind were spinning people in and out of every door and whirling many, many voices out to anywhere and everywhere.

Let's Be Fair to Student Labor

LEO SEGEDIN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

BECAUSE OF POOR LABOR CONDITIONS ON CAMPUS, efforts were made toward the creation of a federation of working Illini students. These efforts encountered the opposition of certain members of the student body of the University who argued that there was no need for a union. Labor conditions, they said, were not bad enough to warrant any unified action to remedy the situation. Let us discuss this argument in the light of existing information and see whether it is justified.

First of all, are working conditions fair to students? From what I have learned, I would say, "No," for the following reasons. Wages on the University of Illinois campus average slightly above forty cents an hour. The national government considers any wage below fifty cents an hour as substandard and has established fifty cents an hour as a minimum wage wherever it has jurisdiction. The University of Illinois wage average, therefore, is far below the national standard for satisfactory wages. Even in com-

parison with other state universities, the University of Illinois is put in an unfavorable light. For example, the University of Wisconsin has established fifty cents an hour as a minimum wage.

There have been some pay raises, of course. There are in the school's budget specific allowances for raises in wages. These apply chiefly to regular outside help. When the wages of the regular help are raised, those of the student are raised proportionally. It has been the custom, however, to keep student wages at approximately half those of the regular help who do the same kind of work. This great variation in the pay for the same work is, of course, unfair.

The unfairness of these tactics naturally influences the working hours of a student. Most students do not work for the fun of it. They work because they must pay for at least part of their expenses. Low wages mean long hours. Many students have had to maintain two or more jobs in order to continue their education. A student's time is valuable; the longer he works, the less time he has to spend on his studies. Conditions such as these on a university campus are obviously not conducive to the development of a successful student, and so in the light of these facts it is rather difficult for anyone to maintain that working conditions are satisfactory.

It would be possible, however, for a union of student workers to bring about the desired improvements in working conditions. More than anyone else, the student worker is aware that the problems do exist, but only as a unified group would student workers be able to accomplish anything. A demand for a minimum wage of at least fifty cents an hour could be made, and the students would be strong enough to support their demands. A system of fair working hours and fair wages could be established. There are times when student workers are unable to tend to their jobs. In such emergencies a union could guarantee labor to the employer. A system such as this would benefit both the employer and the student. The employer could be sure of a job being filled at all times; the students who desire to work for short periods of time would be satisfied.

A federation of student workers is not something entirely new on a university campus. The high wage standards of the University of Wisconsin are due to the organized efforts of a student union, and the same can probably be said for several other universities. Any unified efforts of Illinois students, therefore, would not be blind and groping as several people seem to think. Rather, such efforts would be based upon the knowledge and experience gained by other unions—student unions as well as other labor organizations.

The final success of any federation of working Illini students, however, will depend upon the serious support of the students themselves. Without support, no organization can possibly be successful.

Age of Thunder

By Frederic Prokosch

MIRIAM GRAHAM

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1944-1945

FREDERIC PROKOSCH'S *AGE OF THUNDER* IS AMPLE evidence that beautiful writing is not enough. Few living writers can handle the English language with more distinction than this poet turned novelist. Even Thomas Mann has paid tribute to the Prokosch prose. But, I think Prokosch's isolated talent of turning exquisite sentences or fashioning fabulously beautiful passages (sometimes several pages in length) actually destroys his chances of achieving greatness. His character development, plot construction, and even intellectual honesty tend to disappear in a purple mist of liquid syllables.

Prokosch's novel pictures the life and death struggles of the maquis in the Haute-Savoie during the years of French underground resistance. Jean-Nicolas, a loyal parachutist spy, dropped for vague reasons of collecting information, dreams his way toward the Swiss border on a magic carpet of Prokosch philosophizing. Later, Jean-Nicolas is betrayed to a German officer by a shadowy caricature named Robinson. That this Robinson or the German commandant would entertain and edify this obvious spy with long and rather juvenile philosophical essays sounded unreal to me.

I do not believe that three mountain gangsters who waylay Allied sympathizers would talk like three versions of Prokosch while planning the murder of Jean-Nicolas. And I do not believe that Susanna, the convenient virgin who tosses the conventions aside like the "winter garment of repentance" upon meeting Jean-Nicolas, would talk or act as she did. In fact, the whole novel is Prokosch any way you cut it.

Incidentally, logical readers who have an eye for detail will want to know why the Swiss border was always a line of hills as these poetic escapists approached it, and how it suddenly became a river when they reached it. But Prokosch, in his illogically slap-happy approach to the problem, undoubtedly thinks such matters are beneath his attention. Personally, I think Prokosch better stick to poetry.

The only good points I can see about the whole book are the beautifully written passages and the romantic backdrops. However, the reader wants to know how the maquis operated, how the Germans and the collaborationists countered their efforts, and what men would do, think, and say under such circumstances. It is here that Prokosch evades the issue and covers it up with his philosophizing.

The Plant

I can remember a time when my mother's daily trips to meet my father after he had finished work held a great fascination for me. Father works at a large oil refining plant, the sight of which once filled me with awe, but which has long since become simply "the plant."

Every day during the summer months Mother and I would park in the hot, unshaded lot amid other cars full of waiting wives and children. Before us was the electrically controlled gate of the high iron fence that surrounded the plant, vigilantly watched over by a uniformed guard. The gate would slide back frequently to admit a lumbering red tank truck with TEXACO across its fat sides, or Homer Etchison and his team of roan Belgians and his clattering wagon. From the squat brick clock house at the left of the gate came the ding of the time clock as homeward-bound workers streamed past it punching time cards.

In one direction the tank farm spread out, its storage tanks looking like gigantic shiny silver pillboxes gleaming in the afternoon sun. In another stood clumps of high towers and strange frameworks of stills and other complicated and mysterious structures. In still another direction, parallel with a stagnant creek, ran several tracks on which were gray tank cars expectantly awaiting the wheezing engine that would round them up and send them on their way. High above all of this an electric sign frowned down through the smoke, steam, and oppressive, oily-smelling atmosphere to spell out THE TEXAS COMPANY and to hold aloft its neon red star and great T trademark.

After we had waited fifteen or twenty minutes, my father would appear from around a corner of the new, brick office building, walk past a jumbled heap of blackened oil drums and pieces of machinery, enter the clock house, pass through the gate, and greet us with his customary smile and "Hello. How's things?" Texaco's best products pulsed through the engine of the car as we turned our backs on the plant for one more day.—NANCY BRUCE

And Before Breakfast

It was a bright cheery morning, and it made the kitchen, despite its lack of intelligent arrangement, a pleasant place to prepare breakfast. I watched the two eggs fry. They were for my brother, who always had to have his eggs done specially; he had convinced me that I was the only one in the family who could do them properly. Mom was fussing at him about going too far with his food obsession, and I knew that he was just leading her on with a word of protest here and there. Going to the door, I noticed that my father hadn't come to breakfast yet; so I called him again. This time we heard him starting to move around. Returning to the stove, I saw that the eggs were done and, putting them on a plate, I placed the dish before my brother's appreciative eye. Upstairs, suddenly and violently, my father began sneezing. Hardly had the sound died away when, like tiny staccato footsteps, came the sound of something walking. My brother's face was one of sheer amazement and choked mirth. Turning in his seat, he gasped, "Daddy's teeth!" There at the turn of the step lay a grinning upper plate laughing back at us. Never have I heard anyone laugh as hard as we did, so sudden and startling was the unexpected vision. My father, on coming down stairs and picking them up, asked sourly, "What's so funny about it?" Silence fell, but as I placed his plate before him, the eyes of the family met over his head in suffocated laughter.—GLADYS SORENSEN

Rhet as Writ

One day I stopped, sat myself down, moved back and looked myself over.

. . . .

Memories are started in many ways. Some are started by objects, people, songs, sayings, etc. but they all end in personal thoughts or opinions. That is all memories is, the recalling of people, places, and things. The easiest and best time is at night in bed when every thing is quiet. This is where you loose sleep but have the nicest ones for these usually have more sugar on them than salt. Any time in the day they will pop up and you think, "Oh remember!"

. . . .

If an island lacks active mammals which are their natural enemies, it will have no occasion to fly and it may use this extra energy to grow in size.

. . . .

Off they pedaled down the street on the tantrum.

. . . .

She wonders why she did not marry him at times.

. . . .

Boys and girls seem to be going to the more sloppy side of the clothes line.

. . . .

If you have ever played football you have undoubtedly experienced a weak, sick feeling in the pit of your stomach which is present at the beginning of all games.

. . . .

Robert Young played the role of the flyer whose face was badly disfigured with great emotion and understanding.

. . . .

Some [of the girls] are married and others quite busy. Still they have that moral effect on me, though not as much as the boys.

. . . .

Some people go into the war trying to remember what your girl looks like.

Honorable Mention

- Gerald Bernstein*—The Fourth Wonder of the World
Lois Anne Braden—Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?
Robert K. Croll—Hypnotism, Black Sheep of the Sciences
Charles Endress—Battle for Vincennes
Ethelyn Fink—Imp of the Perverse
Elizabeth Ann Gaebe—*Dragonseed* by Pearl Buck
Jack Gomberg—Living under Pressure
Romona Hart—The Strength of My Father
Lillian Gilbert—The Goateed Fuehrer
Doris Holsman—Our Japanese Americans
Betty F. Lipari—Napoleonic Régime in Italy (1796-1814)
Charles G. Moertel—A Date for the Prom
Charlys J. Moser—A Glance at the Great Toscanini
Heinz G. Neumann—Master of the Baton
Betty Lee Sing—Shih-hua Shan
Marilyn Stern—The King of Swoon
Walter F. Stuenkel—A Short History of American Glass
from 1609-1900

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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How I Didn't Learn to Type

JANE BUESCHER

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1944-1945

Typing, I was led to believe when I was a sophomore in high school, is very necessary if one intends to go to college. At that time, when the various typewriter companies were still able to sell their products, a magazine was hardly complete without an advertisement telling the reader the joys and advantages of owning such a machine. I read them all with much interest. "College professors definitely prefer the typewritten page." . . . "The student who types his themes receives better grades than does the one who hands in papers which are difficult to read." . . . "Anna Jones says that she could not get along without her typewriter." I was convinced.

My next task was to convince my father that I should own my own typewriter. Quite correctly, he maintained that it would be a definite waste of money to purchase one for me, since I did not know how to type anyhow. I solved that by enrolling in a first-year typewriting class the next fall. By this time it was impossible to obtain a typewriter, but I was determined to learn anyway.

The class was a large one. I guess most of the typing classes were. The school had purchased a hundred and thirty new office models of several popular makes of machines a few years before, and these were arranged on tables in three rooms. Most of the students in my class were future secretaries and all of them were seniors.

During the first class, when all the others were ready to begin, I was still fumbling with the process of inserting the paper. The idea was to hold the paper in the left hand in back of the black roller, and then twirl a knob on the right-hand side until the paper was visible in front. I found that my paper always whirled around all right, but one side usually stuck up farther than the other. I finally disregarded this, since the other forty-nine students were ready to begin the first lesson.

I opened my book to the first page and sat waiting for instructions. It was at that moment that I discovered that instead of containing the usual letters and numbers, the keys before me were glossy black. Perhaps I had been cheated! However, a quick glance around me showed that all the other typewriters were constructed in the same manner. It was a rather severe shock to me, but I realized the prestige it would give us later when a visitor walked into the room and found us typing away while gayly discussing our weekend dates. I was impressed by the thought.

Generally speaking, the first few days were rather easy. We were told

to place our fingers on the second row of keys beginning at the bottom. Our teacher coyly referred to these as our "home" keys. Large charts showed us what these keys were, and in a few days we were reasonably familiar with them. Next we learned to strike a "home" key, the key above it, and then come back "home." Exercises followed in quick succession:

juj juj juj juj kik kik kik lol lol ;p; ;p;
 frf frf frf ftf ftf ded ded sws aqa aqa fgf jhj
 fur jug jug fur fur fur jug jug kid kid kid.

It wasn't very difficult when you were on your own, but the catch came when the whole class worked in unison. The teacher would shout out the letter we were supposed to hit, and the idea was to find it as soon as the rest of the class did. Somehow I always managed to get behind and I had to catch up in some manner. Thus, when the other machines were completely quiet, a gentle tapping could usually be heard coming from the direction of my table. It was rather embarrassing.

The day we began using the shift key, I nearly sprained several of my fingers. That teacher has learned by now never to give a student credit for knowing in advance a solitary thing about her subject. When explaining how to make a capital letter, she told us to place our little finger on the shift key while striking the letter we wished to capitalize. She neglected to mention that if the key is to be struck with the right hand, you should shift with the left hand. I repeatedly tried to do both with the same hand. I mastered the art of making a capital letter only three days after the rest of the class.

Before too long, we were writing complete sentences. This, along with the little drills, was continued for about a week before the next step was reached. Somehow, I still have a grudge against the day we were first timed on the typing of a paragraph. The thought made me extremely nervous, and from the time the teacher said "Begin," to the time she yelled "Stop!" my hands quivered as I typed as fast as I could. During the minute, I typed a little over a line. We were then told how to compute our rate of typing. Until that time, I had never realized how important errors were. By the time I had finished subtracting ten points for each mistake, I found that I had written a negative twenty-seven words. I decided that I was worse off than if I hadn't taken the test; I tried to cut down the quantity of my mistakes. Several days later I actually showed some positive results, for I quit going in the hole and began typing an average of two words a minute.

Timed tests became more numerous, but I never liked them any better. The worst blow of all came when the teacher began to make us hand in our papers. She also informed us that we could not erase mistakes, and that any paper with a strikeover on it would get a zero. We were crushed.

If I had known what I soon learned about timed tests, I doubt whether I would have taken the typing course. The short tests were bad enough, but the ten and twenty minute ones were absolute misery. My hands became

clammy; my stomach did flip-flops. And then we were told to start. Fifty shaking people began to bang like mad on their machines, and the noise was astounding, to say the least. Sometimes I'd lose my place in the copy, and I'd become so panic-stricken that I couldn't think. Once in a while the fellow next to me would get furious and yank out his paper several times during a test. This was usually accompanied by a volley of disconcerting words, which sometimes became incorporated in my own paper.

Several things could happen during one of those tests, each of which would result in a low grade. I think that the worst was when I got my fingers off the "home" keys without realizing it; the net results were terrific. Typing the same sentence twice was also bad for the score, and caused many a bad paper. Then there were all kinds of little things that could ruin a perfectly good attempt. Wrong indentations, failure to double-space, not making a dash correctly, hyphenating a word in the wrong place, having the ribbon come out, typing too close to the bottom of the page — the penalties for these and many others made my life miserable for a whole year.

Another thing that was able to turn a sane student into a raving maniac was the copy we had to type. Usually it was new material, but this fact did not bother me so much. The trouble lay in the fact that the stories or articles were written about such dull subjects:

The beaver began to gnaw away at the base of the tree, and continued until a grasshopper approached him.

"I say," said Mother, as she ran to the neighbors with a cup of sugar, "I do believe it looks like rain."

Right along, the teacher kept adding information about other parts of a typewriter and their uses. I absorbed most of the information, and, by taking slight glances at the students around me, I did quite well. On the last day of school, when I supposedly knew everything about typing wills and business letters, putting in ribbons, tabulation, and stencils, I was given the class period in which to type anything I wished. The result was a letter so bad that I couldn't even send it to my friend. I found it the other day, and after reading it over, I began to wonder if I really did learn to typewrite that year. The middle section went like this:

"Well, this is queer. Today, it is the bast say of schook (I811 try again) schood (mope, again) school. Any how our typing teacher said that we could take tine to write a letter to anybody we wanted. So here I sit typing away. Gee, I feel so wongerful. The last day of schook. (Oh, my gosh) schook/,.)'(___'\$"# school YiPee;

"I hear that You called up home the other nught. You know I have a passion for that shift key. Well I'll learn. Sonfident aren't I? I hope you engoy this, acuse you shouls see what I8m going through. Un case you can't reak this, I guess I'd better write in ink.

"Gee, I can't say what I feel on a typewriter. Sonehow it isn't the sane."

A Man and His Farm

JOSEPH J. BRANKEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1944-1945

WHEN I ACQUIRED THE FARM, IT WAS SEVERELY run-down, eroded, overrun with noxious weeds, grown over with brush. It was stony, hilly, and had a clay soil with an impervious subsoil. The buildings were dilapidated, and the yard was a sea of mud in the wet seasons. Then I began to rebuild.

Many of the operations of rebuilding the farm went on simultaneously. While we were working on reclaiming the land, we were also repairing and painting; we wired the house for electricity, newly papered it, and had a new roof put on. Also, we graveled the yard.

In the fields the problem was much more difficult. As my folks were not farmers, even though we had lived on a farm, and as I was not yet eighteen, I had an experienced soil rebuilder come to look over the problems and advise me. His only advice was to tidy the place up a little, get some green crops on it, and sell it immediately to some city man. I did not take his advice, for I was enthusiastic and, I admit, ignorant. So I started to rebuild the farm with the knowledge I had obtained from reading and observation. People had always taunted me with the idea that such a plan could not work out, especially with me at the helm.

The first move was to test the soil for acidity. It was found to be quite acid and possibly capable of growing alsike clover, the legume which is most tolerant of an acid soil. As growing legumes is one of the first steps in soil rebuilding, I sowed alsike clover with a nurse crop of oats. A nurse crop holds the soil with its roots and protects the other crop from extreme sunlight until the latter is established.

I can see the fields now as they were when I first pulled into them with a tractor and disk. They were generally covered with a growth of last year's crop of cockleburrs. Some of them were taller than the tractor. Others, on the hills, were dwarfed. Here and there were large oval patches of Canada thistles as well as scattered small groups. Then, too, there was the nice green quack grass, which was as general as the thistles. Quack grass is a thickly rooted grass which smothers out crops and pollutes them with its seed. Many other assorted weeds were to be found over the entire farm. The pasture was very weak and generally grown up to bull thistles, mullein, farmers' lice, Canada thistles, and brush.

The small fields were seriously eroded with many bad gullies, some of them large enough to hide a small cow. Especially on top of the many hills were found multitudes of assorted rocks ranging from the size of an apple

to that of a kitchen stove. Most of the slopes had the top soil removed by washing and were nothing but subsoil. The fallen down fences and fence rows were grown up with brush: hawthorns, sumacs, vines, and crab apple. The sixty-acre farm was traversed by four main creeks, fed by the gullies. What a mess! But—it was inspiring in that it offered a challenge to my ingenuity. Let 'er RIP!

First I tried to see the good points of the situation, to find what the farm had that was good, and to use it as the nucleus of my rebuilding.

In the early spring I worked steadily, picking up rocks and cutting brush. I saw that the gullies would have to be healed and that dams made of material from the brush, rocks, and other things at hand would help. Therefore, we turned these things into an asset in the form of dams. At stages in the gullies we drove stakes into the ground and wove the slender sumacs between them. In front of these dams we placed old straw and manure, weighted with rocks. We left spillways in the dams, and behind them we placed more stones to prevent gullying by the overwash. Then, the dams being completed, I sowed alsike clover and timothy seed in the gullies to help establish a vegetative cover. A neighbor who helped me for a time told me he thought it was foolish, and that it would "like as not fail." We went on anyway.

As spring progressed I disked the worked land and sowed oats and alsike clover. Along with these crops the cockleburrs, thistles, and other weeds were to grow, for there was no way to get rid of the vast number of weed seeds on the ground.

Next I did a quick makeshift job of repairing fences so that cattle could be turned into the pastures. I burned the many seed heads of the bull thistles to prevent the seed from being blown around. The grass came up weak and sickly. It, like the rest of the farm, was in poor condition.

Then it was back to cutting brush, working on fences and on the endless job of hoeing thistles. Gol—darn! How I sweated on the other end of that hoe! Was I glad when we got a power mower! I would murderously and relentlessly run that mower through those disconcerting weeds. It is the repeated cutting of these thieves, just as they are about to set seed, that kills them, and that I did wherever they were concentrated.

Finally harvest came. The oats were a sorry sight. Did I say oats? Rather I should say cockleburrs, thistles, and other weeds. Fourteen acres yielded only nine bushels of weedy, stinking oats to the acre, while twenty-four acres were so poor that I mowed them to cut the weeds. The yield of nine bushels per acre did not pay for the combining.

The second year went much like the first. I built dams, repaired the old ones, cut brush, picked up tons and tons of rocks, fixed fences, and began experimenting with strip cropping and terracing with an automatic leveling device I built on the tractor. Strip cropping is planting, across the slope,

bands of different crops, alternating between cultivated and non-cultivated crops such as corn and hay, respectively. Terracing is the building of level, concentric ridges of earth around and on the hills to catch run-off water and the soil it carries.

The alsike clover that was sown for seed the previous year was purged of thistles and other weeds as much as was practical. The crop was not too poor, but the price at which we had to sell the seed was low, and accordingly the year's expenses were barely covered.

I could see that I would need more technical farm training to get the farm going in any reasonable length of time, so I attended the University of Wisconsin Farm Short Course for two winters. Here I learned much about soil conservation, fertilization, new and better plant varieties and their growth requirements. Following the first year at school I put as many of these ideas into use as possible. I fertilized the fields with lime and phosphate. I bought a combination grain drill, which sows commercial fertilizer with the seed. I bought the better producing and disease-resisting crop seeds and treated them for various fungus diseases. I prepared the soil as nearly as possible to suit the needs of the crops to be grown.

This year I sowed the farm mainly to oats again because oats do better on poor soil than some other crops and because they tend to be soil conserving. Mixed with the oats was alfalfa and grass seed. As the land had been fertilized with lime, phosphate, and commercial fertilizer, I reasoned that it might raise a fair crop of alfalfa, which demands higher soil fertility. Alfalfa, as you know, is a high producer of hay and a good soil improver.

In this year the oats were much cleaner and yielded about fifty bushels per acre. Things were going much better, and the neighbors began talking among themselves. They saw I was getting results on "the poorest farm in Homer township," but still thought I was crazy. The next year was to make them talk even more.

In the fall I went back to the University of Wisconsin and returned the following spring just "raring" to go. I began with the same general work: new dams built, old ones repaired. Some of the gullies by now were almost filled and could be driven over. By careful sodding I formed a grass waterway to protect them from washing. I built new terraces, that proved to be very valuable. The neighbors laughed at the rings around the hills. I cut more brush, picked up more stones and made a stream crossing of them, tore down old fences and built new ones. To add humus to the soil and thus increase its fertility I plowed under the legumes over most of the land, hauled manure to the slopes, where the soil was poorest. With the aid of the new grain drill I sowed hundreds of dollars' worth of commercial fertilizer with the new crop. This grain drill was the only one of its kind in the area, and was dubbed "another of the 'professor's' fool ideas." This tool was one of the major helps in rebuilding the farm.

At the time of harvest that year, the picture was very different from earlier scenes. The fields were quite free of weeds, and there was a golden, waving sea of oats, a bumper crop! The neighbors couldn't believe their eyes. "Surely there must be some mistake: it couldn't happen on this farm. The oats probably weren't as good as they looked anyway." But they were. They yielded an average of eighty bushels per acre; and the alfalfa that I had sown with the oats—it was even and healthy. No one around had as good a stand. The alfalfa which I had sown the previous year was fine too. It had, instead of the usual two or three tons per acre, yielded five tons per acre! This puzzled the farmers. Maybe this "professor," as they called me, had something, but they weren't ready to admit it, no siree. "He'll run amuck yet," they figured. "He can't do it again. Something will happen."

In this year I began to make a little money. Back debts had to be paid. If I hadn't been living at home I don't know what I would have eaten. Every cent I had went into the battle to bring the farm back and to prove that it could be done. Its success meant almost my life to me.

Now the fifth year was different from the previous years in that I bought even better seed oats. They were the newest development of the University of Wisconsin and were smut and rust resistant as well as high yielding and sturdy. I planted corn again for the second year. I worked at dams, terraces, grass waterways, fences, brush, weeds, and rocks as usual. I rented adjoining land and sowed it to oats. The farmers grinned to themselves upon seeing me working in the field by the road. "Why, that land ain't raised a crop in five years and it's so ditched that a horse would break a leg in it. This is where the 'professor' will make his mistake." I applied the same treatment to it as to my own land. I treated the gullies and poured on a suitable commercial fertilizer with the new variety of oats.

The season that year was bad for oats; it was cold and rainy. Most of the fields looked sick, but the "professor's" oats didn't look so damn bad, did they? The new variety of oats, with the help of the sustaining commercial fertilizer, was paying off. The fields were an even carpet of green. I hoed weeds and thistles constantly, repaired ditches made by the overabundant rains. Summer came. The oats and all my crops were in wonderful shape. The plowed-down legumes made the corn grow tall, and the alfalfa was green and dense. The fences were new, and hardly any sign of brush could be seen. The terraces and contours lay guarding the hill soils. Dams were ready to check gully-washing rains. Grass waterways protected the places where gullies had once been on the rampage.

When harvest time came, the oat field in the rented land by the road, like all my other fields, was clean and golden. Through the country many oat fields would yield practically nothing because of the hard, cold rains, because of the disease brought on by the weather, because of the hot, dry

summer. True, my oats were not what they could have been, but were good for the year.

As we began to combine, farmers stopped to see the new variety of oats, to see what the crop had done under the hard circumstances. The seed was a deep gold, was plump and above the standard by many pounds per bushel.

The barrier was broken. The farmers ordered seed oats from me as we combined. They had a different way of saying "professor" now. Farmers came to me to find out how I did it, to find out about gully control, about commercial fertilizer, about terracing, about new crops, and, as I was a fairly successful dairyman, about dairy feeding. The goal had been reached, the game won! I could look back with pride to the road that brought me: the years of disappointment, of poverty when I couldn't feel right when I bought even an ice cream cone; when I played the tough game of getting rid of brush, rocks, weeds, ditches; when I sweated building dams, terraces, fences; when I bent under the hundreds of bags of commercial fertilizer; when I ached from loading many, many loads of manure and many loads of rocks and stone. Yes, I could look back then, and I look back now and chuckle to myself; it could be done and I did it.

Though I have moved from that neighborhood to better land, I still have a warm feeling for "Homer township, the place the Lord forgot when He made the world." And when I go back they still remember me as—"the professor."

Mixed Farming Is Good Business

ROBERT A. ADKISSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1944-1945

TWO SEPARATE AND DISTINCT METHODS OF FARMING are employed here in Illinois—mixed farming and grain farming. Mixed farming is the production of both grain and livestock. Most of the grain is fed to the livestock and then sold as pork or beef. In grain farming, on the other hand, crops are raised and sold as such. There is little, if any, livestock. Which of these two types of farming is the better business? The answer depends on the issues of profit, soil maintenance, and ease of work.

In the first place, mixed farming is more profitable than grain farming in dollars and cents. By raising twenty bushels of corn, feeding it to a hog, and selling the hog, a farmer can get several more dollars for his corn. If he could not, he would not raise hogs. It is the same with beef cattle. The favorable ratio between the price of feed and the price of live pork and beef is a source of profit to the mixed farmer.

Secondly, mixed farming will maintain the soil, whereas grain farming will deplete it. Upon the maintenance of a good soil successful farming depends. The soil is like a bank. If you make withdrawals constantly without making any deposits, you will deplete the bank account. So it is with the soil. If a farmer raises a crop and sells every bit of the crop directly, he is making a withdrawal and no deposit. But in mixed farming, a crop of corn, for instance, will be fed to livestock on the farm, right down to the last ear. As the animals grow, they make manure—tons of it. This manure is collected and taken back to the land—a deposit that will almost counterbalance the withdrawal effected by the growing of the corn.

Furthermore, mixed farming maintains the soil because of the many acres of hay crops required; livestock must have hay and pasture. The legumes, like clover and alfalfa, that fulfill these hay and pasture needs are great soil-maintainers. Thus they perform a double duty. On the average mixed farm, one-fourth of all tillable land will probably be in soil-building legume hay crops.

In the third place, a mixed farmer can handle his field work in a season unfavorable to field work better than a grain farmer can. Having one-fourth of his land in hay crops, he has less field work of the type that has to be done all at once. For instance, in April, cattle feeder Jones will have only 100 acres of spring plowing to do instead of 120 acres because his "back twenty" is in clover. In October, he will not have to crowd the threshing of the beans on the corner into those few good days, because that field is alfalfa which his spring pigs have been eating all summer. These examples show that mixed farmers are in a better position than straight grain farmers to handle their field work in unfavorable weather.

Because of higher profit, greater maintenance of the soil, and more adaptability to adverse conditions, mixed farming is better business than grain farming.

Wild Is the West

Cowboy movies are the favorites of small boys. The ordinary stories contain one handsome cowboy, a pretty rancher's daughter, one slightly tarnished sheriff, a gang of rustlers, and a herd of cattle. The highlight of the picture occurs when the hero clatters up on his white stallion, after the crime, and shrieks to the rancher's daughter, "Which way'd they go, gal?" "They went that a-way!" is the reply, and off dashes the cowboy in mad pursuit, pausing, if he is a singing cowboy, to rip off a few bars of "Oh, Bury Me Not on the Lone Prair—ee," for the benefit of his admiring audience of one. When he overtakes the rustlers, as he invariably does, a wild fight ensues, from which the cowboy emerges victorious, with the entire gang roped, tied, and bellowing for mercy. Notwithstanding the struggle, the hero's ten-gallon hat is still perched rakishly upon his head. His final love scene with the rancher's daughter is cut mercifully short: ten-year-old boys do not appreciate romance.—LOIS RUDNIK

The Faust Legend

JEAN LOPIN

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

THE IDEA THAT A HUMAN BEING MAY SELL HIS SOUL to the devil in exchange for supernatural powers is an old one. It has aroused a terror in mankind throughout the world, but it has served as a source of inspiration to poets, writers, composers, and musicians through the ages.

In most of the stories on the theme a man bargains his soul to the devil in exchange for some supernatural power or greater knowledge. After providing several exploits and adventures for his victim, the devil puts an end to his career by claiming his bond. In a few versions the man repents in time, and the devil is cheated; but usually the ending is a tragic one.

Readers and audiences have been held by the story of Faust, although in whatever way the tale is told, the supernatural element is its peculiar characteristic. Dorothy Sayers says, "For the 'two hours' traffic of our stage,' we must indulge in the 'willing suspension of disbelief.' We must accept magic and miracle as physical realities; we must admit the possibility of genuine witchcraft, of the strange legal transaction by which a man might sell his soul to Satan, of the actual appearance of the Devil in concrete bodily shape. The Faustus legend is dyed in grain with the thought and feeling of its period; nothing could be more characteristic than its odd jumble of spirituality and crude superstition; of scripture and classical myth; of Catholic theology and anti-clerical humanism; of the adventurous passion for, and the timorous distrust of learning."¹

The Faust theme arose from sixteenth century beliefs, antagonisms, superstitions, and struggles that are unmistakably impressed on the legend. Faust was the symbol of restless forces in people, a craving for withheld knowledge. This was the time of the Renaissance, when Europe was awakening from the era of the Dark Ages. The revival of learning furnished the common people with new names to link with sorcery in place of the old Merlin and Virgilius. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were rich in superstitious legendry; the people still half-believed in spirits.

The Faust legend was not the first of its kind. Its forerunners include the legends of Simon Magus and Cyprian, magicians whose remarkable feats led to their tragic fates. Another forerunner is the story of Theophilus. In this legend is given the first detailed account of a compact with Satan. The date of the story is unknown, but it was carried into Europe in about

¹ Sayers, Dorothy L. *The Devil to Pay*, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1939, p. 5.

1500. Theophilus, a vicar, declined the offer of a bishopric. The new bishop who accepted the position put the vicar out of office. To regain his post Theophilus signed a pact with the devil, and with the latter's help secured his former position. Soon after this he repented his rash action with Satan, and a vision of the Virgin, forgiving him, appeared to him. When the story was told to the bishop, he called a day of worship. Thus the devil was cheated, and Theophilus returned to the ways of God.²

However, it was not from the Renaissance state of mind and these previous legends alone that the Faust legend was derived. The principal source was a real man whose name was Johannes Faust. Melancthon, a German Lutheran reformer who lived from 1497 to 1560, is our chief authority on the Faust legend. He said that it was possible there had been another person of this name of some local reputation in the fifteenth century. The name itself was not unusual. It signifies "fortunate; of good omen." A certain George Sabellicus, a vagabond, babbler, and rogue, who called himself a prince of necromancers, was also known as "Faustus minor."³

The hero of the popular stories was one Johannes Faust who was born in the late fifteenth century at Knittlinger, near Wittenberg. His parents were very poor, but with some money left him by a rich uncle, he first studied medicine. Later, at Cracow, he studied magic, which was openly taught as a part of the regular curriculum, and he received his Doctor's degree while there. No definite facts are known of his life, but there are many contemporary writings which shed a little light on the nature of what he was doing. Faust traveled a great deal and was well known throughout Germany as a physician and necromancer. His deeds were petty and fraudulent; he was constantly being driven out of one city into another. Augustin Lercheimer's *Christlich Bedencken* tells of Faust as a homeless schoolmaster in Kreuznach under Franz von Sickingen. He fled his duties at this place because he was guilty of sodomy.⁴ The city records of Ingolstadt of the Wednesday after St. Vitus' Day, 1528, include a Dr. George Faust on the list of banished persons, while the Nuremberg city council record of May 10, 1532, states that Dr. Faust was refused safe conduct.⁵ The University of Heidelberg matriculation book shows a Johannes Faust ex Simern, but we are not sure whether this is the same person.⁶

Through his magic powers, Faust was able to make many prophecies. One of these, concerning the capture of Munster by the bishop in 1536, was

² Palmer, Philip M. and More, Robert P., *The Sources of the Faust Tradition*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1936, pp. 76-77.

³ Taylor, Bayard, *Translation of "Faust" by Goethe*, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1900, Vol. I, p. 338.

⁴ Palmer and More, *op. cit.*, p. 119

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 90-91.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 81.

correct; and another—that 1540 was a bad year for expeditionary troops in Venezuela—proved true. His name was mentioned in the account book of the Bishop of Bamberg for the year 1519-1520, and in the Journal of Kilian Lieb of July, 1528, for having made certain astronomical predictions.⁷

Because of his various deeds, Faust became the chief subject of many local stories. It was said that he was accompanied on his travels by two devil attendants, a horse and a dog. These assumed human shapes to do his bidding, and, through them, Faust accomplished many wonderful things. While teaching Homer at the University at Erfurt, he promised his students a sight of the characters of the works. Priam, Hector, Ajax, Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Polyphemus were said to have appeared. Another incident was that of a flying trip to Prague on his remarkable horse, which was really an incarnation of the devil. His servants were known to have served his guests wonderful meals consisting of rare fruits, savory meats, and excellent wines of many varieties.⁸

One of the favorite stories of Faust was the one in which several guests asked Faust to produce a grape vine. Faust did so, warning each guest to seize a bunch and have his knife ready, but not to cut the bunch away until he gave the signal. Their knives poised in their hands, ready to cut away the luscious grapes, the guests waited. Suddenly, after one movement of Faust's hand, the vine vanished, and each guest was left holding his own nose, with his knife poised above it!⁹

Johannes Wier, in his *De Praestigiis Daemonum* (1564), writes that Faust claimed the devil as his brother-in-law, and that upon one occasion, seeing an old man with a heavy black beard, Faust looked down quickly for claws upon the man's hands and feet, because the old man appeared so much like his relative.¹⁰

The only action of Faust's that was known to have failed absolutely was an attempt that he made to fly to heaven. A crowd had gathered at Venice to witness the feat, but after rising into the air, Faust had fallen to earth again. The people said that it was evidence that God was triumphant over the devil.¹¹

Sometime around 1540 Faust passed out of notice. There were no authentic death notices, but, as usual, many stories were created by the people about his death. Johannes Manlius in *Locorum Communium Collectanea* said that, before he died, Faust had warned his landlord not to be frightened by any events which might occur during the night. At midnight the ground and house shook terribly, and the next morning Faust was

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 87-96.

⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 108-119.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 123-126.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 105-107.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 99-100.

found lying on his bed, his face turned to his back. Everyone said the evil of sorcery was shown by the tragic death of Faust, and that at last, after his many strange experiences, the devil had killed him. It was also believed that Faust had sent spirits to plague those who had done him ill during his life.¹²

The contemporary evidence of Faust's activities ceased about 1540, and the development of the Faust legend began. The first tangible sources that we have are a manuscript notebook by Christoph Rosshirt, a teacher at Sebaldus School, Nuremberg, and a Latin manuscript collection, both written in 1570. A "Wolfenbüttel Manuscript" appeared between 1572 and 1587. It contained the career, adventures, and exploits of Faust, but some of these incidents were clearly taken from the lives of other magicians. The manuscript is of no literary value as the descriptions are taken directly from another work on travel. It makes an attempt to warn others against imitation of Faust. This was the type of manuscript that furnished the form and material for later printed Faust books.¹³

The first life of Faust appeared in September, 1587, written by Spiess of Frankfurt. The wide acceptance of this original form of the legend led to the printing of a second edition in 1588. The great popularity of the story resulted, in 1588, in a low German edition by Balhorn. In Berlin, in 1590, an enlarged account, derived from Spiess, was published, and the last Faustbuch of the Spiess type, the eighteenth edition, was dated 1598. The next year brought the publication of another Faust work, by Widman, in Hamburg. This one was larger and contained many elaborated and moralizing comments.

During the seventeenth century, interest in the legend died. This was due in part to the Thirty Years' War, to the more rational attitude toward witchcraft, and to the spread of drama. However, the story was revived by Dr. Pfitzer's revision of Widman in 1674. The last of the German Faustbuchs was *Faustbuch des Christlich Meynenden*, a shorter account whose first dated copy read 1725. There were many condensations of this last work, the last, in 1797, being the one that was known to Goethe.

The Faust legend did not remain a German legend but was very soon translated into English, Dutch, and French. An English ballad appeared in 1588, a translation in 1590, two Dutch translations in 1592, and a French translation in 1598.¹⁴ The English version of Spiess's *Faustbuch* was a free, inaccurate rendition—a poor translation by an unknown writer—but its importance lies in the fact that it was the source for Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, which opened the series of Faust dramas.

¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 103-105.

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 129-130.

¹⁴ Taylor, *op. cit.*, pp. 339-344.

The exact date of Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* is not known, but scholars have assigned it to 1592, for its source, a translation of the German Faustbuch, is known not to have been published before that year. This is the earliest dramatic version of the legend that is known, although some say a German play existed before it. However, there is no proof to back up this supposition, and Marlowe generally gets the credit for first using the theme in a play. The earliest edition is a quarto printed eleven years after Marlowe's death. It contains some passages (notably the comic scenes) which may have been added by another writer. A later edition, further enlarged, appeared in 1618, and still more additions can be found in later publications of the work.

Not only for its theme and characterizations is Marlowe's drama known, but also for its almost perfect form. Interspersed with prose, "Marlowe's mighty line," blank verse, is used to great advantage. He took the legend as it appeared in original German forms, and his Faust meets a tragic end at the hand of the devil at the appointed time.

This play was given widely in England by English players, who later traveled on the continent. They played both German and English plays, and Faust was one of their best. The first continental performance of Faust was at Graz, in 1608, and there were later performances throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. When the eighteenth century turned toward French dramatic models, Faust was crowded from the legitimate stage into the puppet theatre. The first presentation of this kind was in 1746, the last regular staging in 1770, in Hamburg. The puppet plays became very popular, especially among the lower classes, through the nineteenth century.¹⁵

Without doubt the greatest of the Faust works is the one by Goethe. It was begun in 1773, was not completed until 1831, when Goethe was in his eighty-second year, although parts of it were published during this period. No wonder, then, that this manuscript, which was born in the mind of a twenty-year-old youth and which was not completed until that youth had reached old age, is considered a masterpiece!

Goethe wrote subjectively, Faust and Mephistopheles being the opposite poles of his own nature. He includes in his drama several episodes concerning Margaret, a beautiful girl with whom Faust falls in love, that are not found in the original versions of the legend. These episodes are his own creation, and Margaret is taken partly from "her namesake, whom Goethe, as a boy of sixteen, imagined he loved, and partly from his betrothed . . . for whom he felt probably the strongest love of his life, at the time these scenes of his *Faust* were written."¹⁶ Bayard Taylor says, "It is not the least

¹⁵ Palmer and More, *op. cit.*, pp. 239-241.

¹⁶ Taylor, *op. cit.*, pp. 282-283.

of Goethe's deserts that, although in his youth, 'a new Faust was announced in every quarter of Germany,' he took up the theme already hackneyed by small talents, and made it his own, solely and forever."

The original Faust theme is varied somewhat by Lord Byron in *Manfred*, a dramatic poem. Byron disclaimed having read Marlowe, and he wrote of Goethe: "His Faust I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated some of it to me, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the Staubbach and the Jungfrau, and something else much more than Faustus, that made me write Manfred."¹⁷ This is the story of a man who seeks forgetfulness, but can not secure it from spirits, nature, man, witches, the destinies, or the spirit of his departed love. Not even finding oblivion in the church, Manfred, whose tortures have all been on earth, finds forgetfulness in death.

Modern adaptations of the legend have varied it still more, but the theme is clearly recognizable, and the supernatural element remains. One of the most familiar of the modern versions is *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, by Stephen Vincent Benét. This is one of the interpretations in which the devil is cheated of his bond, the soul of farmer Jabez Stone—this time by the wit and eloquence of Daniel Webster. Dorothy L. Sayers's *The Devil to Pay* is a very recent rendition, written in prose and blank verse, with a touch of comedy in some of its scenes. This, too, does not end as tragically as older versions, because Faust, while in Hell, may still have a glimpse of the Heaven above.

Such an immortal story and popular theme could not help leaving its imprint on music. The music first used in the puppet plays led to greater musical works by many composers, among whom the best known are Spohr, Donizetti, Berlioz, Schumann, Gounod, Boito, Wagner, and Liszt. The finest settings of Faust in music are the "Faust" overture of Wagner, and the "Faust" symphony of Liszt.

Spohr's opera *Faust*, completed in 1813, was first performed in March, 1818. It was given in England in 1852 at the request of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and it was very successfully received.¹⁸ Schumann's "Faust Scene," composed between 1844 and 1853, is a succession of scenes from Goethe. The text follows Goethe's verbatim. Hector Berlioz's symphonic cantata, "The Damnation of Faust," was inspired by the reading of Goethe. When first produced on December 6, 1846, it was a failure, but careful revision made later performances more successful.¹⁹

¹⁷ Introduction to Byron's "Manfred" in Dobbie and others (eds.) *A Book of English Literature*, New York: Macmillan Company, 1942, Vol. II, pp. 214-215.

¹⁸ Hoechst, Coit Roscoe, *"Faust" in Music*, Gettysburg, Pa.: Gettysburg Compile Print, 1916, Vol. I, pp. 13-14.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 38-41.

Since it might well appear the vendor had
 No title to give, barter, sell, exchange,
 Mortgage or pawn or otherwise dispose of
 Crown property. Well and good. But in the interim
 (To wit, the four-and-twenty years expired)
 This Mephistopheles, by his own act . . .

The treatment of the major part of the legend is the same in both plays—the calling up of Mephistopheles, the signing of the devil's bond, the visit to Rome and the Pope, the attendance at the court of Emperor Charles V, and Faustus' taking Helen of Troy for his paramour. There are differences, however, in the interpretations of the various characters, and in the ending.

Marlowe's Faustus is the same man throughout the play, while the Faustus in *The Devil to Pay* emerges as a younger man after the bond is signed. The old Faustus reappears in the final judgment scene.

The treatment of Helen of Troy is decidedly different in the two plays. Miss Sayers's Helen figures throughout the play, appearing many times. Marlowe's Helen appears only once, the staging techniques not showing her face, though his tribute to her has become a famous passage in English literature.

Wagner, Faustus' servant, is teamed with Lisa in *The Devil to Pay*, and together they try to draw Faustus away from his evil doings with the devil. Marlowe's Wagner does not play so prominent a part, and the appearance of good and evil spirits trying to dissuade and persuade Faustus is used throughout.

Mephistopheles is much the same in both plays. Besides representing evil and being Lucifer's representative to Faustus, he becomes the joker, enabling Faustus to swallow a wagon of hay and a span of horses, make flowers bloom at Christmas, cut off and restore his leg, draw wine from a table, beat guests at dinner, play vulgar tricks upon the Pope, souse a horse-courser in a pond, present grapes in January, and do other, similar tricks.

The end of the play presents the main difference in the two works. Miss Sayers ends her play with a judgment scene, some passages of which are somewhat comical, lightening the seriousness of the situation. Her "devil is cheated of his bond, but receives his precise due." Faustus follows Mephistopheles into Hell, but the judge admonishes the devil with "God is not robbed; and I will bring mine own as I did sometime from the deep of the sea again" and

Thou has claimed thine own,
 It is thine. Burn it. Touch not my good grain.
 I shall require it at thy hand some day.

This is similar to the resolution of the demands of Shylock. The last words of the angels are hopeful, also, for they are, "But he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

Although Marlowe's sympathies are clearly with Faustus, he ends his play tragically. The last scene is very dramatic. The slow striking of the clock adds suspense, and the lightning and thunder which accompany the twelfth stroke are the signal for the entrance of the devils. Faustus' resounding last words,

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistopheles!

are more stirring than the tranquil words of submission of Miss Sayers's Faustus—"From the deep of the sea."

Dorothy Sayers's interpretation of the supernatural legend makes for light, comparatively easy reading, and would doubtless prove moderately successful as a stage presentation. However, one feels more strongly the greatness of Marlowe's drama. *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* will be read and played long after *The Devil to Pay* is interned on the shelf of forgotten twentieth century plays.

The Voice With a Smile

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, Summer, 1945

WHEN I FIRST SAW A TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD, the hundreds of little, blinking lights before me seemed to hold a mysterious challenge. I took that challenge, and I began a solution of that mystery—I became an Illinois Bell Telephone operator at a small town switchboard.

Five weeks were required for a thorough knowledge of local and long distance operating. This training consisted of actual supervised work at the switchboard and in note-taking.

The first two weeks were consumed in finding which plug went where, which was *to* and which was *from*, and which lights meant what. A great many mistakes were made, and a great many tears were shed those first few weeks.

After ringing wrong numbers for two weeks, I was taken into the inner sanctum, the operators' day room, and the supervisor began giving me my toll training by use of notes. For two hours a day I would sit there scribbling furiously on small, yellow toll tickets. Every possible toll call was explained and noted. My notebook grew and grew and my memory reeled and reeled. Would I ever remember it all?

My great moment came when I picked up a plug to begin my first unsupervised long-distance call. I had all the information before me on the familiar yellow ticket, and now I must put that information into use. After consulting rate and route books, I found the way to get Mr. Robinson's call to Sacramento was to go through Peoria, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

I tested all my Peoria circuits and rang in on a clear circuit. An unrattled voice came chirping over the line, "Peoria." How could she be so damned calm when I was nearly shaking off my perch!

Overcoming my phobia, I whispered, "St. Louis," in my individual death rattle. After an interminable length of time St. Louis shouted, "St. Louis, are you through, are you through?"

"Through! What do you mean through? I'm just getting started," my mind shouted.

Then I remembered it was all part of the telephone lingo, and I responded, "Mx your Rx."

Minutes passed while I waited for a clear trunk to the Rx. During all this I was answering local calls and biting my hangnails.

At long last the Rx operator was reached, and she rang San Francisco on my Mx precedence. San Francisco was nc (no circuit) to Sacramento, so I just held. San Francisco held the circuit, I held the key, and Mr. Robinson held the bag.

San Francisco secured a circuit, and I told Sacramento to ring "Long Beach ni-un-se-ven-tu-fo-wer." She obliged, and the party answered. Following a few routine questions, I hooked Robinson and Sacramento together. Only timing the ticket, clearing the circuit, and figuring the charges remained. Oh joy! I had succeeded. Life was once more beautiful.

After this I lost my fear of operating and actually began to enjoy it. One bright afternoon when I was doing my dreary duty I accidentally caught the words "criminal assault." Immediately all else was disregarded, and I began to listen to a conversation between a reporter and a sheriff. Negro, rape, gun, night, Camp Ellis all came blaring over the line to my ears. My attention was riveted, my hair stood on end, and my eyes protruded seven inches from my eyebrows. Just as the sheriff launched into full detail, my bugging eyes spotted the supervisor bearing down full speed toward me. Quickly I started picking up numbers. I was saved from involvement, but I was disappointed that I didn't get to hear all the gory details.

Not long after this I came very close to losing my job by talking back to a soldier. The U.S.O. had one pay phone which was in use constantly. On this particular night I had two calls to Massachusetts and three to near-by towns. I was "waiting on" one of the calls to Massachusetts for the number to answer. At that moment the U.S.O. pay station light blinked. I answered cheerily, thinking it was one of the fellows wanting a report on his call. Instead, the voice of a drunk came indistinctly over the line. He wanted a call to a near-by town, and he wanted it right away. I explained to him that there were others ahead of him, and that he would have to wait. Explanations were useless and only served to irritate him. Finally I very politely but firmly told him I did not care whether he ever got his call.

The next day I felt the results. The boss called us all into the day room and gave a nice speech. She reminded us that we were "the voices with the smiles," and that we must not fly off the handle. As we left the room, I vowed I would do it again if the situation ever demanded it.

In August my senior year of high school loomed ahead. My parents and I decided that I should deprive the telephone company and the general public of my telephone service. Soon I was an ordinary telephone subscriber with only an income tax blank and a notebook to remind me of my ten months of plugging numbers.

Let's Help Mary Smith

BEVERLY HAFERMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1944-1945

TONIGHT I TALKED TO MARY SMITH. YOU'VE PROBABLY never heard of her. She is certainly no campus beauty, nor is she so developed socially that she is the chairman of some very important committee on campus. Mary Smith is a short, rather plump, dark-haired girl in pre-med. She is a second-semester freshman with a 4.8 university average. This is a high average in any school, but it is especially good for a pre-med student.

Being a pre-med student with a high average does not explain Mary Smith. Her high average is of interest, but I want to talk about her as a person. I would like to show what makes her outstanding and why I think she should be given the chance to stay that way.

Mary Smith, as I said before, is a second-semester freshman. She is twenty-three years old and has completed a business course; she is prepared to do secretarial work any time she wishes. Mary comes from Kentucky, near the Virginia border. There are ten other children in the family and very little money. Like the rest of the family she had no educational plans beyond grade school. But she wanted to be somebody; she did not want to settle down in the Kentucky hills and raise ten more children in poverty. Mary decided to go on to high school.

So, after staying out of school a year, Mary entered high school as a freshman. She worked her way through by getting aid from the National Youth Administration, and she told me that she doubted whether there was ever any other student who squeezed her textbooks and teachers so hard for every drop of knowledge.

When Mary was graduated from high school, she realized that there was a force somewhere inside her that wouldn't let her stop learning. She didn't

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Let's Help Mary Smith

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TONIGHT I TALKED TO MARY SMITH. YOU'VE PROBABLY never heard of her. She is certainly no campus beauty, nor is she so developed socially that she is the chairman of some very important committee on campus. Mary Smith is a short, rather plump, dark-haired girl in pre-med. She is a second-semester freshman with a 4.8 university average. This is a high average in any school, but it is especially good for a pre-med student.

Being a pre-med student with a high average does not explain Mary Smith. Her high average is of interest, but I want to talk about her as a person. I would like to show what makes her outstanding and why I think she should be given the chance to stay that way.

Mary Smith, as I said before, is a second-semester freshman. She is twenty-three years old and has completed a business course; she is prepared to do secretarial work any time she wishes. Mary comes from Kentucky, near the Virginia border. There are ten other children in the family and very little money. Like the rest of the family she had no educational plans beyond grade school. But she wanted to be somebody; she did not want to settle down in the Kentucky hills and raise ten more children in poverty. Mary decided to go on to high school.

So, after staying out of school a year, Mary entered high school as a freshman. She worked her way through by getting aid from the National Youth Administration, and she told me that she doubted whether there was ever any other student who squeezed her textbooks and teachers so hard for every drop of knowledge.

When Mary was graduated from high school, she realized that there was a force somewhere inside her that wouldn't let her stop learning. She didn't

know exactly what to do, but she decided that business school was the answer. She borrowed money from her aunt, studied, and went through business school in record time. Then she got a secretarial job and advanced until she was secretary to a high official in a big firm.

Mary pinched her pennies and saved money. She paid her aunt for sending her through business school, and she amassed the fortune of twelve hundred dollars. This looked like a gold mine to her. With this, she decided, she could get through the university and fulfill her fondest dream, which, Mary had discovered, was not taking letters for an important business executive. She would go to the best medical school around—the University of Illinois—and study to be a pediatrician.

Mary finished her first semester with the realization that her bank account was badly diminished. She had studied every possible second and worked for meals at the Union Building, but still her money went fast. She could get no scholarship because her home was in Kentucky, and after she had paid her tuition and bought her books for the second semester her resources were badly depleted.

She saw another break. Her roommate was specializing in dietetics and was going to the Woman's Building to let the teachers experiment with her diet. She asked Mary if she would like to go on a low nitrogen diet—they furnished the food. Mary went on the diet and ate a few concentrated cookies a day; drank fifty cubic milliliters of lemonade, and one hundred and fifty milliliters of distilled water. This diet was terribly tasteless, but Mary stayed with it; best of all she saved money.

Last night Mary confessed she had quit working. It made her too tired to study properly. Her bank account has dwindled considerably, and she wants to go to summer school. There are still three hundred dollars in bonds, but that is all; and her family needs help, too.

That is the story of Mary Smith to date, but it is not the end. At least it should not be the end. A girl who has a good grade average like Mary's, and a girl who has fought hard for every little particle she has should be given the chance to go on with her schooling. The United States government gives scholarships to veterans, and rightly, but what about soldiers like Mary Smith? She's made retreats and come back swinging. She has been fighting all the way for those back home.

Can't something be done about a girl like that? Can't the state or federal government issue scholarships to deserving students with a 4.5 average who haven't the money to go on? How about our politicians doling out their scholarships to girls with a story like Mary Smith's rather than to Jean Jones, who meekly asserts she has a 3.0 average, but whose parents have been Republicans, whose grandfather never split a ticket, and who, as soon as she can vote, will vote straight Republican.

Working on the '400'

DONALD W. BAHR

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, Summer, 1945

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1944 THREE OF MY FRIENDS and I held jobs on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad diners. Altogether we completed twenty-nine trips, including several to the coast. I myself made six runs to Los Angeles and two to Omaha. To the regular crew members it seemed quite unusual to have four boys from the same town working with them, and so we were known as "the Palatine Kids" among them.

Palatine is a small Chicago suburb through which the Wisconsin division of the Chicago Northwestern runs. Because the railroad was conveniently close and paid well, all of us had had previous part-time jobs with the company. Just before our vacation began, we inquired about summer jobs and were promptly hired in the Commissary department after a vigorous physical examination. After being classified fourth class cooks, we were instructed briefly in our duties and told to expect a call within two days. When I told my parents, they both disapproved and argued that it would be too hard and monotonous. But I was not to be deprived of my chance of traveling on my own and being paid well for it too; so I managed to convince them to let me go.

After thirty-six hours of anxious waiting, I was called to report that night ready to leave on the '400'—*City of Los Angeles*. This train is one of the best and fastest on the line. I had often worked on it, while it was in the station, and knew it well. It is completely streamlined and Diesel-driven. All the cars are furnished with the most modern equipment, even to polaroid glass in the windows and air conditioning. It usually has two sections, each with ten cars. I found out later that one of my friends was going out on the other section.

I arrived at the station one hour before train time and immediately signed in and began work. With the second class cook, I went down to the commissary kitchens, which are located under the station. They are equipped completely, for it is there that all bread and pastries are baked, meat and vegetables for the first meal on the train prepared, and the menus for the complete trips drawn up. Behind these kitchens are large storerooms well stocked with all types of canned foods and non-perishables. After receiving his menu for the trip, the cook and I went into the storerooms to get all the necessary items listed. All of the canned food for the trip had to be loaded on because we made no stops long enough for reloading

anything but perishables. After he had signed out all the supplies we went up to the train just fifteen minutes before the departure.

Then I saw the kitchen for the first time. Everything was made of stainless steel and was immobile. The small room was a masterpiece of compactness. Everything had its own place and was immaculate. The inside wall was completely lined with a low, glass-doored refrigerator, the top of which served as a work table. Opposite this were a built-in dishwasher and rinsing tubs. Between these against the narrow wall was a stove with a large oven and opposite this a door to the diner. All around the top of the room were cabinets, and on the outside wall another door. The diner itself was very luxurious, as was the entire train. The next car was the cafe lounge, a low cost snack restaurant, which was also handled by our kitchen.

Just a few minutes before train time the already prepared food for the first meal was brought up. It needed only to be heated and served as soon as we pulled out. This was done to facilitate immediate service and to prevent the kitchen from falling behind in its preparations. We picked up similar supplies in the four main stops along the way, Omaha, Cheyenne, Ogden, and Salt Lake City. Together with this final load of supplies came the chef. He was a tall, grey-haired man who seemed a little cramped in the small kitchen. However, he had been working at his trade several years and seemed to enjoy it, as he was very jovial. The second class cook was much younger and had worked his way up in only a year. Both were very skillful and produced very attractive dishes. The chef did most of the preparing and cooking of meat while the cook prepared salads and vegetables. I did several small jobs in preparing the food, but my main duties were to keep the dishes and the kitchen clean.

There were five waiters and a head waiter in the diner and five additional workers in the cafe lounge. Although the head waiter was in command of the crew he wasn't the highest paid worker. The chef received the largest salary, for in general kitchen workers are higher paid than waiters. However, the latter always receive a great amount in tips. Their tip money far surpasses their salaries, and many times on this trip they made as much as fifteen to twenty dollars or more on tips in one day. As far as the wage scale goes both the chef and the cook are above the head waiter, and the fourth class cook above the waiters.

At exactly 6:00 P.M. we pulled out of the Northwestern Chicago station and were soon roaring across the western flats of Illinois and Iowa. Much to my surprise, people began coming into the diner just after we left, and the first meal lasted till 8:30. I noticed that as the kitchen began to function, although there was no hurried work done, everything was done precisely and punctually with the various courses always ready when needed. Despite rationing and shortages, the dinners seemed to have suffered little.

Roast beef, lake trout, and fried chicken were the main dishes offered, each complete with four other courses.

When the diner closed, the two conductors came in to eat. They talked with me while I helped pick up the dishes. Both were very encouraging and friendly. During the meal I had become swamped with dishes, but I gradually developed a system which got them under control. We worked till 10:00 cleaning the kitchen and utensils and preparing breakfast. Because gambling was not allowed, the crew usually went to sleep early. By 10:30 the entire crew had unrolled their mattresses on the tables and were asleep. Although we arrived in Omaha at 2:00 A.M., I did not wake up. The cook, however, was up to receive our second batch of supplies, which included bakery goods for breakfast and prepared food for lunch. When I woke up at 5:30, we were well into Nebraska, and at 6:20 we pulled into North Platte. Between meals, when the work was completed, I watched the scenery of Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada pass by. My biggest thrill was my first sight of a mountain.

Although traveling was probably at its best on the '400' it was still far from pleasant on the war-loaded train. All seats were reserved, but the train was still overcrowded because three extra cars to handle service-men were added on to each section. The diner reflected the crowded conditions of the train. People often waited forty-five or more minutes to eat. There were many wives with babies on the train. Without the patience and friendliness of the hostess and the conductors, conditions would have been much more trying. The service-men were the best passengers. They kept the others amused with their impromptu singing and antics.

Some forty-two hours later we arrived at our destination, Los Angeles. The entire crew trooped away for their two-day rest. Most went to regular boarding houses and either rested or celebrated. However, those who did celebrate made certain to return to work sober. My friend and I went to stay at a small uptown hotel. From there we visited parts of Los Angeles. Our leave was soon up, and at 12:15 P.M. two days later we started on the return trip. As usual, we stocked in the necessary provisions before leaving, but I found the Los Angeles Commissary department wasn't nearly as well-stocked as Chicago's.

On the return trip there were far fewer service-men, and as a consequence the train was much less crowded. In Wyoming and Nebraska the entire Platte River Valley, which we went through several times, was flooded. Several times we were forced to move very slowly because the water had almost reached the track bed. Although held up by the flood we still got back to Chicago in less than forty-four hours. It seemed good to have completed a mission to the coast, for now I could be termed a "dymno," which in railroad terminology means an apprentice.

"Imp of the Perverse"

ETHELYN FINK

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

SALVADOR DALI IS A MYSTERYMAN. TO FATHOM THE depths of his mind is almost an impossibility. His surrealist art is a reproduction of the mystery of his mind, equally as unintelligible. This "imp of the perverse" has given to the world a creative touch that has transformed reality to illusion. What has happened in his life that has made him so eccentric in the eyes of the public—that has made him so oblivious to custom and normality?

Dali was treated differently from most children. He was a badly spoiled child and many of his whims were abnormal, even homicidal. Only a few years after his introduction to the world in 1904, in the Spanish town of Figueras, he came running home to his parents to explain gleefully that he had just pushed his playmate from an unfinished bridge to the rocks below.¹ The child was severely injured; Dali felt no remorse. Never a day elapsed that his doting mother didn't exclaim, "What do you wish, sweetheart? What is it you want?" At one of these queries Dali answered, "A king's ermine cape, a gold scepter, and a crown." He got it.

Salvador despised all other children, but he wanted to be admired by them at any cost to himself. At school he was the only child to be brought hot milk and cocoa in a magnificent thermos bottle wrapped in a cloth embroidered with his initials. He was always surrounded by children less fortunate than himself, and he did his best to keep them in constant reminder of the fact. He often wore a rich looking sailor suit with a thick gold insignia decorating it. And he always carried a flexible, bamboo cane with a silver dog's head.

As a result of his peculiarly regulated childhood, he became opposed to all system and principle. If a person were to say "black," Dali would immediately counter it with "white," for no other reason than to rebel. If an elderly person were to bow with respect, our young Salvador would spit!

At the age of fourteen the imp began his attendance at the Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid. Here he puzzled his teachers by his only really conscientious ability: his remarkable talent for reproducing the works of the masters with a touch of his personal satire. He "doodled" over all his books and papers and was expelled from school for insubordination.

In 1927, when surrealism became the rage in Paris, Dali began eagerly to exhibit his subconscious in the form of small canvases. He sold every

¹ M. Cowley, "Imp of the Perverse," *New Republic*, CVIII (January 18, 1943), 88.

picture. He even began to write surrealist poems and helped produce the first two surrealist movies, "Le Chien Andalou" (with emphasis on pianos covered with carcasses of dead monkeys) and "L'Age d'Or."

This Paris experience started Dali well on his way. He was in his early twenties and suffering from all the abnormalities listed by the nineteenth century Viennese physicians, including sadism, masochism, hysteria, hypochondria, and something he calls "compulsive maniacal psychosis."² This last infliction was something Dali nursed throughout his life—a sort of complex that he was going mad. He succeeded in making this fact evident to the world. At the age of twenty-nine a girl complimented him on the beauty of his feet. Says he, "I jumped up, my mind clouded by an odd feeling of jealousy toward myself—knocked my admirer down and trampled on her with all my might." A still more unbelievable truth that illustrated Salvador's perverse character was an episode in Paris. Dali saw a legless blind man sitting on his little cart, tapping the sidewalk with boundless self-assurance. The sight was so repugnant to Salvador that he went up to the blind man and gave him a kick that sent him scooting all the way across Boulevard Edgar-Quinst.³

The year 1934 saw a slight, dark, restless chap with a "clipped cinematographer's mustache and the eyes of a crystal gazer" become the dictator and tyrant of the Paris art world. "I saw Paris transformed before my eyes in obedience to the order I had given at the moment of my arrival."⁴ Dali had made perversity a new religion. The whole society of Paris clamored at his heels in worship. In this same year, Julian Levy, an art dealer, discovered him and introduced him to the United States. At once Dali created a sensation. The populace was hungry for something unique. His famous picture of the drooping timepieces became a temporary Bible.

The following summer, Dali, on a trip to London, appeared at a lecture dressed in a deep-sea diving suit with a jeweled dagger at its belt, carrying a billiard cue, and leading a pair of Russian wolfhounds. His only explanation was, "I just wanted to show that I was plunging deeply into the human mind."⁵

Back in America, Dali outdid himself at the New York World's Fair. He not only exhibited his painting ability, but he also demonstrated his talent in other fields. He wrote and presented a ballet about a red-wigged Tristan's love for Isolde, with music by Wagner and Cole Porter. In addition, he wrote a scenario with Harpo Marx, whose picture, along with Mae West's, he

² *Ibid.*

³ "Not So Secret Life," *Time*, XL (December 28, 1942), 30.

⁴ M. Cowley, *op. cit.*, p. 89.

⁵ M. Block, "Salvador Dali," *Current Biography*, New York: H. W. Wilson Company, 1940, p. 219.

had painted in Hollywood. Dali was firmly convinced that the Marx Brothers' pictures were representative of surrealism.⁶

One of the most famous Dali outbreaks occurred a short time after the World's Fair. The Bonwit Teller store was displaying in one of the windows a Dali creation. Dali, enraged because his display had been rearranged, attempted to destroy the fur-lined bathtub in the window. He smashed the plate glass and toppled into the street.

When one hears of these almost fiendish outbursts occurring frequently in Salvador Dali's life, he finds it hard to believe that this creator is entirely sane. He once said of himself, "I tried every possible means to go mad or rather doing everything in my power to welcome and help that madness which I felt clearly intended to take up its abode in my soul." Gala, Dali's wife, was largely responsible for preserving what sanity he had. Salvador met Gala when she was the wife of the surrealist poet, Paul Eluard.⁷ To impress the Eluards, Dali decided "to get himself up very elaborately." He tore his best silk shirt to shreds, shaved his armpits until they bled, transferred blood to other parts of his body, turned his bathing trunks inside out, placed an enormous red geranium behind one ear, put a pearl necklace around his neck, and finally smeared his whole body with goat dung and aspic. Whether or not the Eluards were duly impressed, Gala married Salvador. She taught him a measure of reality and self-confidence, and, most of all, that his wildest dreams could be realized in the external world.⁸

Dali's life has often been labeled "nightmare." Dali himself once made a statement that explains perfectly his hallucinations: "... at night I always dream of extremely agreeable things, and it is precisely when I am perfectly wide-awake, in broad daylight and in contact with practical life, that most of my hallucinatory nightmares have always occurred. While the substance of the real nightmares of other people is purely imaginary, I may say that the substance of my imaginary nightmares is utterly real."⁹ Dali admires nothing that is natural or normal and almost nothing that is strictly human.

Dali finds it perfectly natural that the public cannot understand his paintings. "I do not understand them myself at first, and then I begin to grasp the symbols, though there are often symbols which I can never explain." Among the most frequent of his symbols, the most interesting is the "fetishistic" crutch. It may be traced to a crutch found in an attic of a tower from which Dali intended to throw a girl. Says Dali, "It was the first time in my life that I saw a crutch. . . . The superb crutch! Already it appeared to me as the object possessing the height of authority and solemnity. . . .

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ "Not So Secret Life," *loc. cit.*

⁸ H. P. Lazarus, "Dali's Autobiography," *Nation*, CLVI (February 6, 1943), 212.

⁹ "Nightmare Journey," *Life*, XVI (March 6, 1944), 18.

[It] communicated to me an assurance, an arrogancy even, which I had never been capable of until then."¹⁰

Salvador's works certainly reveal his serious belief that an artist can create as he pleases. "Bedside tables, sometimes cut out of the plump flesh of nurses sitting on the seashore, fried eggs slithering down banisters, dripping telephones, limp watches, and wrecked automobiles brimming with flowers" are only a few examples of his inventiveness and playfulness. He tells his eager public, by way of an explanation, that these things represent "the horrors that have beset him from infancy to the present."¹¹

Opinion on Dali is seldom unanimous. Some critics are convinced that he is crazy and wasting a real talent. Still others believe that he is an "amusing opportunist." But there is one point upon which the majority agree, even his fellow surrealists. That is that Dali is a superb draughtsman and a master of colors. "He paints with the most exquisite delicacy the most vulgar subjects. . . . It is fascinating how he can be so good without being so great."¹²

No matter what one may think, Dali, whatever else he is, is a forceful character. He does not hesitate to display his beliefs, perverse as they are. He limits his relations with the real, practical world to almost nothing. He rebels against all that is fixed and customary. Once when Dali was refused the right to display one of his lurid creations, he indignantly proclaimed the whole purpose of his work: "Artists and poets of America! . . . Loose the blinding lightning of your anger and the avenging thunder of your paranoiac inspiration."¹³ Dali wants to smite the world with his imagination. His work is "beyond life and death. It is beyond everything."¹⁴

¹⁰ "Not So Secret Life," *loc. cit.*

¹¹ H. M. Chevalier, "Salvador Dali as a Writer," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXVII (April 15, 1944), 15.

¹² H. P. Lazarus, *op. cit.*, p. 212.

¹³ M. Block, *loc. cit.*, p. 90.

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The Strength of My Father

ROMONA HART

DGS 1a, Final Examination, 1944-1945

MY FATHER'S STRENGTH IS NOT PHYSICAL. NO, INDEED, because, you see, he has not walked for more than eighteen years. At the age of twenty-nine a great calamity befell him, and his body started slowly wasting away. It was not easy to take for one so young — for one who had just begun his life — for one who had the responsibility of a wife and two very small children. I can only imagine the mental turmoil he must have suffered.

But with more will power than I have ever seen in any other man, my father overcame his affliction. Not physically, understand, but mentally and spiritually. I think I can say that he did *more* than overcome his affliction; he rose above it. I have never seen my father walk. His condition has grown steadily worse until now he cannot even move his hands or arms. His only enjoyments in life are his radio, his pipe, his family, and his friends. Yet, strange as it may seem, I have never heard him complain about anything, and he never talks about his condition unless someone mentions it to him. Then he passes it off with, "Well, I could be a lot worse than I am."

My father has a host of friends. They often marvel at his cheerful mood as much as I do, but no one ever pities him. He would be insulted if anyone ever did show him the slightest bit of pity. Sitting there in his wheel chair, he looks directly at all who come to see him. He is interested in everything, and his variety of friends is just as wide as his variety of interests. Old schoolmates (both men and women) come to talk about things that happened long ago. Legionnaires come to talk of conventions, prize fights, baseball, and war. The young boys home on furlough from the Army or Navy never fail to stop at least once during their short stays at home. Daddy is always an intimate friend of the paper boy, who stops for a chat about baseball while delivering his papers. Girl or boy friends of mine and Carl's go to see him even when Carl and I aren't at home. Now his latest, so I hear, is the little eighth grade girl who lives across the street. She confides in him all her troubles with her school work and her boy friends. She spends the evening with him many times while Mother goes to a movie. Perhaps she is helping to fill my place, and how I do envy her! One of my fondest memories is the many hours I've spent with my father.

I cannot say that my father is the backbone of our family; my mother deserves at least half the credit for being that. I can say, though, that he is the brains, because even though his body is in a state of slow decay, his mind

is not. He has a great aptitude for figures and he solves problems for us faster in his head than we can solve them on paper. They are just little things like adding the grocery bill, or figuring how many yards of material will be needed for a pair of curtains. Or maybe we'll have him read the blueprints to find where to hang a new picture. Yes, they're just little things, but they help us as well as him. He is never happier than when he is making us happy, because his family is the greatest of all his enjoyments.

My father has strength — great strength. I repeat: it is not physical; it is something much greater. It is strength of mind — strength of spirit — strength of character!

Getting Into Character

ROBERT CUSHMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1944-1945

WHEN I RETURNED FROM MY THANKSGIVING VACATION, I found that I had something additional to be thankful for. The *Illini* had released the news of the *Romeo and Juliet* cast, and I had been fortunate enough to get a role—that of Tybalt.

Jim Carruth and I had tried out together a week before. We had gone to see a Mr. Shattuck, who was—we were told—in charge of the production. He put us through a very unusual tryout. Beside reading parts of the play, we had to pantomime fencing, boxing, and tennis. We had to left profile, right profile, kneel, bow, and even carry an imaginary sack of rocks. I realized later the reason for all these seemingly stupid actions. A person must get into character to do justice to his role, and to do this, he must not only know the lines, but he must also have good stage presence.

The first rehearsal was devoted to an informal read-through of the play. I knew nothing about Tybalt's character; I even pronounced his name "Tie-balt." Because of this ignorance, my first reading was horribly inept. Thoroughly disgusted with my lack of ability, I consulted Mr. Shattuck. I asked him just what kind of a guy Tybalt was.

His answer was to the point. He said, "Well, Bob, Tybalt was a mean s— — — —!"

This answer kindled the spark of Tybalt in me, and at each rehearsal, I learned more about him. Eventually he worked into my own character, and I began to "feel" the part after the first couple of weeks. Tybalt's lines show that he is quick to anger, and they show his bitterness toward the Montagues. Every line, sharp, and hateful, helped to paint his picture for me.

Learning all that I could about Tybalt's character, I set about to make myself as nearly like him as possible. His few lines were easily mastered, but correct emphasis had to be put on each word. I had to develop a hate—a genuine hate—for some of the actors in the production. After one performance, I was asked whether I was really angry at Jack Clay when I told him, "Romeo, the hate I bear thee—."

Actions on stage denote a very important part of Tybalt's character. I had to master quick, precise, and confident movements, and to carry myself in a haughty, superior manner. Above all, I had to make my eyes show hate. This I accomplished by glaring "out of the corner of the eye." My face had to be "set," the chin in, the eyebrows down, and the lips drawn into a thin line. These movements are very important because most of Tybalt's acting is silent and is done with movements, expressions of the face and eyes. Examples of this acting are shown in the ballroom scene where Tybalt is being repressed by Capulet, because he had tried to start a fight with Romeo; and in the third act when Tybalt returns, after killing Mercutio, to finish off Romeo.

The hardest, but most important, task I had was to forget that I was fighting with friends on the stage and to fight with the intent to kill. From one of Mercutio's speeches I had learned that Tybalt was the great fencer of the play and that he fought "one, two and the third in your bosom—." This knowledge made me feel a little egotistical. It was the same egotism that Tybalt has throughout his part in the play—the feeling of resentment that inferiors were allowed in his presence. I had to show this feeling through realistic swordsmanship. When I fought with Jim Wood (Benvolio) I had to be out for blood, which, incidentally, I drew: Jim has scars on his hands to show that.

After I had myself in character, I thought nothing could possibly improve my Tybalt. I was wrong! Make-up, lighting, staging, and costumes add much more character to any role.

Make-up artists gave me a mustache and beard, not unlike those of d'Artagnan in *The Three Musketeers*. My costume—the one I liked the better—was a leather outfit with a red sash around the waist. "Buccaneer" boots, armor collar, yellow gauntlets, and an "Anzac" type of hat completed this costume. Wearing it made me feel the part at least a hundred per cent better.

The staging was well suited to the costumes, and I could imagine the crowned heads of England sitting out there in the "Globe Theater" watching my performance. Tybalt and I were one. Thus, when I shot across the stage in Act I issuing the challenge to Benvolio, "What! Art thou drawn among these heartless hinds—," I was just putting to use the results of a long, tedious process, so necessary in the production of a play—that process known as getting into character.

The Paramecium

EUGENE KOLEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1944-1945

VASTLY MORE ABUNDANT THAN ANY OF THE MORE notable inhabitants of fresh water is the paramecium. Wherever there is fresh water containing dead organic matter, the paramecium, slipper-shaped in form, may be found. But all too few people have seen this one-celled animal, because it is microscopic.

For the beginning zoology student this minute though complex micro-organism offers an exceedingly interesting study. In its one cell there are various structures which aid in and carry on many body activities. Among the principal ones are a gullet into which food is taken, a mouth or cytostome, two contractile vacuoles for excretion, a micronucleus which aids in reproduction, a macronucleus which is the center of body activity, cilia for locomotion, and trichocysts or "stinging cells" which help protect the animal.

As one peers into the microscope for his first look at the paramecium, he is surprised to see how rapidly the almost transparent animal moves. With an undulating motion of the cilia, which are located around the body, it is capable of travelling at a remarkable speed for its size. Through closer observation one will notice that the slitlike gullet, which is located in the middle and to one side of the animal, seems to be moving from one side to the other. However, if one realizes that the paramecium is cylindrical and transparent, and that it moves with a rotating motion, he will more easily understand how the animal's gullet could appear in different places.

Besides acting as the locomotive structure of the paramecium, the cilia, or minute hairlike structures covering the outer surface and mouth of the animal, are vital for its food-getting. Around and inside the gullet there is a lining of cilia. These create a current which travels through the gullet, carrying with it many bits of dead organic matter to the mouth, or cytostome, a saclike structure also lined with cilia. These cilia force the water and food particles to the blind end of the cytostome, creating such a pressure that the end of the cytostome breaks off, forming a food or water vacuole. A vacuole is just a bubble in the protoplasm of a cell where food or water is found.

Digestion, circulation, respiration, and sensory stimulation are not carried on by specific structures. The general body surface secretes the enzymes of digestion, and this food is circulated by diffusion throughout the body surface. Like all higher animals the paramecium needs oxygen, but again it is the general body surface which acts as the respiratory structure. There is no definite nervous system, or even any sensory structures in the paramecium, but several stimuli do affect the animal in some way or another.

The principal stimuli which may elicit response are mechanical disturbances: change of temperature, light, chemical stimuli, and electrical stimuli. There possibly is a definite sensory structure, but as yet it has not been discovered. Here again it seems to be the general body surface.

Extremely close observation will uncover the most spectacular metabolic process of the paramecium, its method of excretion. At either end of the upper side of the paramecium may be seen two contractile vacuoles. One moment they seem like short pointed stars with a large center, and the next they appear like extremely long pointed stars with a very small center. Further investigation will show the reason for this phenomenon. The central or principal vacuole is large when it contains much waste from the body. The outlying or accessory vacuoles are small and stubby when they empty their wastes into the central vacuole. When the central vacuole becomes too large, it bursts, and all the wastes are let out of the body, leaving the central vacuole in a contracted state. Then the accessory vacuoles begin to expand and collect more wastes, and finally they empty into the central vacuole. Thus the accessory vacuoles function alternately with the central vacuole.

Like all other one-celled animals, the paramecium has considerable ability to regenerate or remake lost parts. This striking capacity is apparent in the almost instantaneous regeneration of the walls of the central vacuoles and the cytostome. As long as parts of each nucleus are present, a complete regeneration of the animal is possible.

Binary fission or simple cell division is the method of reproduction in the paramecium; yet it is not enough for its maintenance of reproductive ability. A process known as conjugation must occur from time to time to rejuvenate the sickening animal. This process involves the transfer of part of the micronuclei of the two individuals. It is accomplished when two paramecia attach at the cytostome, lose their macronuclei, and have their micronuclei divide in two, and then in four. Three of the micronuclei in each disintegrate, and the one left in each divides into a large stationary part, and a smaller moving part. The two moving parts transfer from one animal to the other, and unite with the stationary parts. The paramecia then separate and the macronuclei appear again. The stationary micronuclei represent the female, and the moving represent the male. If nothing interfered externally, the paramecium could be immortal; in fact, it has "potential immortality."

Death of the paramecium usually occurs from some climatic change, from lack of food, or from its greatest enemy, the one-celled didinium. Like a little warrior warding off the terrible dragon, the paramecium fights bravely, jabbing his trichocysts or "stinging cells" into the larger didinium's hulk. But unlike the happy warrior, the poor paramecium is usually engulfed by the didinium. However, no matter how many of the little paramecia are destroyed, they are sure to remain one of the most plentiful animals on earth.

Democracy Under Pressure

By Stuart Chase

JACK GOMBERG

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1944-1945

IN THE HECTIC PERIOD IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE disaster at Pearl Harbor the entire nation was aroused to forgetting petty differences, and opposing factions united against the common danger. But in a very short time afterwards these different groups abandoned national unity in favor of furthering their own selfish interests and desires.

It is concerning these special interests, called pressure groups, that *Democracy Under Pressure* was written. The author, Stuart Chase, is a famous economist and liberal statesman. He is in an especially good position to know and understand this difficult subject because of his many years spent as chairman of important government agencies. Mr. Chase's chief purpose in writing the book at this time is to make each citizen fully aware of the extent to which his life is affected directly by the activities of the three most important pressure groups, "Big Business," "Big Labor," and "Big Agriculture."

Each of these three groups has at one time or another taken advantage of the critical wartime conditions to advance its own ends and purposes, usually at the expense of the rest of the public. Though differing sharply as to desired goals and generally representing conflicting economic groups, they still employ the same methods to achieve these goals.

First of all they establish lobbies in Washington and in the state Capitols and city halls. Then they attempt to get favorable candidates elected to office and influence those already in office. Once this is done it is a simple matter for them to achieve their main purpose—influencing legislation. All government officials are under a constant barrage of pressure to vote the "right" way. Failure to do so might mean the loss of countless votes in the next election.

Powerful organizations, such as the National Association of Manufacturers or the large labor unions, spend huge sums on propaganda campaigns in favor of such things as "free enterprise" or the "closed shop." Some economists go so far as to suggest that another house of Congress be established to represent solely economic interests. Then the members of the present houses of Congress would be free to represent truly their respective populations.

Mr. Chase does a remarkable job of analyzing these complex pressure

groups objectively, although he does not fully tell us whether these organizations are harmful or beneficial.

Democracy Under Pressure does accomplish its purpose of exposing these groups to the general public. Nevertheless the fact still remains that these pressure groups and super-monopolies are daily growing larger and more powerful. Whether they will dominate postwar economy, or whether the government will intercede and act as a huge consumer's pressure group in the benefit of the majority is yet to be decided.

The Longest Battle in Naval History

ERNEST ORCUTT

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

THE BATTLE OF THE KOMANDORSKIE ISLANDS WAS not only a major sea engagement but a miracle as well. For surely it is a miracle when a great fighting ship lies dead in the water, mortally wounded, and then comes back to life to defeat the enemy. It is also a miracle when three small, brave destroyers make a suicide torpedo run on ships that outweigh them ten tons to one—and succeed.

This strange battle took place on a bitterly cold March day in 1943, north of Kiska and east of the Russian owned Komandorskie Islands.

Our task force was steaming in the dusk before dawn—one heavy cruiser, one light cruiser, and four destroyers—looking for any Jap convoys that might be trying to reinforce Kiska. The admiral's flag flew on the light cruiser. My battle station was trainer in number one turret on the heavy cruiser. It wasn't long before our lookouts reported a number of ships' masts on the horizon, these masts later proving to be two Jap transports with destroyer escorts. Upon sighting us they shifted course, we in turn shifting ours to parallel them. A few minutes later more masts appeared. These were warships and not merchantmen. It was a Jap task force made up of two heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, and six destroyers. The odds were now two to one in favor of the Japs. The only thing we could do was to hit and run.

The first salvo came from the leading Jap heavy—as we reversed our course—straddling but not hitting us. Following that were three salvos, all close. It was then that our main battery guns opened up, our fourth salvo hitting the leading Jap heavy on her forward superstructure, setting her afire. Our sixth salvo hit her again, and she retired from the fight to lick

her wounds. It wasn't long after this that we received our first hit. The shell exploded below the waterline, causing the ship to lurch violently. We exchanged more salvos, each Jap salvo coming closer and closer. We owed much to our captain, who maneuvered the ship on a zig-zagging course.

The ship again jumped and heaved, and we knew this time that we had been hit severely. This second hit had pierced the hull and entered the fire-rooms. The water was rising rapidly, men were manning pumps, and damage control parties were trying to plug up the hole with anything that was handy. But still the water continued to rise; the boilers would soon be out of commission and we would be dead in the water. The water was up to the shoulders of the workers now—the ice-gray waters of the Bering Sea—and the propellers shuddered to a stop.

The captain then sent a message to the admiral on the light cruiser, telling him that our speed was zero and asking for a destroyer smoke screen. Immediately a smoke screen was laid down around us to hold off the Jap force and to enable us to repair our engines. To further the confusion, our after turrets were running out of ammunition. To remedy this, shells and powder had to be carried from the forward turrets, aft. The Jap salvos were inching up close to our fantail. They scored their third and fourth hits amidships on the superstructure deck with devastating effect.

The captain calmly passed this word over the announcing system: "Well, boys. I guess this is it. Stick to your stations and we will go down fighting." My whole life passed before my eyes. Death was close beside me and my shipmates. I started shaking uncontrollably and praying, as did every man on board. Silence was complete. Men were looking at each other with blank expressions on their faces, too bewildered and dumbfounded to speak.

The admiral then signaled three destroyers to make a torpedo run on the Jap force. It was a suicide run but had to be done. These three brave little ships started out at full speed, each man on board knowing that he would probably not return. White plumes of foam showed from their sterns as they drove forward toward the Japs. The range was closing between them until only nine thousand yards remained. There was a sickening roar and the destroyer leader received a hit, slowing her down to half speed. She turned and in turning let go her sleek, silver "fish," in one last effort at the leading Jap ship. One torpedo scored a hit and the Jap force turned tail and retired over the horizon. They had had enough. Our three little ships had saved the day.

By this time we had our steam up and were going ahead slowly, steadily. We returned to our home base that night with the knowledge that we had won over and turned back a numerically superior Jap fleet. We couldn't praise the boys on the destroyers enough. We had been prepared to die, and they had given us back our lives.

Conscription? — No!

LOIS ANNE BRADEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1944-1945

BEFORE THE HOUSE MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE IS the May Bill, which, if passed, would establish permanent peacetime conscription. The powerful groups now supporting this bill are in favor of compelling every young man (Mrs. Roosevelt wants to include women too) of seventeen to devote a year to a military training program. They argue that such a program would have many benefits: military, health, economic, and educational. Unfortunately, these supporters of the May Bill seem to regard compulsory military training as a prize package, a kind of patent medicine that is good for many ailments—take it and you can't lose! They think it's grandmother's reliable sulfur and molasses for post-war Uncle Sam. But let's examine their arguments carefully.

Their military argument is one of national security: the country needs compulsory military training after the war in order to police certain parts of the world, to protect itself against aggression, and to prevent future wars. But there are other means more effective than compulsory peacetime military training for purposes of policing, defense, and war prevention. This compulsory training, instead of adding to our security, would greatly undermine it. Adopting such a program now would reveal a lack of confidence in the general international organization and would imply distrust of other nations who might then doubt whether the United States is in reality a peace-loving nation. Those nations, in turn, might increase their own armaments for protection's sake.

So, as you can see, military training offers no assurance of peace, but instead builds a basis for war. Did not war first blossom in a militarily trained Europe? The most heavily militarized nations in recent history have had the least security against war.

The health argument is that compulsory military training would improve the health of the nation by providing healthful living, vigorous physical training, and needed corrective medical treatment. I believe physical benefits would be more soundly established if the same money and care were used throughout the country by civilian agencies. Health is gained not so much by a year's military training as by attention to the physical needs of boys and girls through infancy and childhood. Only the physically fit would be included in such a program, anyway. Far better health for the nation would

be secured through a national health program for people of all ages. President McPherson (Town Meeting of the Air, April 27, 1944) said, "It is not true that military training is good physical education. I have that on the authority of the man who put in the physical education program at West Point . . . who said that the use of a musket or military drill for that purpose was not nearly as effective as a well-regulated, first-class gymnasium and physical education program."

The economic argument—that conscription would reduce unemployment by draining a group of men and young women from job competition—is not a sound one. Instead of safeguarding the rights of labor, conscription can easily become a threat to its freedom. It's entirely possible to take away the right to strike simply by calling workmen to the colors and then ordering them back to work under military command. Daladier, former premier of France, did just that in the early stages of the war recently ended. By supporting conscription Americans would favor being placed in danger of such a threat and would subject themselves to an increased heavy tax burden.

As for the education argument—I say military training is a serious interruption to the course of study through high school and college. It will cause many young men to lose initiative and enterprise. Would you be enthusiastic about another year's delay in preparing for a profession requiring three or four years' training beyond college? And concerning the educational values—it hardly seems necessary to undergo a year of military training to become an army cook, or a navy bookkeeper. Civilian schools are better training institutions than the army for skills and traits needed for democratic citizenship today.

Should this May Bill, then, be allowed to saddle youth, which has had no voice in the decision, with a system that would have such lasting effects upon its future? Definitely not! Youth should be given a peace program which would insure the Four Freedoms. Does peacetime conscription insure freedom of religion, the right of man to serve the highest ideal he has? On the contrary, conscription recognizes no higher duty than military obedience to the state. Does it insure freedom of speech? Military discipline destroys individuality and the right to speak freely. Does it insure freedom from want and from fear? No! Conscription increases fear by maintaining the war system and increases want by taking men away from productive occupations.

It's our future the May Bill is planning, so let's voice our opinion of it before it's too late. We mustn't let the bill pass. Let's write our senators and representatives today!

Rhet as Writ

I think rhetoric is necessary, because it is usually expected for a college graduate to carry a conversation without making dramatical errors. Without rhetoric a student wouldn't be prepared to meet the demands of the public, because you establish contact with your good english. Rhetoric gives a student courage and power to express himself with words that will entrance the listener. I am sure of this oppinion, because the university of Illinois seems to agree with me.

. . . .

They fought against an enemy who was out for victory and would take no for an answer.

. . . .

His thoughts leak out as strange inductions.

. . . .

General MacArthur said the men had taken him out of the jaws of death and that he would forget it.

. . . .

The only possible change in rushing I can suggest is that girls could be rushed by the fraternities. I think we'd stand a much better chance of getting in there.

. . . .

The food in the army was good and healthful for you could see it on our faces.

. . . .

Among the various impressive expressions on the girl's faces, many Ahs, Uhgs, and Ohs could be heard.

. . . .

The question of delinquency is being discussed widely today so that we may try to curb it. However, in order to be able to clear the country of delinquency it is necessary for the breeding of it to be discovered and then stopped.

. . . .

I will admit I didn't have too many dates anyway but . . . my dates were strictly with the female sex. I managed to be satisfied like everyone else.

. . . .

The thing that keeps this story from being pure fiction is that it is not fiction, but history.

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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Objective — Iwo Jima

WILBUR MENTZER

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

THE SUCCESSFUL INVASION OF IWO JIMA, WHICH MILITARY strategists called the most heavily fortified island in the world, is an excellent example of intelligent planning by staff officers, thorough training by unit commanders, and the indomitable spirit of the individual Marine. Iwo Jima will forever stand as a monument to the Marines who gave their lives to take it that others could live their lives — free, without fear.

The decision to invade Iwo Jima was made by the joint Chiefs of Staff as a primary requisite in the furthering of the war against Japan. The island, which lies about 700 miles from Japan, was considered by the Japanese to be a strong point in their perimeter of homeland defense and they fortified it accordingly — to the extent, in fact, that they boasted it would take a year for one million men to capture it. Although the Chiefs of Staff recognized the hazards that would accompany an invasion of this fortress, they were convinced that the island was of such strategic importance that an amphibious operation should be launched against it as quickly as possible.

The advantages of possessing Iwo Jima were carefully estimated. High on the list of offensive advantages were the airfields the island would provide. These airfields could be used as bases for our fighter aircraft, enabling them to protect our long-range bombers flying from the Marianas. Our B-29's could use the fields for emergency landings if they were disabled in an attack on the Japanese homeland. Furthermore, there existed the distinct advantage of depriving the Japanese of the use of these airfields, from which their fighter craft launched attacks on our bombers en route to Japan.

The Fifth Marine Amphibious Corps, which had been activated as a corps only a short time before this operation, was selected for the task of taking Iwo Jima. Of the three principal units of this corps — the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Marine Divisions — two were veterans: the Third had been at Bougainville and at Guam, the Fourth at Roi-Namur in the Marshall Islands and at Saipan-Tinian in the Marianas. The Fifth Division was comparatively new and had seen no action as a unit. Although it was formed with a nucleus of veterans from other divisions, the majority of its personnel were men as yet untried in combat. I was a member of "F" Company, Second Battalion, in the 27th Regiment of the Fifth Marine Division, and was in charge of a rifle platoon.

The men in the Fifth Marine Division first became aware of impending action in December, 1944. We were then based on one of the large islands

of the Hawaiian group and had been training there in routine drills and conditioning hikes for several months. Our training schedule had been of such general nature that the most persistent rumor in camp was that we were to be used as occupation troops in Japan, and that we would stay at our present camp until the surrender of that nation.

Early in December, however, "things" began to happen. Our training in the field set into a definite pattern, new equipment began to appear, and we received a number of new men, who brought our company up to full fighting strength. To the men in the ranks, the best indication of a forthcoming campaign was the sudden emphasis placed on the practicality of life insurance, which was fully outlined by our commanding officer.

We began our embarkation on the morning of January 10, 1945. Our ship was a rusty L.S.T.¹ that had never been intended for use as a troop transport. Aboard this ship we were told that we were to hold practice landings for several weeks and would then transfer to a large transport for the trip to the staging area.² At Saipan, which was the designated area, we would return to the L.S.T. for the final stage of the journey to our objective. Accordingly, we transferred to a large transport on the first day of February, 1945, and began the trip to Saipan.

A meeting of all staff N.C.O.'s³ and officers was called immediately after our arrival aboard the transport vessel. Here we heard the first official statement that our destination was Iwo Jima. The Second Battalion's commanding officer, Major Antonelli, fully outlined the operation, particularly that part with which our company was concerned.

The island, Major Antonelli said, had a total area of eight square miles. The Fourth and Fifth Divisions were to land on the west beach, near the northern end of the island, while the Third Division would stay aboard ship until needed. The three airfields on the island, two of them operative, the other in the final stages of completion, were named Motoyama Number One, Two, and Three. Motoyama Number One would be the initial objective of the Fourth Division; the Fifth Division was to bisect the island at its narrowest point and capture Mount Suribachi, an inactive volcano at the extreme southern tip of the island that rose almost perpendicularly to a height of 500 feet. The 28th Regiment was to attack Mount Suribachi; the 27th was to cross the Island. "D" day was to be February 19, and "H" hour, 0900.⁴ The battalion intelligence officer told us that the Japanese had 14,000 men (actually 20,000, as we learned later) on the island, that they had been fortifying it for several years, and that we could expect daily bombing raids from the enemy. Later, the medical officer told us of the plant lice that infested

¹ Landing ship, tanks. ² A staging area is an advanced, temporary base.

³ Non-commissioned officers.

⁴ "D" — Day of debarkation, or day invasion would begin. "H" — Hour of landing on the island. 0900 — 9:00 A.M.

the island, carriers of a deadly form of typhus. At the close of the meeting, the Major wryly commented that the only bit of optimism he could offer was the possibility that the Japanese might surrender without fighting.

We arrived at Saipan twelve days before D day and changed from the large transport vessel back to the L.S.T. that would take us to Iwo Jima. This ship carried the amphibious tractors in which we would be taken to the beach, and a considerable amount of supplies for the invading troops.

Once again we began to work with aerial photographs and scale models until every man knew exactly the place he would land, what he would do, and how we intended to work as a unit. Weapons were checked again and yet again, and all faulty equipment was replaced. We had long since satisfied ourselves that we were ready for anything, but briefing and inspections helped pass the time, which was beginning to hang on us like a shroud.

Early reveille was held the morning of February 19, and a breakfast of ham and eggs was served us. We could hear the sounds of naval gunfire and could occasionally see a distant flash as the guns of our warships continued the bombardment that had begun three days before. As the morning darkness lifted, the men gathered at the rail to watch our warships pour tons of explosives on Mount Suribachi, which we could faintly see through the mist.

Since we were in the second wave,⁵ H hour for my platoon was to be three minutes after the first wave had landed, or three minutes after nine o'clock. We loaded into the amphibious tractors at 0730 and left the ship a few minutes later. Again instructions were given, and bantering conversation was freely exchanged. We rode in circles until 0830, when we formed a line behind the first wave and started for the beach. As ranking man in our tractor, I was to give the men a "stand by" signal one minute before we hit the beach. I noted with a great deal of satisfaction that the first wave had landed and were scaling the first parapet, about fifteen feet from the water. Then the tractor's cleats ground onto the beach, and I grabbed my carbine, climbed over the side, and yelled, "Let's go!"

The purpose of my platoon was to support "F" company, so we scrambled over the parapet at the beach and began climbing through the coarse black sand to a previously arranged organization point. By this time mortar fire was falling among us like raindrops, and the machine gun fire was like a continuous roll of drums. I reorganized my platoon as well as possible and started the men toward our first objective.

We had been on the island about five minutes when I received the first casualty report. Robert Johnson, leader of the second squad, had been killed, and two of his men badly wounded, when a mortar shell exploded in a shell crater with them. We made the wounded men as comfortable as possible and pushed on up the hill. Halfway up we found our company "pinned down" by machine gun fire from the crest of the hill. In the first half hour we had

⁵In an invasion, a wave is an echelon of men.

moved forward only 300 yards, but we could already notice that the artillery and mortar fire was being concentrated on the beach, and that most of the fire we were receiving was from machine guns and rifles.

At 0930 our tanks began landing, and a few minutes later they were giving us supporting fire. With the tanks supporting us with machine gun and cannon fire, we moved forward again, meeting with less opposition as we went along, but we were forced to halt our advance in mid-afternoon, as we had outdistanced the units on our flanks. After waiting a short time for our flanking units to appear, we began building a defensive position for the expected night "Banzai" attack. However, our artillery and naval gunfire kept the Japanese from organizing an attack, and so we spent a comparatively quiet evening. A report of our company's casualties in the campaign, taken at the end of the first day's fighting, listed 18 men killed and 70 men wounded.

The 25th Regiment, on our right flank, had met with strong opposition but came abreast of our lines early in the afternoon of the second day. When the front lines were straightened and ready, an attack was ordered, to commence at 0800 the next morning. At 0700 the morning of February 21, our artillery began firing a barrage that lasted for an hour, and then, accompanied by several tanks, we began advancing. We moved to the northern tip of Motoyama airfield, started on, but were hit by a heavy artillery and mortar barrage that halted us because of the severe losses we were receiving. That night we were reinforced by a supporting company, and the following morning our company was replaced by one of the companies in reserve. The total casualties of our company up to that time were 154 men wounded and 56 men killed.

About ten o'clock in the morning of the fourth day we received the encouraging news that the 28th Regiment had captured Mount Suribachi, and that our flag had been hoisted from its highest peak. Everyone was jubilant, and some of the men celebrated by burning several by-passed blockhouses in our rear area. The sight of our flag, coupled with the knowledge that the 28th Regiment was now free to help us, raised our morale immeasurably.

Into the front lines again, a few days later, where we remained until our company was no longer useful as a fighting organization. Four days later the island was officially declared ours, although isolated pockets of the enemy were still active. Out of the original 230 men who began the campaign with "F" company, only 27 remained, and of this remaining 27, 5 had returned to fight again after receiving wounds earlier in the action.

Of the three divisions participating in the Iwo Jima operation, the Fifth Division had suffered the heaviest losses, having lost about 8,000 men. The Fourth Marine Division had lost 5,409 men, and the Third Division, which had held one regiment in reserve throughout the operation, had lost almost 3,000 men — a grand total of 16,163 casualties.

The Night Class

CAROLINE MADDOX

Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1945-1946

ABOUT NINE ONE EVENING WE HEARD THE WIND, which had been raging about the roofs since long before class began, broken suddenly by great torrents of rain. The black skylight slanting down one side of the room flashed white, and was black again. There was one crack of thunder, then only the roar of water pouring down on the roof above us. A stir of excitement had gone through the class with the first burst of rain. There were about a dozen of us there that night, with our burdened easels and benches scattered among the empty ones in a quite irregular fan shape around the model's stand. We had been working silently until the rain began. Now we looked around at each other, smiling, and laughed at a remark someone made about umbrellas, not because it was funny, but because we wanted to laugh together. An almost tangible warmth enclosed us. I knew suddenly that I loved these people and that I would remember this moment a long time. I looked around the familiar studio, past the posing model and the group of easels, at the rough brick walls, shadowy under the rafters, and shadowy in the cluttered corners. On one end of the wall farthest from me there was an arched doorway into a dark little jumble of a closet. Above the door was a hexagonal clock whose pendulum hadn't moved for years. A shallow glass case on the same wall sheltered several prints, and some more prints, framed, were along the wall, filling the space as far as the row of coat hooks where a few faded smocks were hanging. The wooden sliding doors beside the hooks were closed, so that I couldn't see the stair landing outside it. Leaning helter-skelter from floor to wall below the row of prints and below the limp smocks, were stacks of canvases and boards.

The room was quiet again under the steady murmur of the rain. Everybody seemed to be working again. There was Dick over by the wall concentrating so hard he looked glum and ludicrous in his long butcher's apron. I looked at him, wanting to laugh. He turned and grinned back at me. There was dumpy, red-smocked Miz' Davis, swinging her short legs from a high bench, smacking her lips vividly, peering at the model like a bright-eyed little beaver; and French Helene was silent for once, looking wistful and discouraged. In a minute she'd cry out, "Oh *dear!* I can't get the eye." Gray-haired Mr. Gregory would tell her, again, kindly, to keep on looking at the model. There was Mr. Wolfson squinting down his nose, completely satisfied with his work, and Paula, my sister, puzzling over her drawing; young,

red-haired Race with the sober gray eyes, and incorrigible Warren, and all the others.

I stared at my drawing a moment, then slid off my stool and went quietly to the door of a little alcove behind me. The little room was dark except where the light edged the doorway, faintly touching the paint-splattered sink, and outlining the palettes laid carelessly along some shelves. The rain was louder in the dark closet, the warm darkness pungent with the smell of paint, turpentine, strong soap, old paint rags. It was to see the night that I had come. I stepped in, bent down to the two small windows low under the room, swung them both open into the night. Wet air blew into my face as I looked away down to the deserted street and the black wet garden behind the gallery. I heard someone in the other room sing out, "Rest!" Bustle and chatter broke loose. I stood up, wiping my hands on my smock, and went back into the big room.

The Bonus Expeditionary Force

WILLIAM LOUIS RABY

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1945-1946

IN THE MIDDLE OF KEY BRIDGE, WHICH SPANS THE Potomac River between Virginia and the District of Columbia, a tattered, bloody, red-eyed group stood. At either end of the bridge, police were stationed to see that the sovereignties of their respective political bodies were not violated.¹ The people that stood on the bridge were part of the army of almost twenty thousand which was being chased from the District of Columbia. Virginia did not want them; no state wanted them or would take them. They had been characterized by the President of the United States as rebels. Their homes had been burned, the possessions they could not rescue destroyed, and they had been gassed, sabered, bayoneted, and chased by the United States Army. It was the night of Thursday, July 28, 1932, often referred to as "bloody Thursday." The men on the bridge were veterans of the first World War, part of the scattered thousands who had constituted the Bonus Expeditionary Force but a few short hours ago. Now the B. E. F., its camp on Anacostia Flats, and its petitions to Congress were being dissolved. The events of that Thursday and of the months that preceded it were quickly forgotten by most of the nation. Few persons today either remember or want to remember the story of the bonus army.

The veterans' march on Washington first hit the country's headlines in

¹ "Victory of Anacostia," *New Republic*, August 17, 1932, p. 20.

May of 1932, when a group of veterans from Oregon passed through St. Louis.² It was soon no uncommon sight to see groups of veterans with or without families travelling through the country in the direction of Washington. Even while the police, the veterans' organizations, and most of the politicians tried to discourage the migration, its size continued daily to increase. The veterans had what they considered a legitimate demand, and they were going to Congress to present it. There was nothing they could lose by trying, for they were out of work, had been for months or years, and were mostly penniless. Sleeping on a park bench in Washington seemed as good to them as sleeping on a park bench in their home towns. So they marched, and fought, and hitched their way to Washington to ask Congress for their bonus.

Their demand seemed reasonable to them. Congress had already voted them a bonus in the form of certificates maturing in 1945.³ But they wanted the money to be given to them then and there. Hungry, homeless, out of work, they figured that by 1945 the money would be of no use to them except to buy flowers for their graves. Besides, they argued, if they had the money they would spend it, and that might act as a stimulant to business. And more than that, more than any logical reason that they could advance, going to Washington was doing something. They had been idle for a long time, and this at least was something to do. So they moved on Washington, congregated there, and built semi-military camps there.

The camps they built were reminders, grim reminders and ironic, of the days of the war.⁴ There were company streets lined with huts made of materials taken from the dumps of the city. The family that found an old automobile body lived in a mansion. They had their officers who governed the camp, their M.P.'s who enforced the rules, and their messes where they ate the food donated by sympathetic citizens and organizations. The food was barely enough to keep their bodies alive, but that was all they needed. Sanitary facilities were meager.⁵ Two fire hydrants furnished the camp at Anacostia Flats with water. Two fire hydrants for over three thousand people! And means of waste disposal was just about as inadequate. But they stayed there, made speeches to each other, and presented their request to the Congress of the United States. They stayed, and more and more kept constantly coming.

They kept on coming, and kept on lobbying for consideration of the bonus. At last Congress heard them.⁶ The Patman Bill, which had been tabled since May 6, was brought to a vote in the House on June 15, and

² E. F. Brown, "Bonus Army Marches to Defeat," *Current History*, September, 1932, p. 684.

³ W. Davenport, "But the Dead Don't Vote," *Colliers*, June 11, 1932, p. 10.

⁴ J. Dos Passos, "Veterans Come Home to Roost," *New Republic*, June 29, 1932, p. 177.

⁵ "Human Side of the Bonus Army," *Literary Digest*, June 25, 1932, p. 28.

⁶ Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 686.

passed. The day of June 17 was a tense one, for the Senate was debating the bill. All Washington was afraid of what might happen if the bill failed to pass. Over fifteen thousand veterans were massed in front of the Capitol. The day passed and still no decision had been reached. A vote was taken that evening, and the bill was defeated. Murmurs of protest and anger rose from the crowd. They surged about restlessly, but quietly dispersed. Washington breathed a sigh of relief. Now that the bill was defeated, they thought, the B. E. F. would go.

The B. E. F. did not go, though. They stayed on. Nobody wanted them there, there seemed little that they could do, but they stayed on. Most of them had no place to go. Only one hope — vain and doomed to failure — was left — to have the bill reconsidered. Since Washington, and especially political Washington, was embarrassed by their presence, Congress on July 7 passed a measure which would advance funds for transportation home to all veterans who decided to take advantage of the offer.⁷ The cost of this transportation home was to be deducted from the bonus when it was paid. In the first three days after this measure was passed, five hundred veterans took advantage of its provisions. In that same three days, a thousand new veterans arrived in Washington.

No, they would not go, it seemed. An election was coming up, though, and the B. E. F. was not the best publicity for anyone connected with it. And so it was decided to make them go. On July 25, orders were issued to General Glassford, head of the Washington police, to evacuate the B. E. F.⁸ Glassford, who had nothing against the B. E. F., questioned the wisdom of the orders. They were repeated. Although the bonus army was given until August 4 to leave the District, they were forcibly ejected on July 28.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth a contractor's gang started to tear down some abandoned government buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue that were being occupied by a group of the bonus marchers.⁹ The veterans gathered around and heckled the workers, who were under police guard. Someone threw a brick, and it seemed as if the long-awaited trouble was at last going to break out. General Glassford, who was present on the scene, fortunately averted the threatened riot. That afternoon, however, another brick was thrown and a melee started. One policeman opened fire into the crowd of veterans, killing two of the bonus marchers before Glassford managed to halt him. The two deaths seemed to quiet things down, but someone — Glassford denied that he was responsible — had sent for the troops.¹⁰ Secretary of War Hurley, under instructions from President Hoover, ordered

⁷ F. C. Springer, "Glassford and the Siege of Washington," *Harper's*, November, 1932, p. 648. ⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 653.

⁹ P. Y. Anderson, "Tear Gas, Bayonets, and Votes," *Nation*, August 17, 1932, p. 138.

¹⁰ Springer, *op. cit.*, p. 653.

Chief of Staff General Douglas MacArthur to "surround the affected area and clear it without delay."¹¹

About four-thirty in the afternoon the troops came down Pennsylvania Avenue.¹² Crowds had gathered, both B. E. F.'ers and home-going government workers, and they cheered the troops. But the cheers died suddenly as the troops rode into the crowds, pushing them back with the flats of sabers and the striking hoofs of horses.¹³ The men of the B. E. F. were driven back towards Anacostia, where tear-gas detachments loosed their bombs on the massed men, women, and children. Infantry with fixed bayonets pushed them back, foot by foot, to the camp on the other side of the District. And then, when they reached the camp, they pushed them through, firing the flimsy huts as they went. All evening the Army went on with its glorious mopping-up operation.

Forcibly kicked out of the District of Columbia, the veterans could yet not leave.¹⁴ Neither Maryland nor Virginia would allow them to enter; state troopers were there to make sure that they did not leave the District into either of those states, the only ones that border on the District, and the Army was behind them to make sure that they did leave the District. Finally, about four in the morning, in the midst of a dismal rain, the Maryland authorities granted them permission to pass through the state if they would do so as rapidly as possible.¹⁵ A refuge had been promised them in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, by the mayor of that town, and it was there that many of them headed.¹⁶

Hate and abuse met them on the road. Hoover had said that they "were not genuine veterans, but Communists and persons of criminal record."¹⁷ At one place, a group asked for food. The reply was brief, curt, and to the point: "We can't give you any. The President says you're rebels — don't you understand? You're all outlaws now."¹⁸ And that was the general attitude of the nation towards them for some time. The remnants of the B. E. F. were scattered over the countryside. A few thousand were headed for Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

Though the mayor of Johnstown had invited them, the civic leaders of that city wanted nothing more than to see the B. E. F. as far from their neighborhood as possible. State police were stationed on the edge of town to see that few of the survivors of Washington ever found Johnstown.¹⁹ In spite of obstructions, however, over a thousand veterans managed to reach the asylum offered by the charitable mayor. It was there that they had their

¹¹ Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 687. ¹² *Ibid.* ¹³ Anderson, *op. cit.*, p. 138.

¹⁴ "Victory of Anacostia," *loc. cit.*, p. 20.

¹⁵ M. Cowley and S. Brown, "Flight of the Bonus Army," *New Republic*, August 17, 1932, p. 13. ¹⁶ Springer, *op. cit.*, p. 655. ¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ M. Cowley and S. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 14. ¹⁹ *Ibid.*

first pause since "bloody Thursday," and were able to think back and get really mad.

"I used to be a hundred percenter," one ragged veteran said, "but now I'm a Red radical. I had an American flag, but the damned tin soldiers burned it. Now I don't ever want to see a flag again. Give me a gun and I'll go back to Washington!"²⁰

"Yeah," muttered the scattered thousands, "we're gonna' get guns and go back to Washington!"²¹

There was menace in these people who had had their peaceful actions met by force. There was bitterness in the eyes of men who had saved the republic a few years before, but whom the republic declined in turn to save. But a thousand, or ten thousand, or twenty thousand scattered, leaderless, weaponless men do not make a revolution. Yes, they were going to get guns and go back to Washington, but they did not. There was no one to come forward and show them where to get the guns, how to march on Washington, or whom to use the guns on, and so they scattered to the middle and the four corners of the country. They had asked for help, and the answer had been gas bombs, bayonets, sabers, cavalry, and fire. They in their turn had no retaliation. There was only the hate, the cold, white, clammy hate that lay like a lump on the souls of many. There was nothing that a hate of that kind could be used on, yet it was there like a cancer, spreading in the souls of men.

What is written above seems to cover the facts of the bonus army. Thousands of words were written at the time of those events and later about various aspects of the Bonus Expeditionary Force. These ranged from passionate denunciations of the actions of the government, and sometimes of the whole American system of living, to almost as passionate support of the government's method of dealing with the B. E. F. Of the two extreme points of view, those who denounced seem to have had more of reason and truth in their writings. Most of those who supported, even the two official government reports on the case, are contradicted on their main points by the facts.

Both of the government reports attempted to establish that the men of the B. E. F. were not only not veterans, but were Communists and criminals. The report of Secretary of War Patrick Hurley was the first to be issued. Though completely contrary to the facts that even the newspapers and the screens of the nation's theaters had spread, the report was never corrected or withdrawn.²² Seemingly to bolster the discredited Hurley report,

²⁰ *Ibid.* ²¹ *Ibid.*

²² "Official Misrepresentation of Eviction of Bonus Marchers," *New Republic*, August 24, 1932, p. 29.

Attorney General Mitchell issued a report that was much more plausible. Its main errors were not in what it said but in what it neglected to say.²³ For example, Mitchell's report stated that of 4,723 men who were fingerprinted, 1,069, or 22.6%, had been arrested. No mention was made of the fact that only 829 of these men were ever convicted, or of the probability that many of the offences committed were minor ones, such as vagrancy. Under the vagrancy laws of most states, practically every person in the bonus army was a criminal, for all of them were vagrants. Using that type of reasoning, Mitchell would have been perfectly justified in stating that the bonus army was composed entirely of criminals. Even that, though, would hardly have been an extenuating reason for the actions of "bloody Thursday," for even such menaces to society as vagrants are entitled to certain of the rights of citizenship.

²³ "Political Gesture; Mitchell's Report on the Bonus Army," *New Republic*, September 21, 1932, pp. 139, 140.

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The University of Illinois And Its Negroes

JEAN KNAPP

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

PEOPLE OF OTHER COUNTRIES HAVE BEEN LED TO believe that the United States is a country where "all men are created equal." Those are the famous words used by Abraham Lincoln when his efforts to free the slave succeeded. He thought that at last the problem of every man's being free and equal had been solved. The emancipation of the Negro was a great step in this direction, but there are more steps to be taken. Ever since the first slave was brought over from Africa in 1619, Negroes have been looked on as an inferior race. This feeling, so strong at first, has been lessened; but, even now, there is a discrimination made. We have lately been at war against the "superior" races. Too few of us realize that a war of the same general type is going on within our own country—a war of racial prejudice.

The education of the Negro has been greatly hampered by this racial prejudice in many of the colleges—especially those in the South, where there is even no suggestion of equality. There the only college education available to the Negro is in segregated institutions. The reasoning behind this is not just, but at least the practice is consistent and the Negro knows where he stands. The situation in the Northwest is much different—there is no discord whatsoever. The Negro has the same opportunities for an education as the white man has. The Middle West, however, has not made up its mind one way or the other, and the Negro is at a loss to know just what his place is. An illustration of this discord is found here on our own campus.

Although the great majority of Illinois students live near the campus, you will not find any Negroes living in this area. Most of them live in private homes in the colored section in north Champaign. Because of the distance from the campus to their homes, it is almost impossible for the students to return to them between classes or for lunch. Out of necessity, the Union Building and one or two drugstores have become their eating places. Such conditions are certainly not up to par with those that most of us take for granted.

Because there isn't a Negro church or foundation on the campus and because the white churches do not care to have a mixed group, most of our Negro students do not go to church. Some of the students go to the town churches, which lean towards the old revival-type services and, therefore,

are not the kind of churches that the Negro student, usually on a highly educated level, prefers to attend.

What types of recreation do the Negroes have? Are the University's social and sport activities open to them?

Movies are probably high on the recreation list. The prevalent habit in all of the nearby theaters is to segregate the Negro audience from the white audience by reserving a special area in the balcony for them. The municipal pool in Crystal Lake Park has gone a step further and does not even allow the Negroes to swim. The mixers and parties sponsored by the University are open to everyone, and some Negroes attend these. If they were made to feel more welcome, many more would be glad of a chance to be participants. Although the orchestra, band, chorus, etc., are also open to any student, a Negro who tries to become a member is treated as an intruder and consequently does not get very far. This condition is far better, however, than the one which exists in sports. Negroes are not allowed on baseball, basketball, tennis, and swimming teams. They are, however, allowed to try out for track and football. Just why the line has been drawn is not known. It would seem that if a student were good enough to take part in a football game he would be just as eligible to play in a baseball game.

Our faculty is unprejudiced as far as the Negro student is concerned. Each student has the opportunities that the others have. For the Negro, this is the saving grace. If it were not for this important factor, the education of the Negro would gradually be extinguished. There are, however, no Negro members on the staff, and there probably never will be.

The Negro student is also uncertain of his status in the military life on the campus. ROTC is a requirement for all men during the first two years of college. The next two years are not compulsory. A Negro student, however, is not allowed to take this advanced work. This is very illogical. Why make a student take ROTC for two years and then make a complete turnabout and make it impossible for him to become an advanced cadet? There are no Negroes in the V-12 unit, and there will be none in the naval ROTC. The ASTR's have several Negroes in their ranks. These Negro students sleep, eat, study, and play with the white fellows, and the cooperation and friendliness between the two races prove that it is very possible for an equality to exist not only here at the University of Illinois but also throughout the country.

The Negroes are outnumbered, discouraged, and unable to solve the problems. It will be only through the combined efforts of the faculty, the churches, and all students that an equality of the white and black races can be established and maintained on our campus.

Labor Unions — A Necessity

JOHN SUNDERLAND

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

THERE SEEMS TO BE CONSIDERABLE ANTAGONISM towards organized labor, and, oddly enough, the feeling runs very high among the students of this university. This feeling appears to be based on inaccurate information, information gathered from a press hostile to labor. Since most newspapers of the country are themselves business enterprises, or are financially dependent upon business through advertising, it follows that their attitude is one of opposition to organized labor.

It is a rather well-established fact that unionism is the result of unfair practices on the part of employers toward their employees, practices which could be combatted by labor only through the united efforts of many. In the present controversies, as in many of the previous ones, this fundamental truth has been lost sight of. I need not relate the conditions which existed at the beginning of unionism, and which gave rise to labor organizations, to show the need for organized labor. More recent happenings within my own experience will suffice.

During the summer of 1929, I was employed as a buffer in a factory which manufactured automobile accessories. My work consisted of nickel-buffing Ford name plates, which were made of steel with polished and nickel-plated edges. The buffing operation brightened the plated edge. I was paid forty cents per hour and buffed from forty to fifty plates an hour. I could have finished from sixty to seventy-five plates an hour, but the worker next to me, who was receiving sixty cents, was buffing only from sixty to seventy-five plates; it was an unwritten law in that shop that you produced in accordance with your rate of pay. This was more or less a universal practice — so much work for so much money.

The company attempted to increase production; when exhorting the workers to greater efforts failed, they adopted a piece-work system of payment for all production work. The rate for buffing name plates was set at twenty-nine cents per hundred. This meant that to earn forty cents an hour I would have had to produce approximately one hundred and twenty-nine pieces an hour, or more than three times as many as before and almost twice as many as it was possible to do. The rates for work throughout the shop were comparable to that on my job. Consequently our earnings were cut in half. We had no way of combatting this situation other than by quitting work.

Another abuse of piece-work systems, common before the war, was practiced in "group work." A group usually consisted of two or more em-

ployees who worked together and whose total earnings were divided. Since it was necessary to close production lines down occasionally, particularly on week ends, it was customary to use this time to finish all work that had been started and to "clean up" any odd lots or pieces that had been moved aside during the regular production period. Since this clean-up work frequently did not require a full crew, most of the workers were laid off, and only a few were retained. Although it was impossible to maintain production standards while closing down the line, the earnings of the group, which were built up during the course of regular production, were distributed, not only over the regular production hours, but over those of the clean-up period as well. In the event the group earnings were above base rates, the workers who went home contributed to the payment of the wages of those that remained.

Another abuse that was common not long ago was the pay-period guarantee of base pay; that is, workers were guaranteed a certain rate per hour for every hour of attendance during a pay period. When employed on piece work, the worker might build up bonus earnings in the first half of the pay period and then be assigned work on which it was impossible to make base rates. In this event, the bonus earnings were used to make up the deficits on the less remunerative jobs until they were exhausted or losses were fully made up. Actually, then, the worker was paying himself for a part of his work. Unions of the present day would not tolerate such practices; in fact, because of these practices the workers of many factories became organized.

Favoritism and arbitrary dismissal of workers have been frequent causes of dissatisfaction of employees and have resulted in the organization of many unions within factories. Discrimination between workers with regard to wage rates has been the most common. Basic starting rates were established, and from this point increases depended on how well the employee could talk. The case of my co-worker and me in the automobile accessory factory is a fair example. I could have done, and for a while did, as much work as he; yet his rate was fifty percent greater than mine. The foreman was his uncle.

In July of 1939, after five years of service, I was discharged from a job for the stated reason of unsatisfactory work. Of course I believed, and still believe, that I was treated unfairly. I had been at my job five years, had become a veteran worker; and I know that my proficiency did not slacken. Now, it does not take a company five years to discover unsatisfactory work. But all of that is beside the point. Had I been a union member, the union would have demanded full and particular reasons for my discharge and would have given me a chance to state my case. If I had been found innocent of the charge against me, I would have been reinstated.

Before the passage of the Fair Labor Standards Act, employees on a so-

called salary, that is, wages paid by the week or month, were frequently obliged to work many more than the scheduled hours. Factory clerks, timekeepers, stock-room attendants, and tool-room employees were usually paid salaries rather than wages for the simple reason that it was then possible to have them work additional hours without additional pay. I was frequently forced to work until late at night and then to report at the regular starting time the next morning. Failure to do so would have resulted in discharge, and, although I was never discharged for this reason, some of my co-workers were.

One morning, a short time after the Fair Labor Standards Act became effective, I overheard a conversation between the plant manager and the electrician. The electrician had been working several overtime hours a week. The plant manager was earnestly telling the electrician that such long hours were injurious to his health. Yet many times before the passage of this legislation, this same electrician had been obliged to work more than the normal number of hours; in fact, I remember instances when he was called in at two and three o'clock in the morning to do some emergency repair work. No consideration was given to his health at that time. Had he failed to work the required number of hours or refused to report in when called, he would have been replaced by someone who would have complied. Employers became concerned only after employers were legally obliged to compensate employees for excessive hours of work. The plant manager was concerned for the pocketbook of the company and not for the health of the electrician.

On the other hand, there is no question in my mind that some of the methods employed by unions and some of their practices are to be deplored. "Feather bedding" seems to have become a common practice. Feather bedding consists of demanding that more workers be used for a given task than are actually required. On one occasion, it was necessary to move a time clock from one location to another. In accordance with union regulations, it was necessary to use three men for this task: an electrician to disconnect the wiring, an operation which consisted of removing a plug from its socket; a carpenter to remove the clock from the wall, which required the removing of four screws; and a trucker to transport the clock to the new location, where the carpenter put it on the wall and the electrician inserted the plug. One man could have done this task as quickly as three. This childish practice increases costs to employers and tends to strengthen their anti-union feeling.

That unions should demand maintenance of membership agreements in their contracts is evidence of their abuse of their present power. To expect and demand that an employer collect dues from union members and remit these dues to the union is hardly within the realm of reason. The discontinuance of these demands would greatly improve the relationship between employers and union representatives and members.

The present conflicts between unions and employers have arisen because the unions are making use of a favorable situation to gain some of the desired improvements in wage scales. Many people believe that labor had a field day during the war and should now be willing to revert to pre-war wage scales. It is undeniably true that labor, as a group, had higher gross earnings during the war period than in any previous period. But what was the source of these increased earnings? The large earnings were due primarily to the long hours put in by labor and not to base-rate increases. Basic wage rates were advanced in accordance with the Little Steel Formula—that is, approximately fifteen percent over the base of 1941. By now reverting to the standard forty-hour week, workers do not receive wages in keeping with the cost of living, which has advanced from thirty to thirty-five percent above that of 1941, the base period. It is for the purpose of adjusting these differences that labor is now fighting.

The time is now right for union activity because, as a result of increased employment and the consequent increase in union memberships during the war, union treasuries are more nearly adequate to wage a long struggle than ever before. Further, wartime savings of workers can be used for maintenance during the strike action and can thus relieve much of the hardship that usually accompanies strikes. The present reconversion of industry to peacetime production also offers the unions a favorable opportunity for exerting pressure. A manufacturer who fails to settle wage issues before reconversion is completed will probably find himself out-distanced by competitors.

Unions are also at this time attempting to correct conditions that grew up during the war, conditions that went unchallenged because labor had given its no-strike pledge. It can hardly be denied that, in general, labor lived up to this pledge rather admirably. This fact is forgotten by those persons who delight in pointing a finger at the number of strikers during the war. The newspapers played up the fact that at times sixty thousand workers were out on strikes. When compared with the sixty-two million job holders, sixty thousand is a pitifully small representation of labor. While labor was living up to its pledge, some employers took advantage of the situation to postpone and forego settling differences which arose. One example which bears out this statement is that of a company which, even though the War Labor Board certified the bargaining agent for the employees in August of 1943, stalled off contract negotiations until the end of the war. In spite of this action, the employees remained on the job. As soon as the war ended, however, they struck. Many of the strikes which have occurred in the short time since the end of the war have been called to settle such differences and to get contracts negotiated. Had there been no war, these strikes would have been called one or two at a time and would not have resulted in the commotion they are now causing.

That the organization of labor is necessary to combat the unfair practices of employers seems to me to be well proved. Labor has no other way of gaining any improvements in its position. It seems, however, that there should be some common ground on which labor and capital can meet and do away with the abuses practiced on both sides. However, in the absence of such a common ground, if we must choose between the evils attendant upon unionism and those practiced by capital before the labor unions gained their great strength, then, by all means, let us have labor unions.

Mr. Coletti

SHIRLEY ACKERMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1945-1946

I FIRST CAME FACE TO FACE WITH MR. COLETTI WHEN I was a sophomore in high school. I was startled at first to realize that he looked like a cross between a kewpie-doll and a grizzly bear. Since then I have become accustomed to his odd appearance; it is unnoticed when in spirited competition with his other peculiarities. However, let your mind create this man. He is very short, very dark, and very broad. He wears his black hair parted in the middle and drawn down on the sides to form a definite spit-curl over each temple. Under his shaggy eyebrows, shrewd black beads twinkle. On the end of his rather obvious nose rests a pair of horn-rimmed bifocals. There is always a very faint smile playing on his lips, but the rockiness of his jaw belligerently contradicts his friendly mouth. Always wearing the same brown suit, but a variety of brilliant ties, he is an arresting specimen as he ambles to classes.

In front of the pupils, however, he is something to fear. A bit on the eccentric side, he often stops recitation in order to inquire about someone's health, or whether everyone is happy. During examinations he paces the aisles between the desks, and if he should see someone pondering a question or even slightly hesitating, he runs over, pounds the student's forehead with his forefinger, and screams, "Think, man, think!"

Mr. Coletti is as unpredictable in his study hall as in the classroom. A boy who generally slept through study periods was sleeping through his. When Mr. Coletti saw him, he got down on all fours, crawled to the boy's seat in the back of the room and earnestly bit him in the leg. No hard feelings were involved — at least on the part of Mr. Coletti; he rather enjoyed creating a sensation, and completely forgave the culprit.

Without him, high school would have been boring; with him it was a game. Every day we would ask, "What will Mr. Coletti do today?" And every day we would get a new answer.

Mrs. Kramer's Palace

MARY JANE WILSON

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1945-1946

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A THOROUGHLY DULL, UNINTERESTING Sunday afternoon turn unexpectedly into an Event? My family had made a practice (before rationing) of going for a drive on Sunday, and while the excursions were pleasant, they were much alike week after week. Occasionally, however, we discovered an especially beautiful view from the top of a high mountain; or a natural phenomenon such as sink holes, a canyon, or a huge spring; or, more rarely, a herd of deer grazing in a clearing surrounded by deep woods. We learned to turn from the highways and seek out "back" roads, for scenery and natural beauty were never advertised in Pennsylvania. The natives' attitude was stolid — "Yeah, it's always been there" — when we exclaimed about a recent discovery of ours.

One day, however, we forgot to look closely enough to find beauty very near our home. While we were driving along a back road bound for a swim, someone exclaimed, "There's a boat on Kramer's Pond!" Since the pond was a tiny, artificial one which was used in winter for ice-skating, we had supposed it was unused in summer. Yet, unmistakably, there was a boat moving slowly across the further side. By common consent, we turned to investigate. When we had drawn closer, we were amazed to see a plump little woman surrounded by dozens of beautiful vari-colored water lilies in a flat-bottomed boat. She smiled as she saw our amazement, climbed out, and waved us into the hut close by. Pink-checked and breathless, she hastened to unfasten the door and ushered us in. The scene that she revealed when she lit an oil lamp and held it for us (for the hut was very dim) was astonishing. On the floor, on the rough bench along one wall, on the rickety chairs — everywhere stood wooden buckets and tubs literally filled with water lilies. There were pale pink ones, and yellow ones, even bright red ones, all in various stages of closing into tight buds for the night. Despite the rough surroundings, the scene was beautiful.

Finally, turning to the woman, we inquired about her business. She explained that the lilies had started as a hobby. The pond had been unused during the summer months until she conceived the idea of growing the flowers there. Her tiny little rowboat was built especially for her to use in the shallow pond when the blossoms were ready to be picked. In the hut, which had an earth floor and was therefore damp enough to preserve the delicate flowers, she arranged them first for her own pleasure and later for sale. Centerpieces were easiest, she explained. In a shallow bowl chosen by the hostess, she floated only two or three large blossoms, which made a

simple but perfect addition to any table. Recently, she had been approached by friends of shut-ins or convalescents for a "different" arrangement. She had found that a single blossom in an inverted glass bowl was popular.

We finally turned to leave, but with a lift which always follows an unexpected pleasure. A "different" hobby which had turned into a life work — that was beauty also.

The War Hawks

DONALD W. BECKER

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1945-1946

AMERICANS HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT THE WAR of 1812 was a direct result of the English Orders in Council and Napoleon's Decrees of 1807, acts which were aimed at our trade as a neutral.¹ Included in these acts was the "impressment of American seamen"² by the English. However, the sections of America devoted to trade and commerce voted against war with England. It should be obvious, therefore, that some other force must have influenced America to declare war against England. This force was exerted by the "War Hawks."

President James Madison, struggling with the international situation, was trying to get both England and France to rescind their obnoxious Orders and Decrees and to preserve peace. But the election of 1810 resulted in the defeat of many old Congressmen of pacific views, who were replaced by fiery, young men, impatient with the peace policy. These men of the Twelfth Congress (1811-13) were to become known as the "War Hawks."

Among the leaders of the "War Hawks" were Clay and Johnson of Kentucky, Calhoun of South Carolina, Grundy of Tennessee, and Porter of Western New York, men from the West and South, the regions least affected by British interference with commerce. Yet, these men advocated war with England. "Their enthusiasm for war may be attributed partly to their youthful exuberance — they were nearly all young men — but as spokesmen for their sections they envisioned concrete advantages as the fruit of war."³

The "War Hawks" were especially aroused by the opposition of the Indians, led by Tecumseh, who were resisting the advance of the whites in

¹ During this period England and France were at war. England was a naval power and France was a land power; therefore, they resorted to economic warfare. Since America owned most of the ships provisioning these countries, economic warfare resulted in a direct blow to America.

² The English would board American ships, claim some of the sailors were English, and imprison them.

³ J. T. Adams, ed., *Dictionary of American History*, Vol. V, New York: Charles Scribner's and Sons, 1940, p. 403.

the Northwest. They believed that the British in Canada were aiding the Indians by supplying them with guns and ammunition.

"Little by little the 'War Hawks' fanned the flame of the 'war spirit' in Congress."⁴ This "spirit" was steadily rising, not so much in the commercial centers of New England, but "along the frontier from the Green Mountains to the Kentucky Blue Grass, and thence eastward into the Georgia Uplands. These were the regions of 'expansionist enthusiasm,' the strongholds of the 'War Hawks.'"⁵

There seems to be little doubt that the "War Hawks" aimed to get more territory. "Men of the Northwest commonly held the British responsible for their troubles with the Indians (exemplified in the activities of Tecumseh and the bloody encounter at Tippecanoe, Nov. 7, 1811) and expected to end these difficulties by driving the British from Canada. Southerners planned to conquer Florida from Spain, Great Britain's ally. Thus the 'War Hawks' represented the expansionist aims of the frontier."⁶

During a house debate on armament of merchant shipping, the war party frankly revealed their designs upon Canada. Mr. Porter, chairman of the committee, speaking on December 6, explained that in addition to the injury which American privateers could inflict upon British commerce, "there was another point where we could attack her, and where she would feel our power still more sensibly. We could deprive her of her extensive provinces lying along our borders to the north."⁷

By the end of the spring of 1812, the whole frontier was insisting that the British must be expelled from Canada. To influence all of Congress the "War Hawks" took up the war cry of "sailors' rights," but it was really the expansionist aims they had in mind. Add to this a strong third factor that made them advocates of war. Grundy of Tennessee dwelt upon the particular advantage the Westerner would derive from war. "We shall drive the British from our continent—they will no longer have the opportunity of intriguing with our Indian neighbors and setting on the ruthless savage to tomahawk our women and children."⁸ Thus they welcomed war because they "thought it would be the easiest way to abate Indian troubles."⁹

On June 23, 1812, Parliament repealed the Orders in Council, but it was too late; the news did not reach America in time. Five days earlier the "War Hawks" had their way: America had declared war on England.

⁴ J. T. Adams, *The Epic of America*, New York: Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., 1931, pp. 142-143.

⁵ J. A. Kraut, ed., *A History of American Life*, Vol. V, New York: Macmillan Co., 1944, p. 189.

⁶ Adams, *Dictionary of American History*, p. 403.

⁷ J. W. Pratt, *Expansionists of 1812*, New York: Macmillan Co., 1925, pp. 50-51.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 51.

⁹ Edward Channing, *A History of the United States*, Vol. IV, New York: Macmillan Co., 1917, p. 456.

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The Traipsin' Woman's Singin' Gatherin'

ANN REES

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1945-1946

ON THE SECOND SUNDAY IN EVERY JUNE, OVER thirty thousand people come from near and far to the Traipsin' Woman's Cabin in Boyd County, Kentucky, eighteen miles south of the city of Ashland along the Mayo Trail. They gather in Lost Hope Hollow to witness the annual performance of the American Folk Song Festival. To the audience, this is an opportunity to get a close-up of the hill people in their natural setting, and to hear their music sung and played in its native simplicity. To the participants, the Festival, or "singin' gatherin'" as they call it, is their chance to participate in a tournament of ballads.¹

The person who conceived and developed the idea of the American Folk Song Festival is Jean Thomas. Jeanette Bell Thomas was born in the Kentucky foothills. Her father was one of the hill people, but her mother was an "outlander"² who insisted that they live in Ashland. Jean attended high school there, and after graduation was employed in a hardware store. Luckily for the future of Kentucky music, Jean's education had not included much mathematical training and, since her job required bookkeeping which she could not do, she was soon discharged.³ She had paid a deposit on a portable

¹ Paul Kennedy, "Minstrels of the Kentucky Hills," *Travel*, 79 (June, 1942), 14.

² "Outlander": any person not born in the hills.

³ Dorothy Thomas, "That Traipsin' Woman," *Independent Woman*, 13 (June, 1934), 169.

typewriter and was contributing to the support of her mother, for her father had died several years before. Therefore, she was not in a position to hesitate in accepting work as a traveling court stenographer.⁴ Because her job made it necessary for her to "traipse with a passel of lawyers through the hills," the hill people called her the Traipsin' Woman.⁵ At first the hill people were hostile toward her, for, added to their natural distrust of strangers, they found it hard to accept the fact that a woman could be as independent as she was.⁶

Jean spent her first night in the hills at the home of "Uncle" Lije. The knowledge that the room next to hers was occupied by Babe Vinton, an accused murderer whose trial she was to attend the next day, so frightened her that she was unable to sleep. As she lay in bed, fearing for her life, she heard a wistful song echoing through the valley beneath her windows. Instantly, she was out of bed, fear forgotten, and snatching her pad and pencil, she began to take down the words of the ballad.⁷

This was Jean's first actual contact with mountain music, although she had been led to an interest in it before this time by her former music teacher, with whom she had spent many hours discussing the Elizabethan ballads that had come from Scotland and England to the Kentucky hills and remained in their original form there.⁸

The next morning, Jean was startled to find that the singer of the night had been the man who was being tried, Babe Vinton. She was so obviously pleased when he was acquitted that she attracted the interest of Granny Arimathea Kearey.⁹ Granny Kearey soon became a self appointed guardian to the Traipsin' Woman, and from then on Jean had easy access to any of the mountain ballads she desired, for no mountaineer would refuse a request of Granny Kearey's.¹⁰

For nearly a year, Jean traveled through the Big Sandy River country with the court. Even though the people were now very friendly and she had developed a great interest in their music, she became restless and decided to go to New York. In New York, she did secretarial work for such theatrical people as Gloria Gould, Lillian Gish, and Cyril Hume. Attracted by the glamour of Hollywood, Jean went to the West Coast, where she found work as a script writer. When the novelty of this work began to wear off, she realized that she was homesick for Kentucky, so she packed up and went home.

Once again Jean traveled through the hills with the "Corte" and, in her spare time, listened to the music of the hills. While she was in Hollywood,

⁴ Jean Thomas, *The Traipsin' Woman*, New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1933, pp. 11-14. ⁵ "Voices of the Hills," *Newsweek*, 11 (June 6, 1938), 24.

⁶ Jean Thomas, "I Don't Favor no Traipsin' Wimmin," *American Magazine*, 107 (May, 1929), 59. ⁷ Jean Thomas, *The Traipsin' Woman*, pp. 22-23.

⁸ Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 169. ⁹ Jean Thomas, *The Traipsin' Woman*, pp. 55-57.

¹⁰ Jean Thomas, "I Don't Favor no Traipsin' Wimmin," p. 59.

she had seen many movies in production that concerned Negro and Indian music. The more she heard of Kentucky ballads, the greater grew her desire to give people everywhere a similar opportunity of hearing them. However, Jean realized that to take these ballads out of their natural setting would destroy much of their beauty.¹¹ In 1929, when Jean attended the traditional "singin' gatherin'" with Granny Kearey, she knew at once that this was how she wanted the world to see and hear Kentucky music.

With the aid of her mountain friends, Jean produced the first American Folk Song Festival in 1930.¹² This "remembrance from an old world to the new"¹³ has now become nationally known. Its advisory board has included such people as Irvin S. Cobb, Deems Taylor, Stephen Vincent Benét, Erskine Caldwell, and Carl Sandburg.¹⁴ A national society has been formed that has as its main interest the continuation of the Festival.

Tradition and simplicity are the keynotes of the American Folk Song Festival. An amateur note is purposely introduced in order to preserve this atmosphere. To open the performance, a piper leads a group of girls, costumed in clothes suitable for the Lincolnshire dances they perform. These girls have been chosen as the prettiest in the Kentucky hills.¹⁵ Following them come overalled men, women in gingham Scottish plaids, and children in hand-woven linsey-woolseys.¹⁶ The participants gather on the rough wooden platform which extends before the Traipsin' Woman's log cabin, and the singing begins. The aim of the Festival is to build a picture of mountain life as it has existed since the beginning of the seventeenth century. The music includes all of the songs that concern their birth, their "infares" and their "funeralizin's." Also included in the program are play songs used in apple butter boilings and corn huskings, and the typical story-telling ballads that relate family differences. Each song is sung by the person who is recognized by the hill people as being most capable of singing that particular selection.¹⁷ The performers accompany themselves on their dulcimers, guitars, banjos, fiddles, and harmonicas.¹⁸ Thus, as the program draws to a close, the audience finds that it has a picture of mountain life. It joins the hill people in singing the final ballad, one of the saddest and most beloved, "Down in the Valley":

Down in the valley, valley so low;
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

¹¹ Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 188.

¹² Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 169.

¹³ Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 169.

¹⁴ Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 188.

¹⁵ Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

¹⁶ Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

¹⁷ Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

¹⁸ Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

Build me a castle, forty feet high,
 So I can see him, as he goes by;
 As he goes by, dear, as he goes by,
 So I can see him, as he goes by.

Roses love sunshine, violets the dew,
 Angels in heaven, know I love you;
 Know I love you, dear, know I love you,
 Angels in heaven, know I love you.

With the conclusion of the Festival, the mountain people return to their work for another year, and their good friend, Jean Thomas, returns to hers of lecturing, writing, and traveling up and down the Big Sandy, visiting with her mountain friends and ever increasing her store of ballads. Then once again will come early summer, when it is time to set out along the Mayo Trail to Lost Hope Hollow for another American Folk Song Festival.

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"True-Life Drama"

In my opinion, there are six main kinds of movie stories. The first of these is the "true-life drama." This type of picture attempts to portray ordinary American life. It supposedly shows the everyday problems of a normal family. The heroine of the story is usually a mature but surprisingly beautiful woman with an ideal husband and children, a luxurious home, and a sweet, noble disposition. During the course of the movie everything goes wrong: her husband deserts her for another woman, the mortgage falls due, her daughter elopes with a married man, and Junior takes up marijuana. But do these troubles phase our lovely heroine? Not one little bit! She merely squares her shoulders, blinks a tear from her eye, and, with a trembling smile, goes on with life because "she must." Eventually, her husband comes back to her and pays the mortgage, her daughter returns, explaining that she was only joking, and the man who was selling Junior marijuana moves on to a new location. As the picture ends, all is once again sweetness and light, and the audience is left sobbing happily. This, according to Hollywood, is a true picture of American life. Fellow citizens, how do we manage to live through it?—LOIS RUDNIK

Youth by Joseph Conrad

and

The Inheritors by Conrad and F. M. Hueffer

CAROLINE MADDOX

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1945-1946

THE PEN IN JOSEPH CONRAD'S HAND IS A POTENT INSTRUMENT. It creates almost magically intense moods and characters with appropriate settings and plots. This is especially evident in the volume called *Youth*, which includes three stories — "Youth," "Heart of Darkness," and "The End of the Tether." In *The Inheritors*, written in collaboration with F. M. Hueffer, the creative effort seems less powerful.

"Youth" is the tale of a voyage on the ill-fated *Judea*, a true yarn from Conrad's own experience. As he says in the Author's Note, it is a "feat of memory . . . a record of experience [which] in its inwardness and outward coloring begins and ends in myself." The tale is so nostalgia-drenched that the reader cannot help thinking it must have been Conrad who "joined" the grimy, leaking, undependable old freighter for his first voyage to the East. With the motto "Do or Die" fading on her stern the coal-laden old cargo ship met obstacle after obstacle and still limped on toward Bangkok. Bangkok — magic name to the youth who shipped as second mate! To him the dangers and hard work of the journey, storms, leaks, delays, the final disaster, all were the romance of living. "There was all the East before me," he said, "and all of life, and the thought that I had been tried in that ship. . . ."

The flavor of "Youth" is unrestrainedly nostalgic. Of the next tale, "Heart of Darkness," the author says, "Anybody can see it is anything but the mood of wistful regret, of reminiscent tenderness." It, too, is based on experience, but "pushed a little (and only very little) beyond the actual facts. . . ." Its "sombre theme had to be given a sinister resonance, a tonality of its own, a continued vibration that, I hoped, would hang in the air, and dwell on the ear after the last note had been struck." Indisputably, the sinister resonance effected by the story of a trip into the brooding darkness of Africa does dwell on the ear. The man who piloted a little steamer up the river to rescue the keeper of an ivory station felt the spell of "an empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest . . . the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention." Years later he shuddered at the remembrance of that vast wilderness which drew white men into its depths and then closed pensive, enigmatic darkness around their futile lives.

The last tale in the book is neither as emotional as "Youth," nor as spell-binding as "Heart of Darkness." "The End of the Tether" is a gentler story of an old captain. Captain Whalley is a memorable character — a gentleman, a man who faced misfortune with all his dignity and strength. The only aim of his last days was to help his daughter, who had married an invalid. To help her he sold his last ship and lived a short while on land, feeling useless and idle, knowing he would soon have to start spending the last five hundred pounds which he had hoped to send to his daughter. To save the money for her, he — who had been Dare-Devil Harry Whalley, captain of clipper ships, discoverer of new sea routes, for whom an island had been named — took command of an old steamer, the *Sofala*, in partnership with a misanthropic engineer. He bore the bitter unfriendliness of the engineer, bore everything for the sake of his daughter. Even when a terrible catastrophe began to destroy his greatest faiths — in a just God and in his own strength — he struggled on, until he was finally at the "end of the tether."

The Inheritors is called by its authors "An Extravagant Story." It is as different from *Youth* as land is from sea, yet the man who brews the spell of the sea and of strange settings does almost as well with the strangeness of an idea in *The Inheritors*.

Conrad and Hueffer have conceived the "Inheritors" as a race of people who inhabit the Fourth Dimension, a "plane — invisible to our eyes, but omnipresent." The Fourth Dimensionists are, in their "unrealizable infinity of space," a "race clear-sighted, eminently practical, incredible; with no ideals, prejudices, or remorse; with no feeling for art and no reverence for life; free from any ethical tradition; callous to pain, weakness, suffering and death. . . ." They are to inherit the earth (because their own dimension is becoming too crowded) by materializing among us and destroying our whole social system. Our system is to "break as a beam snaps," because we are "worm-eaten with altruism and ethics."

It seems strange to me that people who live in the infinite space of the Fourth Dimension can need the earth. However, the "extravagant story" is credibly presented. The hero, an ordinary and unsuccessful author, learned about the Fourth Dimensionists from a chance acquaintance along the road to Dover. He thought the young lady who walked beside him through the afternoon had a strong imagination, and he refused to accept as truth her unemotional description of the race. He was so much intrigued by her strangeness and her shadowless beauty that when they came to the place where they must part, he asked whether they were to meet again. She answered, "Oh, very often." Even then he did not realize that he was doomed to become one of her tools in a huge Fourth Dimensionist plot involving great statesmen of England and France.

The plot is full of political intricacies which might make dull reading if they were not mingled with personalities — the hero (defenceless, and mud-

dled by his love for the girl); the girl, with her intense, translucent, dispassionate beauty; all the men whose lives are to be ruined by the Inheritors' plans.

More than the characters or the startling ideas of the book, I enjoyed such flashes of Conrad's word magic as these:

"... gleaming mist hung in the ragged hedges."

"Her figure faded into darkness as pale things waver down into deep water."

"Remembrance of the common at Stelling — of the glimmering white faces of the shadowy cottages — was like a cold waft of mist to me."

The Inheritors flows along rather lightly, in contrast to the intensity of the stories in *Youth*. I prefer the undiluted Conrad magic of *Youth*.

Firefighters — Urbana Style

JOSEPH ROBERT DESHAYES

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1945-1946

"BILLY HARVEY AND ME, WE'RE THE ONLY TWO MEN still livin' that was on the first Urbana Volunteer Fire Force," said Charlie Defimbaugh as we chatted about the days when Urbana thought itself enough of a town to have a fire department. "Yes, sir, I was quite a man back in those days. It was in 1870 if I remember rightly. Yes, yes, that's right. I was just thirteen when I joined. I came eighty-eight yesterday. We was just a forty-man bucket brigade then, but we got some attention in 1871. The city voted us a hose reel and hand pump. We was a pretty sight in those bright uniforms runnin' to a fire and draggin' that equipment behind us."

The city made a good investment in that pump and hose reel, not to forget the twelve buckets that completed the fire equipment. Funds were also made available with which each volunteer fireman would be paid three dollars and seventy-five cents for every three months that he didn't miss a fire or a meeting.

On the same day the great Chicago fire broke out, Urbana had its great fire. It started when some boys were burning the legs off chinch bugs in a barn on High Street, between Race and Broadway. At one o'clock on the afternoon of October 7, 1871, the volunteers, called from their homes, hastened to the fire department, then located at the place where the Plaza Hotel now stands. Those forty firemen pumped and sprayed throughout the night trying to quench the flames. A brigade of women passed buckets of water to the pumps and empty buckets back to the Bone Yard. "I've laughed about it many a time," Charlie said, laughing once again. "Yes, sir, those

women were industrious. Fact is, all but a quart of each bucket of water had gone up in steam by the time it was dumped into the machine. The fire raged on for six blocks north and spread to two blocks wide when it got to Main Street." The last embers were put out on the morning of the eighth. It had burned out at the I. B. and W. Railroad, now known as the Big Four.

In 1875 Urbana voted to start putting in water mains. These were a big help to the firemen because it had been quite a job for ten men on each side of the hand pump whenever a fire lasted very long.

Colonel Buscy took office as mayor of Urbana in 1880. He had been in office three months when the volunteers' August meeting was to take place. Mayor Buscy ordered the men not to hold that meeting, because, he reasoned, the men would get a keg of beer, and trouble would follow. "Him sayin' that hurt me," Charlie said. "So me and one of the other boys just got up and walked out." That was the beginning of volunteer walk-outs. Soon Mayor Buscy organized a regular force of firemen, whose chief was Mr. Coucher. A small volunteer force was still on call.

In 1897 Urbana purchased its first horse-drawn fire wagon. During the first years, horses were rented from the Urbana Livery Stable, but in 1902 funds were raised for three teams and two more fire wagons. In 1907 a new record was set with a horse-drawn fire wagon; when an alarm was sounded, the firemen were out of bed, in the wagon, and out of the station in eleven seconds.

Around 1908 the Urbana Fire Department was moved from 107 N. Broadway to its present location, 116 W. Elm. This station in 1913 housed the first motor-driven fire engine to be seen in Champaign County. It could travel about thirty-five miles per hour. Once the University fire chief accidentally threw the switch of an alarm box located where the Illini Union Building now stands. With that fire engine the boys were at the alarm box in ninety-two seconds.

The present chief, Mr. Pittman, has been in the service of the Urbana Fire Department for twenty-six years. His father was assistant chief of the department when they worked a one hundred and forty four hour week. Chief Pittman, for that matter, worked twelve years under this same system. Not until 1931 was the twenty-four hour day, six-day week, and ten-day annual vacation changed to a two-platoon system. Under the two-platoon system ten men are divided into two shifts. Each five man shift works twenty-four out of forty-eight hours. That is an eighty-four hour week. Whenever the duty platoon is called out to a fire, the off platoon is called to the station to stand by. The fireman draws \$162.50 a month, the same pay as that earned by the city policeman who works only forty-eight hours a week at much less boring work. The men in the duty platoon are not allowed to go over fifty feet away from the station during the twenty-four hour shift unless they are called to a fire. The old ten-day annual vacation has been

increased to two weeks. After twenty years' service, if he is fifty years old or over, the fireman can retire on one half of his salary.

At present the city owns one hook and ladder truck and two trucks containing booster tanks. These latter trucks travel seventy miles per hour and weigh seven tons each. For the purchase of new fire equipment, the city must float a bond issue. The latest purchase of fire engines for Urbana was in 1940, when the two trucks which carry their own water supply were purchased for \$17,350.

When a call of fire comes into the station, the desk clerk sings out the address, and the men are off to the fire. Meanwhile the desk clerk calls the University and Champaign Fire Departments as well as the Urbana Water Works, giving them the address of the fire and instructions to stand by. If necessary, the water works boosts the line pressure to eighty pounds, from the average water main pressure of fifty pounds. Chief Pittman said, "We can get to a fire nine blocks away from us in one minute. The one thing that gets me are those excited people who call up and rave on about 'My house is on fire' but don't give an address. I've got a solution to the problem though. Make 'em mad. I say, 'What in the Hell's your address?' They cool down right away and tell me, but they argue after we're at the fire and have it under control that it took us fifteen minutes to get there."

There are approximately two hundred calls a year, most of them in the winter months. The chief said to me, "There have been as many as seven calls a day, but on the other hand two weeks have gone by without turnin' a wheel. Of course we have false alarms. About three a year, they average. Believe it or not, they are usually turned in by some crazy co-ed who wants to see the fire engines." The Urbana Fire Department averages seven annual calls from outside the corporate limits. It will answer these calls as far as five miles out of town and east of the Illinois Central Railroad if the person calling has a fire clause in his insurance policy demanding city fire protection. Since the cost of this clause is slight it pays every out-of-town property owner to have one. The insurance company pays the city clerk one hundred dollars for each out-of-town run the fire department makes on its client.

Urbana's latest fire of any size was in 1943. The basketball finals were in progress, and the firemen did not start to bed until about eleven o'clock. One of the men took a look around at a quarter to twelve, and all seemed well; but just as the last man was going to bed he saw that the Piggly Wiggly Store just across the street was a raging furnace at the rear. In less than a minute, water was on the fire, but because of faulty alley and building construction the fire raged on until practically the entire lower floor of the building was gutted.

Chief Pittman stated, "We consider ourselves lucky if we can get to a fire before it's out of control, but we consider ourselves luckier that the Urbana force has never lost a man while on duty."

A Night in December

MARY LOU SOLOMON

D. G. S. 1a, Theme 5, 1945-1946

I AWAKENED SUDDENLY, NOT KNOWING WHY. THE AIR IN my room seemed tight and dry; I sensed danger. As I looked through the French windows that faced the north, the darkness of the night was intensified by a strange glow in the distance. Just as my eight-year-old mind was trying to grasp the phenomenon, the door opened. Daddy, dressed in pajamas and robe, came in and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Darling," he said, "we're going for a drive now, so let Daddy help you with your robe and slippers."

"But it's night!" I cried. "Why are we going now?"

He didn't say anything but picked me up in his arms and walked over to the north windows. I must have cried out, for his grip tightened around me. As far as I could see, the mountains, a block behind our house, appeared to be tumbling with flames. The scope of the fire was far reaching, but it hadn't approached the foothills which faced our house. The two houses at the head of the block, directly below the mountains, then drew my attention. The flames shone through their front windows, making them resemble cat's eyes glittering in the night. Shivering, I drew closer to Daddy.

"Let's get a robe on you," he cried—and looking back, "If it only weren't for that damn wind!"

When he helped me dress, I began to notice disturbances in the house. I could hear Mother calling Maida, our week-end guest, and the sound of scurrying feet. Daddy was explaining to me that the car was parked in the drive and that I was to wait for them there. When we came into the hall, Mother was there with her arms full of small boxes and packages.

"We don't have time to pick up much more, Florence," warned Daddy. "That wind could sweep down in a matter of minutes once it started blowing southward."

"Yes, I know. I'm just getting a few things. Maida!" she called.

"Here I am, here I am!" And she bustled out nervously, two long braids streaming behind her. The queer procession filed out to the car, which stood strong and protective in the driveway.

"You won't need to wait by yourself now; we'll not bother with any more," Daddy whispered to me as I was tucked into a corner of the back seat.

He had started the engine when a dismal howl came from our backyard. "Bounce!" I screamed. "Don't forget Bounce!"

Mother opened the car door and hurried down the drive. A few minutes

later she reappeared with Bounce straining at his leash. Quivering and still whining softly, my beloved Doberman pinscher snuggled on the floor by my feet, resting his head on my knees. Somehow, I felt calm, knowing he came to me for protection.

As Daddy eased the car out of the drive, we all turned our faces toward the north. Great sheets of flame spread eastward, while tails loked down the mountains behind our house.

"There's no stopping her now," prophesied Dad. "Hell of a lot of good those fire breaks do; that wind just fans the flames right over them."

Fire engines screeched up the street, spitting gravel to the side of the road. Motorcycles preceded them, their sirens wailing. The heat from the fire was more intense now; my face felt dry and prickly. We hadn't had rain for weeks, so the dried underbrush encouraged any spark.

"They'll have to call out the Los Angeles fire engines for this," Dad stated. "Our Glendale Department can't begin to check such a fire. Probably some careless fool with a cigarette," he mused.

Suddenly Mother began to laugh. "Mazda, what in the world do you have in your hand?"

We all looked at the ball of Christmas twine she gripped tightly. Smiling sheepishly, she confessed, "I just grabbed the first thing I guess," and her round face showed confusion.

Going down the main highway for almost a half mile, we came to the home of my great-aunt and uncle.

"Let's stop to see if Ella and Albert are all right," Mother urged. As we stopped in front, we saw them standing on the lawn, their gray heads turned toward the mountains.

As he stepped out of the car, Dad said, "You can't keep the fire away with those." There they stood, each holding a hose and spraying the shrubbery.

"No," admitted Uncle Albert, "but we might be able to save some of those rose trees from ruin. The fire won't come down here, but the heat might kill them."

"The wind's changing to the south, just as I expected," Dad warned. "There's nothing to stop it from coming down here now."

"Perhaps," Uncle said, "but we'll stay. If it gets too bad, we can leave in our car."

We left them standing like two sentinels guarding a fortress. The wind had increased in its violence; it carried pebbles and pieces of vegetation in its wake. Occasionally cinders swept by; and smoke, thick as any California fog, filled our lungs. Others, fleeing their homes as we had done, were motoring down the road. Curious spectators had arrived to watch the sight; however, I felt only resentment for them. All of us were compelled by some inner desire to watch our enemy as it leaped across the mountains. Faces

pressed against car windows were horrified, yet unable to turn away. Someone explained that the fire had started in Sunset Canyon a few miles to the west. Dad was somber now, not saying much. I knew that he was worried, and any excitement that remained quickly turned to fear.

The sky was hazy but lighter when we returned home four hours later. By some miracle, the wind had again changed, but this time to the north. Our district had been saved just as the flames had reached the foothills a block away. Dad thought that the heat wouldn't be too noticeable now, so we returned home. Rose trees snapped in half and a dangling awning were evidence of the wind's destruction. As the car turned up the drive, my eyes searched the house for other changes. To me it meant protection and happiness — my own world.

"Is it the same?" I asked.

"Of course it's the same." Mother comforted me. "The flame didn't touch our house." But a sense of insecurity had entered my heart; doubt filled my mind. Was it really the same?

Yeah, Joe Made It, But —!

ROBERT SINGER

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1965-1966

OUR ORCHESTRA WAS ORGANIZED JUST FOR THE FUN of it. The abilities of the boys, added and multiplied, and then doubled, would probably never equal the ability of Denny Goodman's band boy, but we had fun. Every Saturday night we'd get together in Bill's basement, someone would carry in pretzels and beer, and away we'd go. The tunes would be the old ones: "Melancholy Baby," "Stardust," "Margie," "Hasin Street" — all old standard stuff everyone knows so well.

The instrumentation was novel: a piano, two accordions, drums, guitar, sax, and trumpet. It doesn't sound like much of a combination, and I guess it wasn't. We were nondescript musicians at best. Music was our hobby, not the fire of our lives. After all, we were only an assortment of mechanics, clerks, and tool and die makers. Still, once we tackled something — say "The Sheik" — you could be pretty sure we'd get through it — one way or another.

And I suppose we owed a lot of that to Joe. He was our trumpet man, maybe just a little bit better than the rest of us. His solos weren't at all reminiscent of Harry James, or Bunny Berigan. No, those men would be far from your mind as, and if, you listened. What he sounded like was what

you think you'd sound like after a year or two of hit and miss practicing. Still, he did have a certain drive and punch, and an enthusiasm that we always missed when he wasn't there. In fact when he wasn't there, it was almost just too bad. The beat would drag, my sax would honk, and Bill would get his accordion opened about two feet and crash it closed. No, we needed Joe to exist. Everything seemed to fall into place when he came. The nights he wasn't there, we'd give up, put away the instruments, and just sit around and play records.

Well, one night Joe rushed in saying he'd booked us for a job at Komblondurgowski's saloon — for Saturday night. Naturally we roared our protests: "Dammit, Joe, we told you—!" "You know we ain't good enough!" "What if you don't show up?" Somehow, he overcame all of our arguments and obtained our reluctant consent. Joe, in a high spirit of anticipation, led us so well that we forgot our fears and we began to chatter of how well we'd go. We broke up late, everything arranged for Saturday night.

When Saturday night came, we were all set up in G. (Gregory) Komblondurgowski's saloon. All, that is, but Joe. We sat there and tuned up, but didn't dare to play. And that made it tough. Gregory's customers were fellows from the steel mills; their girls worked at the local Harvester works; and they were a simple, direct sort of people who knew what they wanted. Just then, they wanted to hear some music — and no delay. The atmosphere became more and more unfriendly, and we quaked and shivered. Finally, gathering up our courage, we labored into "Stardust." And then — disaster! Bill was taking the lead and had just reached that high "G" he had to hold for four beats, when he decided to clear the wind out of his accordion. The resultant discord so frightened me, I bit through the mouthpiece of my sax and started to honk. Everyone on the floor stopped in amazement and disgust; above the disapproving grumble of the crowd rang Bill's nervous cackle as he knocked over his music. We stopped, and sank back praying for Joe.

Just then he came, carrying his trumpet, all ready to play.

"Joe," we whispered, "where the hell have you been?"

"At the dentist's," he puffed. "Had a tooth pulled." Hastily we reorganized ourselves, and with Joe ready to take the lead, Herb gave us a slow four beats to set the tempo for "Time on My Hands." With a flourish, Joe swept the horn to his lips and blew. "Bloof, bloof, blowf," went Joe. He couldn't play! His jaw was so numb from the dentist's anesthetic that all he could do was blubber into the horn.

So, like the Arabs, we packed up our instruments and silently stole away.

After that, our enthusiasm gone, things never seemed the same. Now, years later, I've heard that Bill has sold his accordion, that Herb's kids have broken his drums, and that Joe's a bugler in the army.

Friendship — Taboo

EARL J. WOLF

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1945-1946

MY CREW AND I ARRIVED IN ENGLAND ALONG WITH Art Mosley's in July of '43. Both crews had gone through combat training side by side here in the States and had developed a remarkable spirit of friendship. Since we were all assigned to the same bombardment group, we were very happy about the whole deal.

The officers of these two crews composed one of the most happy-go-lucky, hell-raising bunch of fellows that our squadron had seen in quite some time. For the first few weeks no one went anywhere without the other seven. No matter what the occasion — eating, flying, sightseeing, ale-drinking in local pubs, bull sessions — this gang of ours always stuck together. We even arranged to have our quarters in the same B.O.Q. I can't begin to express the strong bond of friendship that existed among us.

This friendship was a forceful thing — and we all knew it. It was seen and felt by many of the other fellows in the outfit, and it was the topic for discussion in more than one bull session. Some of the older combat men had a deathly dread of it, but none ever bothered to explain why. We all figured that they were either jealous or just snobbish, for they had completed more missions than we. This attitude didn't worry us at all; in fact, after we discovered their attitude, we went around together raising more hell than ever.

Then came the first raid, which was both a shocking blow and a rude awakening to those of our gang who survived. Now don't get me wrong. The raid was what we had lived and trained for, and we were all very eager to get into combat. After the mission was completed, we landed; and as my ship rolled to a stop, Paul Coad, Frank Ramsey, and I jumped out and ran over to Moe's ship, which had been hit pretty badly. Over the target area Jake Frasier, Moe's navigator, had been killed instantly by a piece of flak through the head. Red Heap, Moe's bombardier, was also in bad shape; he had been wounded in four places. When the "meat wagon" came up, we helped to load the two fellows and then climbed in to go with them to the field hospital. This was the gang; where one went we all went.

Up in the club about two hours later, when the rest of us were sitting around in a daze, I slowly began to realize just how terrible it is to have a close friend in combat. This sitting around thinking was bad enough, but the worst came that night. I don't believe any of the gang got much sleep; I know I didn't. My thoughts were of Jake — never again would we have that slim, slow-talking Texan with us — and of Red Heap, lying alone in the base hospital.

Twice more we went out on raids, and then it happened to both our crews. Moe's plane caught a direct flak hit in the bomb-bay and blew up over the target. No one in the ship had a chance. In my crew, Ramsey, the navigator, was killed by a piece of flak through his head, like Jake. This left only two of the group, Paul Coad, my bombardier, and me.

It was very lonesome at first — just the two of us — no more laughing, hell-raising gang as in the old days, a month ago. Sure, there were replacements, and most of them were damn swell lads, but Paul and I had learned our lesson well. Our friendship was something that we could do nothing about now, but we had made up our minds that as long as we remained in the combat zone there would be no more real friends. Oh, I don't mean that we walked around like mummies; we talked, laughed a little, and got drunker than usual with the rest of the lads — but never again did we allow ourselves to develop the kind of friendship that had existed between the members of our original gang.

“Prospect of Whitby”

JAMES E. ZEMEK

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1945-1946

ON THE EAST BANK OF THE THAMES, IN THE TEEMING slums of Limehouse, lies one of the most unusual places that I have ever seen. It is a public house called the “Prospect of Whitby.” The “Prospect” is right on the river, the pilings supporting its back porch sunk in the turgid waters. This particular “pub” has been the scene of murders and riots, but though its reputation is not at all savory, visitors never fail to get a thrill out of merely entering it. From the standpoint of local color, the “Prospect” probably outranks even the fabled “Cheshire Cheese.”

Years ago, during the heyday of the East and West India Companies, the “Prospect” was built near the West India Docks to accommodate thirsty sailors fresh off their ships, and to the present day it has been serving them. Of course, its war-time customers, instead of bringing loads of tea and spices from the Indies, undoubtedly were more used to bringing food up through the Channel over the protests of the Messerschmitts and the big guns of Calais. The “Prospect of Whitby” still serves a large number of Lascars, of course, and they are what make visits to Limehouse so risky. The Lascars are big, strapping Indian sailors who are definitely better left alone. It would be false, however, to say that they don't give a priceless atmosphere.

The "Prospect of Whitby" serves an excellent brand of ale, as the writer can testify, and it is positively a rich experience to walk into the "pub's" smoking room, lay down your 1 s. 6 d. and get a pint of bitter, or mild and bitter if you prefer. Then, a quiet stroll into the public room (under the suspicious stares of the Cockneys with their pulled-down caps) brings you to the relics of the past. There are krises from Singapore, dirks from Aden, daggers from China, spears from the Andamans. There are skulls of poor unfortunates fished out of the Thames, and, most recent relics, bomb fragments of the Hun (Limehouse suffered terribly from the blitz). With a little tact, you might be able to get a sea story from an old Cockney tar provided you see that the telling of it doesn't make him dry. All through your visit at "Prospect" the diminutive Thames tugboats keep up their tooting, and if you don't exercise moderation you find yourself longing for the life of the sea with a terrific intensity.

If you visit the "Prospect of Whitby" in the afternoon, and you later observe the light of day failing it is very wise to depart before total darkness sets in. At night Limehouse is very unhealthful for those who "don't belong." The visitor to London, however, who goes to the trouble of seeking out this famous old pub will never regret it. The element of danger involved is enthralling, the memory priceless and to be cherished.

M. P. at Work

Uncle Sam's Military Police are a quiet, inconspicuous, highly trained group of men who are constantly on the alert for anything out of the ordinary and whose keen eyes seldom miss the smallest detail. Never did I realize this fact until last Wednesday evening.

My R.O.T.C. drill period comes on Wednesday from three o'clock until five o'clock. Federal inspection was to be held the following Friday, so we marched, marched, marched, and marched some more. I was dead tired after leaving the Armory, and when I got home I did not feel like changing my clothes. I merely took off my blouse, belt, and cap. I had a pretty important letter to get off that evening and, after writing it, decided the best thing to do was to mail it at the sub-postal station. Without a further thought I headed for Jackson's Drug Store, where the station was, and posted my letter.

I then remembered that my 100-watt light bulb had burned out and that I needed another one. There were several brands: Mazda, Ken-Rad, V-Ray. I was contemplating which to choose when I felt someone tap me gently on the shoulder. From out of nowhere an ordinary-looking soldier had appeared. He quietly showed me a badge and said in a low voice, "Military Police, bud. Are you in the army?"

Then I remembered. I was still wearing my G.I. pants, shirt, and tie—but no blouse, belt, or cap. I stammered, "No sir, the R.O.T.C."

"Got any credentials or identification?" was the immediate reply.

I quickly produced my wallet and showed him my student identification card and my duplicate receipt for my R.O.T.C. uniform. He took a quick glance at them, asked my age, and returned my papers. With a whispered "O.K.," he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.—BEN DUSTER

Dance of Death

ROSE ENEVOLD

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, Summer, 1945

IN THE LATE SPRING ONE MAY SEE THAT STRANGE BUT joyous tragedy, the dance of death of the May flies. They come into the world for a day, dance and frolic themselves to death, and are gone.

The dainty May fly is a strange creature. It eats nothing from the time it hatches until the moment of its death. It doesn't even possess a mouth with which it might eat if it cared to.

Equally strange is the birth of the May fly. The original egg is laid by a May fly two or three seasons before the emergence of the adult. The egg sinks into the bottom of a body of water and there hatches into the larva, which keeps growing and developing into higher forms. The skin or shell of the larva will not stretch; when it becomes too tight to hold the growing larva, it bursts open and a new and looser one forms, which is worn until it again becomes too tight. It, likewise, is burst and discarded. Eventually the larva starts upward toward the surface. As it reaches the surface of the water, it again loses its skin; what emerges this time, however, is a dainty May fly, very different from the water creature it was a few moments before. It used to breathe through gills like a fish; now it breathes air, and would drown if it were thrust under water.

The new creature stretches its wings and flutters away to a near-by twig. Again it sheds its skin, even to the covering of its wings. It is strange in this also, since scientists say that it is the only creature which sheds its skin after it has acquired wings. Then it flies away on its endless dance until the time of death.

Out there in the sky, the May fly finds its mate. The two frolic together for about an hour. Then they part, and each goes on and on, endlessly, until the last bit of vitality in its body is spent.

It is on this day of the dance of death that the May flies lay their eggs. Many May flies head inland, congregating about the street lamps and other bright lights that attract them. These fail in their purpose. Eggs, unless they are laid over water, will not hatch. However, most of the May flies fulfill adequately their reproductive function. They float up and down in the sun over the water, directed by instinct to plant their eggs where they will have a chance to hatch into other generations of May flies. Then, exhausted, they drop to a watery grave.

Their duty is performed, their final mission accomplished, and their dance of death completed.

Victory Cafe

ROBERT T. CLOUD

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1945-1946

THE TOWN WAS DARK. ONLY A FEW FEEBLE LAMPS burned in the houses along the street, and the sordid interiors gave no invitation to ask directions. A dog started barking at our heels. A kick, a squeal of pain, and he ceased to annoy us. This was a dirty little town on Mindanao; this was civilization, our first in many months. Somewhere around here was the Victory Cafe—but where? The soft tinkling of a piano gave us direction and led us to a large shack set up about fifteen feet on posts. Joe went first, then Al, and I followed last up a flight of rickety stairs and under a newly painted sign, *Victory Cafe*.

The place was far from crowded; a few Filipino girls were dancing together to a hybrid tune played on a battered piano. More girls were sitting about sipping drinks and all were obviously familiar with the life of prostitution.

The only males we saw were the Filipino piano player and two American soldiers drinking at one of the tables. They waved us over and offered drinks. We accepted. It was medical alcohol and grapefruit juice. A few more rounds, and everything looked brighter. Soon the Victory Cafe was a nice place.

I drifted over to the piano player and was fascinated by the resemblance between his big white teeth and the keys of the piano. I pulled up a chair and requested song after song. He was pleased with all the attention and I was starved for music. I fed him cigarettes, the boy fed me drinks, and we all enjoyed the music. Everybody was happy.

More fellows came in. More bottles were passed around. The other crews had found the Victory Cafe and things began to happen. A football game was in progress on the dance floor; a long forward pass—and a bottle went through a window pane. A soldier was throwing tables and chairs out a window; he was showing his newly acquired girl friend how to play bombardier. A conga line weaved its staggering way across the room, up on a chair, over a table, onto another chair, and then back to the floor. The couples that had gathered in the various dark corners didn't even look up.

Everybody was happy. I fell asleep.

Next to Valor

I always did think that Bob was sort of a "funny" guy, but I never realized how "funny" he really was until that night on the lines.

When we were taking our basic back in '42, we had a "falling out" because of some misunderstanding on his part and stupidity on mine. I didn't like him mainly because he was from northern California and I didn't like Californians. "Bob Seitzermen is my name and anyone that doesn't like it can go to hell," were his exact words the first time he greeted the company. But after that he was as quiet as could be and never griped about details, or KP, or insolent sergeants. Even when I was sergeant and ordered him around, he didn't say much. I knew he didn't like me, but I wasn't worried.

Maybe that's why I was so surprised when he offered to follow me on a dangerous and important raid — dangerous enough to kill Bob and important enough to save many American lives. Maybe that's why I used to think about Bob when I was flat on my back on some cot in a base hospital on Guadalcanal. He never went out and got drunk like the rest of us, he never had a decent remark for anyone, he never wrote or received any letters from home, he never carried a picture of some girl in his wallet, he seemed to hate his very existence.

Last I heard, the army was looking all around for a relative of his to accept a Silver Star, a Distinguished Service Cross, and a Purple Heart for Bob's valor in action.

Sometimes I wonder how Bob is doing up there, but don't worry about it too long. I would have paid plenty, though, to see the look on old St. Pete's face when he opened those pearly gates and heard Bob exclaim, "Bob Seitzermen is my name and anyone that doesn't like it can go to hell!" — C. D. ORPHAN

Rhet as Writ

All of the gasoline stations are closed or just too lazy to come out in the cold and drizzling weather.

. . . .

If dead, I'd look in *Who's Who in America*. If alive, I'd look in the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

. . . .

Oh, Bob, you perfect little angle.

. . . .

Her golden hair shines as it simmers down her back.

. . . .

The basis for all factors considered on why I am a Baptist is why shouldn't I be one.

Honorable Mention

Murray Babcock — Development of the Sikorsky Helicopter

Margaret Durham — Old Muddy

Fred Elesh — It Floats Through the Air!

Ned Fleishman — Mickey Mouse as a World Figure

Stephen Honet — Lines — Just Beginning to Fade

William Jolly — Heavy Water — Its Discovery and Significance

James Kessler — Release from the Army

Mona Lee Kessler — Mask and Wig

Pauline Longworth — Train-Crew Legislation

James Milne — Lost

Myron Reynolds — The Causes of General Benedict Arnold's Treason

Alice Ross — A Walking Shadow

Millicent Simonds — A Treatment of Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight* and
There Shall Be No Night

Julia Stahl — Chippendale Furniture

Ross Titus — Magna Charta — Its Birth and Significance

Robert Wallace — Airmen's Unseen Enemy

Edward Wickersham — The American Press on the Atlantic Charter

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

JAMES ROMINGER

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1945-1946

I HAD BEEN CHOSEN, BUT IT WAS NO HONOR. A FLIP OF a penny had determined the choice. It was a duty which had to be performed, and I would do it. I collected the necessary cash from my four comrades, and, with last-minute shouts of "Good luck" ringing in my ears, I strode confidently toward the store. My confidence halted at the door and refused to go further. There was nothing to do but go on without it. I slunk over to where the proprietor was standing; without looking at him, I pointed into the case between us. "Mr. er-uh, could I have a package of cigarettes?" I blurted out as I "plunked down" fifteen old, dirty pennies on the glass counter.

"What you want them for, keedo?" the man asked suspiciously.

I was trying to act casual about the purchase, but I was shaking like a leaf. The proprietor probably thought I was palsied at a very young age. The look of guilt in my eyes had melted and run over my entire countenance. I tried to answer, but nothing came out of my open mouth. Every muscle in my body was tense. I felt the heat from a multitude of imaginary eyes gazing upon me in shame. I wanted to turn and run, but the fifteen pennies were scattered over the counter. Finally, I was able to stammer something to the effect that I wanted them for my dad.

"Did your pop give you this money?" the proprietor inquired, growing even more suspicious.

"No," I said proudly. "That's our money."

I suddenly realized my mistake and tried to cover up. I managed to say something that put across the idea that my sister and I had saved the pennies and were buying Dad a package of cigarettes for his birthday. It was late in July at the time, and my dad's birthday had been in early May. Also my dad smoked cigars rather than cigarettes, but luckily the storekeeper knew nothing about my dad's personal affairs.

"O. K.," he said gruffly, "but the only brand we got for fifteen cents is John Paul Jones. I don't know whether your poppa will like them or not."

I assured him that Dad would like them all right, grabbed the package, and ran out of the store.

My fellow conspirators were eagerly waiting for me just outside. We scurried across the street and down the alley, finally arrived at our hideout, which was an old, deserted barn in the center of a city block. After the necessary discussion of my episode in the store, we solemnly proceeded into

the barn. Hurriedly tearing open the package, each of us nonchalantly took a cigarette. Although we were really old hands at the game of smoking, this was our first whole package. We had practiced on butts from the street gutters for several days, and so we proceeded to light up skillfully with our two hands cupped. We always carried plenty of matches because one of the gang usually burned three or four matches per cigarette. The poor fellow was cross-eyed.

As the smoke curled up toward the cobwebbed ceiling, we began to pretend we were gangsters in a hideout. We let cigarettes hang carelessly from the corners of our mouths. We snorted nicotine-laden fluid through our tender nostrils. Our baby-blue eyes turned a ghastly, villainous green. To accentuate our appearance as rough and tough men of the underworld, we constantly flicked the ashes from the rapidly dwindling cigarettes. To express great emotional distress, characteristic of gangsters, we slowly raised the cigarettes to our lips, took long, nerve-quieting puffs, and threateningly squinted our eyes. As we exhaled a slow but continuous stream, a hazy, far-away look came over our eyes. One fellow got an especially hazy look and "passed out." We conversed in a low monotone as if we were planning a sneak attack on a peaceful, law-abiding family in the loft. We spat incessantly on the dirt floor.

The illusion was complete in every detail, but the slightest disturbance from without immediately shattered the illusion. At the sound of approaching footsteps, each of us would prepare immediately to douse his "cig." Luckily nobody came near the place that day, but we were alert for any and all sounds.

We smoked the cigarettes beyond the stub stage until we almost had the ashes themselves in our mouths. A couple of us burned our fingers in our Scotch efforts. Then, dramatically, we threw what was left toward the floor. Sometimes the remains disintegrated and disappeared in mid-air, solving our problem of destroying the evidence. If the butt hit the floor, we stomped it out of sight. What was left of the pack we hid in the tile foundation and cautiously emerged from our lair. The sweet-smelling fresh air was welcome, but it instantly made us conscious of our own sweet-smelling breaths. We chewed on blades of grass, ate green apples, and blew our breaths in one another's faces to test their sweetness. We then "broke up" and set out for our respective homes. It rained that night, and our cigarettes were ruined. But we dried out the tobacco and ingeniously used it for pipe smoking.

We were finally forced to give up the whole smoking affair. First, we were afraid of being caught and punished. Second, we lacked the necessary funds for such an expensive pastime. And third, we didn't want to stunt our growth. After all, we were only eight.

"The Goateed Fuehrer"

LILLIAN GILBERT

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1945-1946

TRAVEL HAS CEASED TO BE A NOVELTY TO US. THE great improvements in transportation during the past years have so lessened distances that we no longer marvel at going from Chicago to New York in three or four hours. But, unfortunately, our delicate minds cannot as yet comprehend a journey to heaven and back in seven minutes, a journey William Dudley Pelley claims to have taken.

Although he was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, Pelley, the son of a Methodist clergyman, received his education in Springfield. When he was seventeen, he left school for the glamor of the business world. His entrance into the paper-manufacturing industry was timely, and he earned \$75,000 by the age of twenty-one.¹ A few years later Pelley owned and directed several evening newspapers in New England. As a newspaper publisher, he cultivated his interest in journalism and learned the fundamentals of printing and the tricks of writing that he was to use in later years in an avalanche of literature stressing racial discrimination, anti-Communism, and pro-Nazism. Intentionally or not, William Pelley schooled himself well for his life's work.

When World War I broke out in 1914, Pelley was surveying Protestant missions in the Far East for the Methodist *Centenary* and the Rockefeller Foundation. He joined the Red Cross in Siberia and worked in Czechoslovakia and White Russia. It was in Siberia that he realized how "World Jewry" was plotting to enslave the gentiles.² The Russian Revolution in 1917 convinced him that the Reds, backed by Jewry, were dangerous. Perhaps it was Pelley's close association with future Nazis which led him to believe that prominent Aryans would be alive today if it were not for Jew-administered poison.³ In this theory, he agrees with General Ludendorff, commander of the German Army, 1914-18, and Adolph Hitler. They said the German Army was never defeated on the field of battle, but rather by tricky diplomacy and a stab in the back by the Jews. I wonder to what Pelley is attributing the German defeat in 1945. He can hardly blame the Jews, as they were practically extinct in Germany before the United States entered the conflict.

¹ Samuel Levinson, "Pelley's Karma," *Christian Century*, 57 (April 10, 1940), 478.

² Harold Lavine, *The Fifth Column in*

America, New York: Doubleday, Doran, & Co., 1940, p. 177.

³ Stanley High, "Star-Spangled Fascists," *Saturday Evening Post*, 111 (May 27, 1939), 8.

After the war, Pelley returned to the United States and lived a normal life as a script writer in Hollywood. He wasn't very successful, and, typically, he blamed the Jews for his failure. When the Welt-Dienst attacked Hollywood as the center of Judaism, and Fritz Kuhn demanded a "thorough cleansing of the Hollywood film industry of all alien subversive elements," Pelley wrote an article in the *Liberation* entitled "Who's Who in Hollywood — Find the Gentile."⁴

Then the miracle happened! On a warm spring evening in April, 1928, William Dudley Pelley died and went to heaven. What is unusual? Many people live good lives and are admitted to heaven after their death. However, Mr. Pelley returned to earth to tell us about it. He wrote a number of articles entitled "Seven Minutes in Eternity." He told how two young men in white uniforms caught him up as he traveled through "blue space." His conversation with the inhabitants of the other world informed him of the after-life and heaven. After his "lesson," he was whisked away by a blue vapor and awoke in his Hollywood bed feeling ill⁵ — no doubt from the strain of his journey.

Now came the change in Pelley's life. He was no ordinary man that God permitted to live on earth. He said of himself that "A prophet of God and the head of a New Christ Government has come to earth." He told how he received messages from the Great Pyramid on the right bank of the Nile River, "which is a great allegory of spiritual values."⁶ He forswore tobacco, liquor, coffee, and tea and decided to serve his country by saving it from the Jews and Communists. He won't die again until 1962, and by that time the world should be running smoothly. His articles gained him a large number of followers who were worried about their souls after death and wanted the "low down" from one who had been to heaven and knew. These fanatics later became the nucleus of the Silver Shirt Legion of America.

Pelley also informed the people about his right-hand man, the Oracle, who protected him from the plots of Jews and Communists. The Oracle is a little ghost that dictated Pelley's book, *No More Hunger*. According to Pelley's (or the Oracle's) plan, poverty would be eliminated by converting the United States into one great corporation representing the wealth of the nation. Every citizen would have an annual credit of \$1000, would be a stockholder, and would share in the dividends. One city in each state should be reserved for the Jews — a sort of "Beth Haven"; or else the Jews and Negroes could live on reservations with the Indians. In this book Pelley also says that Roosevelt is really Rosenfeldt, of Dutch-Jewish ancestry, and that WPA aid was denied American-born workers.⁷ The Oracle was evidently a little confused when he dictated this information, which cannot be proven.

⁴ Michael Sayers, *Sabotage*, New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1942, p. 227.

⁵ Lavine, *op. cit.*, p. 173.

⁶ Levinson, *op. cit.*, p. 477.

⁷ *Ibid.*

For the next few years, Pelley continued writing about eternity and the after-life. While publishers shuddered at his name, his following increased.

On January 30, 1933, the day after Hitler took over the Third Reich, Pelley organized the Silver Shirt Legion of America, inspired by a conversation with Hitler via thought waves.⁸ With their headquarters in Asheville, North Carolina, the Silver Shirts soon ranked high among the "Star-Spangled Fascists" and were looking forward to *der Tag* in the United States. Pelley claimed he wasn't pro-Nazi at his trial in 1942, but on June 22, 1933, he wrote to Henry O. Spier, Nazi agent and editor in New York, "The adroit thing to do is let a spontaneous American movement be born here that has exactly similar principles and precepts to Hitler's, that shall be American in character and personnel, and that shall work shoulder to shoulder with German aims and purposes."⁹ He also offered to print Nazi literature on a reciprocal agreement. The extent of subversive movements in the United States was little realized by the American people before Pearl Harbor. By that time, our enemies were so deeply entrenched that we had to battle fiercely to rout them out.

The Silver Shirts grew so quickly that they were divided into nine district organizations covering twenty-five states: the New England, Manhattan, Capital, Pacific, Southern, Gulf, Great Lakes, Prairie, and Mountain districts.¹⁰ The local groups, "Councils of Safety," were composed of ten members each. Every member signed an application card giving his height, weight, physical disabilities, and previous military experience. It was a well-centralized organization. Each local group had its liaison officer, who was responsible to the state liaison officer, who in turn was subordinate to the executive committee.¹¹ Pelley, as national commander, A. H. Topler, comptroller, and Roy Zachary, secretary and "field marshal," composed the executive committee. Since Pelley had five votes and Zachary and Topler only three votes between them, all policies were decided upon by Pelley.¹²

The group's main function was to read Pelley's speeches and distribute copies of *Pelley's Weekly*. However, the Silver Shirts became linked with the Black Legion, which was organized as a military group and divided into squads. Each squad was given a "patriotic assignment" such as flogging, arson, or murder and was checked upon so that the work was well done.¹³ The Silver Shirts came to resemble the Ku Klux Klansmen, and became closely allied with the German Bund as Pelley often addressed Bund meetings.¹⁴

⁸ "Tarnished Silver Shirt," *Newsweek*, 19 (April 13, 1942), 29.

⁹ George Britt, *The Fifth Column Is Here*, New York: W. Funk, Inc., 1940, pp. 112-114.

¹⁰ Lavine, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

¹¹ High, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

¹² Lavine, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

¹³ John Roy Carlson, *Undercover*, Philadelphia: Blakeston Co., 1943, p. 275.

¹⁴ Britt, *op. cit.*, p. 112.

No detail was lacking in the organization of the Silver Shirt Legion, even to uniforms. That "there is something about a uniform" was realized by Adolph Hitler, and Pelley borrowed Hitler's psychology when he designed the Silver Shirt uniform. It consisted of a silver-colored shirt with a red *L* over the heart.

Pelley agreed with Father Coughlin and in an article about him wrote, "This past week, the aggressive Father Coughlin went on the air . . . and delivered what amounted to the prize Silver Shirt speech of the year." This speech was referred to by Christian leaders as fostering anti-Catholicism by encouraging anti-Semitism.¹⁵ And when the America First Committee entered the scene, the Silver Shirts had a new "pal." They climbed aboard the Committee bandwagon as Pelley exalted the men that were rescuing America.¹⁶

Roy Zachary, the "field marshal," predicted in 1938 that by 1939 the Silver Shirts would consist of 1,000,000 members. They would be a "huge reserve army to fight behind the established police force," a conquering host in the war on New Dealers, Jews, and Communists. Zachary encouraged the people to join the National Guard and arm themselves in preparation for the battles that were to come.¹⁷ This same man threatened in 1939 to assassinate the President "if nobody else will."¹⁸ Mr. Pelley evidently chose his associates well.

The Silver Shirts became troopers in the enemy's fifth column. For his excellent work in their organization, Pelley was made an honorary member of the Deutsche Zentral of the Germanischer-Bund, or the German League, whose headquarters were in Chicago. He said this honor was "in recognition of his work for the purging of our nation of its subversive elements, maliciously undermining the federal constitution."¹⁹ Obviously his job as a 100% American was now to translate Nazi propaganda into American patriotic terms.

Pelley's activities did not cease with his organization of the Silver Shirts. He had many other irons in the fire.

Immediately after his organization of the Silver Shirts, Pelley formed Galahad College, his "Foundation of Christian Economics," in Asheville. Since he sold unregistered stock and represented the college to be in sound condition, he was convicted in 1935 for violation of the North Carolina "blue sky" security laws and was given a two to three year suspended sentence pending good behavior.²⁰

Another enterprise was the Pelley Publishers, Inc. In 1936 the company was bankrupt, but in 1939, it expanded suddenly, purchased a bank building

¹⁵ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

¹⁶ Sayers, *op. cit.*, p. 206.

¹⁷ Britt, *op. cit.*, p. 113.

¹⁸ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 173.

¹⁹ Britt, *op. cit.*, p. 114.

²⁰ "Silver Shirt, Stripped," *Time*, 39 (February 2, 1942), 20.

for a site, and was soon publishing two magazines, one monthly and one weekly. Pelley was a great promoter, and there is no way of knowing who financed him. The money might have been a German subsidy that was smuggled in on German boats.²¹ After all, Pelley Publishers, Inc., was listed on the Nazi "Roll of Honor."²²

An example of Pelley's work is his message to the American people in the *Galilean* in January, 1942. He declared that "the German and Italian declaration of war served the United States right." Two months after Pearl Harbor, he wrote, "The typical American . . . gloats when any of the Axis powers reports success abroad — even against our own forces."²³ The post office protested these declarations, and Pelley suspended publication.²⁴ In January, 1942, he also said he thought "the President would be convicted of being responsible for this war. . . . With the Nips controlling our Western Coast, maybe Hitler will be welcomed not as an enemy, but as a friend."²⁵ In that statement Mr. Pelley exhibited his pro-Nazi and anti-administration tendencies, and showed he was a leader in the "Roosevelt Impeachment Movement." One of his article headlines was "Four Million Militant Women Getting Congress Aid for Roosevelt Impeachment."²⁶

In 1936, Pelley ran for President on the Christian party ticket, with the campaign slogan "Christ or Chaos!" "The time has come for an American pogrom," he said. "When I'm President, I'll incorporate the Silver Shirts into a combination of a federal army and police force. I'm going to do away with the Department of Justice entirely."²⁷ Since Pelley's main foes were the Jews and the Communists, he combined his hatred for both by interlocking them with each other. Einstein is a Communist and the former head of the Communist party in Paris according to Pelley. Russia is Jewish and financed by Kuhn, Loeb, and Company. He hated Mussolini and described him as a Jewish Caesar till Mussolini began persecuting the Jews. Everything that Pelley disliked became associated with Jewry in his mind. He said, "The word Aryan simply denotes the white race at its summit of perfection."²⁸ Victim of this mania, Pelley was putty in the hands of the Nazis, for part of the Nazi psychological warfare was to divide the Americans, gentile against Jew. Werner Haag, second-in-command of the Friends of New Germany, reported to his Berlin superiors in a letter written on September 23, 1933, "It's child's play to make good anti-Semites of the Americans."²⁹ In printing the propaganda of the *Welt-Dienst*, Pelley aided the Germans.

This "dynamo of subversion" is a short man who wears a goatee, has hair streaked with gray and eyebrows artificially darkened. Such vanity for

²¹ High, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

²² Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 133.

²³ "Milquetoast Gets Muscles," *Time*, 39 (April 13, 1942), 20.

²⁴ "Tarnished Silver Shirt," *op. cit.*, p. 29.

²⁵ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 283.

²⁶ Sayers, *op. cit.*, p. 157.

²⁷ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 151.

²⁸ Levinson, *op. cit.*, p. 478.

²⁹ Sayers, *op. cit.*, p. 143.

the man who was to save America! John Roy Carlson says of an interview with Pelley, "The most unforgettable impression was his handshake — the sweatiest, unhealthiest, clammiest handshake I ever hope to experience. . . . He smelled of decay."³⁰

What he lacked in personal appearance, however, Pelley made up for with his vicious pen. In his comments in his *Roll Call*, he showed what, in his opinion, made a man great. Praising Stephen A. Day, he said, "He takes his place on the patriotic honor roll along with Charles A. Lindbergh, Senators Gerald Nye and Burton K. Wheeler, Dr. Jacob Thorkelson and more."³¹ When Congressman Thorkelson of Montana blamed the war on the Jews and said, "Do not forget it will require the same medicine to cure the United States that brought about the cure in Germany," Pelley saluted him by writing, "Thank God, a new star of patriotic inspiration is arising over the horizon of Capitol Hill in Washington."³²

"Democracy is Jewish," said Pelley. "The New Deal — the Jew Deal is the last straw! I get reports. Violence is on its way. When it comes, we will be ready for it."³³ (No doubt, these reports came from the Great Pyramid.) Pelley had no faith in mob rule, unless his mob was ruling. The Silver Shirts were out to start a mass movement and attack those Americans who could be emotionally swayed. This appeal to the emotions was one of their strongest weapons. Pelley's brochure advertising the anti-Semitic forgery *Protocols of Zion*, in which the Jews are supposed to state their plans for world conquest, was mailed to the American public in envelopes franked by Congressman Hamilton Fish.³⁴ As for the violence, perhaps Pelley meant the association of the Silver Shirts with the German-American Bund, the Christian Mobilizers, and the Christian Fronters. Armed bands roamed the streets of some American cities looking for trouble and generally making themselves obnoxious. All these subversive organizations were indirectly working together and striking for the same goal.

Finally Pelley's activities came to the attention of Robert B. Barker, a Dies Committee investigator, who reported Pelley to the Committee in June, 1939. Conveniently, Pelley decided to disappear for a while, and the Dies Committee subpoena couldn't be delivered. But the fugitive didn't remain under cover very long. In February, 1940, Representative Frank Hook of Michigan inserted into the *Congressional Record* certain letters linking Mr. Dies with the Silver Shirts. Pelley then appeared and said, "None of these letters were written by me, composed by me, or signed by me . . . I am giving Martin Dies an absolutely clean bill of health."³⁵

³⁰ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 231.

³² Britt, *op. cit.*, p. 113.

³³ High, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

³⁴ Sayers, *op. cit.*, p. 193.

³⁵ "Fish Fry," *Time*, 35 (February 19, 1940), 17.

The following day, Pelley was called before the Committee. When asked if the Dies Committee investigation would ruin the Silver Shirts, he replied, "Yes, sir . . . and with my blessing . . . you've gone ahead and done a good job. . . . If the Dies Committee goes ahead, my work is done."³⁶ Appearing to enjoy his confession, he said, "If the Silver Shirts achieved their aim, I would have become leader of the government and would have put Hitler's policy into effect." He further confessed that he was anti-Semitic and agreed with Hitler regarding the Jewish element.

On January 28, 1941, David Mayne, research worker, admitted forging two letters attempting to show Dies' friendship for the Silver Shirts. For these letters, Mayne received \$105 from Gardner Jackson, then legislative representative of Labor's Non-Partisan League, who gave them to Hook. Representative Hook apologized to the House when convinced the letters were fake.³⁷

A disastrous year for Pelley was 1941. In April he was arrested and was to return to North Carolina to face violation of his parole charges. When his bail was revoked, his attorney said the revocation was "a murderous assault on American civil liberties and an attempt to institute totalitarian methods in courts of the United States."³⁸ On January 21, 1942, he was sentenced to two to three years for violation of his good behavior proviso.

On July 23, 1942, Pelley and the Silver Shirts were indicted by the Washington Federal Grand Jury on charges of conspiracy to provoke revolt within the United States Armed Forces by distributing false statements. The case was tried at Indianapolis. One of the Government's chief witnesses was Dr. Harold Lasswell, propaganda analysis expert with the Library of Congress, who testified that 1,195 German propaganda statements were listed in Pelley's publications. Boxes of German propaganda literature were found in Pelley's home.³⁹

Denying that he was anti-Semitic and pleading for his constitutional right and his freedom of speech, he said he never wrote "a damn thing in the magazine that Boake Carter, 'Ironpants' Johnson, Father Coughlin and many others haven't also said."⁴⁰ He and his attorneys tried to prove that the United States was bankrupt. And he also maintained that his publications weren't intended for army camps because he didn't want to incite the soldiers to rebellion.

Justice finally triumphed, and on August 13, 1942, Pelley was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Perhaps today he is amusing himself in conversation with the inhabitants of the other world, or in interpreting the messages

³⁶ *Ibid.*

³⁷ *New York Times*, January 28, 1941, p. 21.

³⁸ *New York Times*, April 18, 1941, p. 16.

³⁹ *New York Times*, August 1, 1942, p. 3.

⁴⁰ "Milquetoast Gets Muscles," *op. cit.*, p. 20.

from the Great Pyramid on the Nile. For the next few years, the "Goateed Fuehrer" will be safe behind locked doors and iron bars — a just recompense for a traitor to the United States.

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Sorrow

During May of my senior year in high school a member of the faculty, who had been a very dear friend of mine, died suddenly. She had been out in the school garden demonstrating to a class the best method of turning the soil in preparing it for planting when she suffered a heart attack. When told of what had happened I was incredulous. Certainly there was some mistake. I had seen her that very morning—had thought at the time that after my classes were over for the day, I would go to her office and spend some time talking with her, a habit I had formed early in the year. When I was finally convinced of the truth of the report, what was actually an overwhelming sorrow seemed a succession of emotions. At first the apparent injustice tore at my soul, and there arose in my mind countless questions searching for an excuse, a justification of what had happened. Why did it have to be she, a person who knew the meaning of understanding, of truth, of life, a teacher from whom one learned more than merely the subject at hand, a brilliant and gracious woman? Next I found myself hating everyone who had known her, people, I felt, who could have prevented the tragedy. I hated the head of her department, who, in my eyes, had been directly responsible for the heaviness of her exhausting program; I hated her friends, who should have protested when it became obvious that she was being overburdened; I hated her students, who, I thought, were stupid, unappreciative dullards, unworthy of her teaching. The third surge of emotions was purely selfish. The realization that there would be no more afternoon chats, no more half-serious, half-sportive discussions, no more early-morning bird trips together with dew still glistening on green fields, was an intolerable one for me. My life had lost one bright light, one sustaining ray of hope.—CAMILLE PLACZEK

Childhood in Tuscany

CARLO GHILARDUCCI

Final Examination, Rhetoric II, 1945-1946

I SHALL NEVER FORGET MY CHILDHOOD, ELEVEN SUNNY and joyous years spent far away from here, in a fertile Tuscan valley near the Italian Riviera. Many people may say that perhaps I belong where I was born, or that if I long so much for my native land, I should go back to it. But my difficulty in forgetting my childhood and my longing for the land of my birth are normal reactions experienced by every human being, and when I think of my childhood I must remember Tuscany.

Tuscany is a hilly country. The particular section where I lived was the Serchio Valley, in the province of Lucca, three miles to the east of the capital city, which incidentally bears the same name. The Apuan Alps, deep, massive, majestic, rose to the north and hid the Po Valley. To the south stood the meeker, greener Pisan Mountains. On the Pisan Mountains we felled Christmas trees in the winter and gathered mushrooms in the summer. The adults carried on business and social intercourse with the mountain people, trafficking in wine, corn, chestnuts, and other produce; but we children thought of the mountains in terms of panoramas to behold — on both sides of the peaks — and heights to conquer. Generally the excuse to our parents was that we had to get Christmas trees for the priest's *presepio*.

I can remember that we went to school only during the morning, from about eight o'clock to noon. School was strict, and the teacher used the straight-edge for other purposes than drawing straight lines. Before us, on the front wall, behind the teacher, hung a crucifix between portraits of the mustachioed and brassy Victor Emmanuel and Il Duce in mufti. Il Duce had a deep look in his eyes, and at first he used to scare me; no matter where I sat, he wouldn't take his eyes off me. The teacher told us weird stories of adventure and romance about him, and soon the entire class got to like him. The scholastic year ended in June. I remember very little of my summer vacations except that my mother regularly took me to my uncle, Father Banducci, whose parish was at the foot of the Apuan Alps, and asked me to live with him for a good third of the vacation time. Since he was an inveterate hunter and a trainer of birds, we often went hunting together after mass. My uncle was indeed a man with insight; he never let me tire of his hospitality. When he thought the time had come, he said, "Better hop on your bike and get yourself out of here, Carlo." And I returned to my family and friends and joined once more the junior soccer team.

As gold tinged the leaves, we sensed the end of summer. Lamely we trudged to the schoolhouse; sighing, we sat under the all-embracing look of

Il Duce. We knew him now; we had inquired from our grandfathers about him; he had done strange things, great things. Holidays of national importance were celebrated around the end of October and the beginning of November. October 28, the anniversary of the March on Rome, was followed by November 4, Armistice Day. On these days all the little boys donned their black-shirted uniforms. I was the patrol leader. With the red stripes properly sewn on my fez and sleeve, I led my mates in formation past the grandstand, where the officials from Lucca, haughty, black-shirted, looked at us as Il Duce did from the picture. There was something contemptuous in their countenances. We boys knew it. They wanted to give the impression that they were not subordinates, that they too could look at us as he did from that picture. But somehow we knew better, and we returned their haughty looks.

Then came Christmas, followed by New Year's Day, and, soon after, the two weeks of Carnival which ended February. Each of the good farmers celebrated carnival-time by killing a pig. Early in the morning the first squeal awakened me. I got up and looked at the half-sun peeking from behind the hill, and without washing, or wearing any shoes, I dashed in the direction of the squeal. Upon arriving, I witnessed the most thrilling episode that an Italian youngster could wish to behold: a farmer killing a pig with an ice-pick. The poor animal ran around with the ice-pick in his heart, squealing and snorting like a fire-truck, to the amusement of all the boy spectators. Soon other squeals were heard, and before long every pig was in his last agony. This was the morning of Mardi Gras.

Mardi Gras I remember vividly — the busiest day of the year for the Tuscan farmer. Each skinned and dressed his pig, made sausages and mortatelle and salami. All boys and girls loved to watch their elders pack the meat the coming night.

On Mardi Gras clowns, harlequins, and unimaginable other masks paraded through the streets. We heard of carnivals in the big cities, Venice, Naples — we heard of the floats and costumes and decorations — and celebrations. And the priest from the pulpit never ceased warning the youths that "the day will come when". . . that "during the weeks preceding Lent and Easter people should busy themselves with occupations more profitable to the soul than carnivals." I got the impression that the older boys and the men, except grandfathers, paid little heed to the good priest, but I didn't care. I was too young to attend carnivals anyway!

Easter, Italy's greatest religious feast, follows Mardi Gras: colored eggs, rabbits, religious processions, and the priest discharging bolts upon the sinners of Mardi Gras. I always wondered how the priest could find out by Easter Sunday what had happened on "fat Tuesday," until it occurred to me that he heard confessions.

Soon the summer vacation started again, and again I tramped about with

Father Banducci. I have treated only the perennially normal routine of the Tuscan farm boy, disregarding political and military campaigns during this time. This story is not only my story, but that of the average boy from the Serchio Valley. So I'll never forget Tuscany — not because of my proficiency in catechism, which won me a trip to Rome, nor because of many other individual episodes which I experienced during those eleven years; but because of the feasts and parties that have been celebrated for countless generations, about which one hears, in the wintertime by the fireside, from his grandfather. I'll never forget Tuscany because of the good priest who seemed to know everything about what everyone did and made me wonder whether he was a seer. I'll never forget Tuscany because of the all-encompassing look of that picture to the right of Christ behind the teacher.

“Klonker”

JACK M. CAMPBELL

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1945-1946

I FIRST HEARD THE WORD “KLONKER” IN 1937. A TRUCK driver called his truck a “klonker” and aroused my curiosity. He told me the word had been in use among truckers for a few years and was used quite often, especially by cross-country drivers. Later the term became more significant to me when I heard it in the conversations of Army Air Force personnel.

Broadly speaking, a “klonker” is a machine that repeatedly fails to function properly, but the term is usually limited to a description of a truck or an airplane. The appellation is based on the mechanical performance history. But it is often used loosely to refer to any vehicle that is either worn out or otherwise unsatisfactory. For example, a plane that develops mechanical quirks suddenly, or before it should, is a “klonker.” Then, too, an old worn-out plane is usually a “klonker.”

A “klonker” is the black sheep of mass production that never performs like its brothers. From the day the airplane rolls off the assembly line till it crashes, is shot down, or condemned to a just grave in the junkpile it is not so fast as it should be. Too, it may be difficult to control, have awkward flight characteristics, and be in constant need of repairs.

When I was a pilot in a B-24, Liberator, squadron we were unfortunate enough to have a typical “klonker” — 066. When new, it spent more time on the maintenance line than two ships should; it did not improve as it became older. I flew 066 on a mission to Vienna, and I do mean *to* Vienna, because we did not return all the way home. I needed extra power and luck

to get off the runway. Then followed five minutes of filling the bomb bays with leaves and twigs before it would climb. We vibrated to the target using increasingly higher power settings to stay in formation. There was the usual hell over the target — the “rally”; then we were headed for home. The crew reported a few “flak” holes and minor damages which did not interfere with flying the ship. Soon, however, the superchargers started cutting out, only one of the mechanical difficulties we had before we landed. We had to drop out of formation, and for the next few hours we had fighters, gas, weather, and so on to worry about. Fortunately we got into a British fighter strip in Northern Italy.

Later, 066 was fitted with some new engines and did fly a few more times before crashing. “Klonkers” of this type caused the word to be embellished, often, with a few of the more choice descriptive adjectives.

A “klonker” can also be the result of too much imagination on the part of engineering officers. During the war a pictorial magazine contained an article about a B-24 that was made at an overseas base. This happened in my group. The forward half of one wrecked airplane and the rear half of another were added together. The sum was a “klonker.” I suppose in the pictures the machine looked like any other B-24; but the magazine failed to mention that the thing flew like a drunken duck. I “waddled” that plane around the sky one day and spent the next day drinking cognac and writing a letter to Headquarters explaining why it should be permanently grounded. It was retested and grounded.

The word “klonker” is slowly gaining popularity in army slang, and, if returning veterans use the word in civilian life, it may eventually find its way into the dictionary alongside “jeep,” “blitz,” and “bazooka.”

Rain on Saturday

CAROLINE MADDOX

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1945-1946

THE DOORS BANGED SHUT AFTER US, AND THE OLD streetcar rattled off downhill. We darted across the stream of traffic in its wake and ran like children down steep cobblestones to the canal. Panting, we landed on the shaky footbridge over the slow water.

“Look!” Paula groaned, leaning on the rusty bridge rail. “Look at that sky!”

“Well, it isn’t going to rain today,” Charles insisted, and we all three turned around, scanning the heavy sky for a patch of blue. But there was no blue and no sunshine. Charles picked up the swimming bag from the planks, and we trailed down three steps onto the tow-path. Brushing past Queen

Anne's lace and coarse purple clover, we walked along silently, still hoping the sun would come out. I was thinking of all the sunny days we had come along this path before, going toward the river and the canoe house. I heard a sigh behind me.

"Last summer," Paula said, "remember?"

I was about to say, "Remember the watermelon?" when Charles turned half impatiently.

"Paula, it isn't good to live in the past."

"Oh you do, yourself!" she retorted.

"I never live in the past."

The old dispute was as finished as it had ever been, with most of the arguments on both sides left unsaid. I was on Paula's side; I, too, liked to go back to familiar places and relive old happiness. We both wanted this Saturday afternoon to be as perfect as the ones we remembered. But the sky was brewing thicker between us and the sun, and a damp unsteady wind was blowing. I knew it was useless to hope that we could paddle up the river to our "waterfall," swim from a strip of sand along the woods, and lie blistering on the warm rocks as we used to do. Still — I wanted to remember.

We passed under the great steel arch of Key Bridge and along the hard-packed path. There was another little bridge to cross; then the path branched away from the canal to a flat white stone at an opening in the weeds. We stopped and saw how suddenly the stone stairs plunged down the bank. From the top they always looked impossibly steep, but with one impulse we ran down the steps together, landing chaotically on the cinders at the bottom. Straight across the abandoned railroad track we ran, and into the weathered white doorway of the sprawling canoe house. The old dimness greeted us, and the old easy smell of wood and river water. The stairs were tumbling up the wall on the left, and cracked uneven floor sloped out under canoe racks on the right. A few people stood around. Several brown-shouldered boys were lifting canoes onto the racks. Nothing had changed at all.

I couldn't help remembering. I remembered the river glinting in the sun, the paddles flashing, Charles singing lustily, and Art's black eyes squinting against the bright sky; but it didn't help any to remember Art and sunshine, for beyond the eaves of the boathouse the wide Potomac was solemn and grey. The sky hung unmoving. Charles, who had walked out onto the pier to look at the clouds, was talking to an old man. Leaning against a post, placidly, the old man "reckoned there wouldn't be no more canoein' today," and as he spoke, the rain began. It quickened the water and sank into the dry grey pier as fast as it fell. There was confusion and shouting as things were dragged up the long dock to shelter.

"No more canoes going out today," a boy told us as he passed.

We looked at each other blankly.

"Well —," Charles began, and, hunching his shoulders, grinned suddenly.

"Let's do *something!*" I said. We took a last look around the room and walked out into the rain.

Aimless and happy, we wandered up along the shore, while the rain fell thicker. We walked on wet cinders, through wet clumpy grass, across softening earth. Sometimes a branch, shaken by a swirl of wind, shed water on us as we passed. Paula's hair began to cling to her forehead and curl up impishly; mine hung down as straight and stringy as willow leaves. Charles had soon rolled his trousers up around his calves. With his shoes in one hand and our bag of swimming suits in the other, he swung along.

"*L'amour est enfant du Boheme!*" he sang. His wild tenor pranced through the French, and when he came to the place where he knew only the English words, we joined him. "Love is only a wood-bird wild —" Paula began lagging behind. Finally she stopped altogether.

"There's the river," she said. "I can't stand not being in it!" She sat down on a stone and looked across the gentle slope of bank to the water.

"Ya, we're all wet anyhow," I added, sitting down beside her.

"Hell, kids," shouted Charles, "let's go!" And he flung his shoes into the crotch of a cottonwood tree. Pulling off his limp shirt he stripped to his old brown trunks. Skinny and brown, with his hair standing up on his head in short wet spikes, he stood grinning like a wood sprite. Paula and I tossed our shoes onto the heap in the tree and found a path into some big-leaved weeds. There, sheltered from the river and the path by mist and leaves, we squirmed into our dry swimming suits and folded our wet clothes haphazardly into the duffel bag. Our hair was almost dripping; the big leaves around us ran water; our feet and our faces were glistening wet. Everything was wet except the suits.

Charles was about to leap off the bank as we came out. Yelling, "*Allons, Car'lina!*" he grabbed my hand and we all three hit the water together. Charles ducked and swam, his feet churning like a paddle wheel, his head well under. Paula struck out from shore with hardly a splash. I lunged out beside her, pulling with long strokes against the cool current while the river tugged at my hair. Ahead was the low island, desolate through the rain, with broken stumps and limbs hanging out into the mist. The rain fell steadily from greyness into grey water. I let my feet sink under me and pull me down, idly; then dared to open my eyes. Bottomless twilight was closing in. In swift terror I blew out all my breath, shot to the surface, and swam noisily toward shore until my knees scraped sand. Panting, I climbed up to sit on a tree root which crooked out over the water. I heard bare feet slapping wetly along the bank behind me, and Charles leaned silently against the tree, staring over my head at the river. From the grey-brown shallows Paula rose dripping, exulting in the cold clean wind. The river eddied past, and through wet branches the rain kept dropping.

Teacher's Pet

I recall the day of our final examination. George was excused from the test because of his excellent work during the year in Tactful Politeness and because he was such a good boy. George never faltered when called on in class. When he did not know his subject, he talked very rapidly and sounded quite elegant. On the few occasions that the teacher seemed dubious of the answers, George pleaded his cause like a frustrated "D.A." to a cold jury.

During the year, many facts of history and geography were changed by George's misstatements. When he said Cuba was in the East Indies, the teacher said he meant the eastern part of the West Indies. Even if George did say the American Revolution was fought in 1785, he did have the correct century.

George loved attention, and he received a great amount of it during the semester from both the class and the teacher, although only the latter's was of any good to him.—EDWARD DEGGINGER

Thelma — Waitress

Thelma is a waitress. Of course being a waitress is just temporary. Thelma is really an actress. She is just working as a waitress until her big chance to act comes along. She has read a lot about actresses' being "discovered" while working as waitresses, so she doesn't mind her job at all.

Thelma never misses a chance to show her talent. When she walks up to a customer's table, she "slinks." Thus she shows her excellent figure and her ability to play sultry roles on the stage. While taking the customer's order, she gazes upon him with deep, smoldering eyes and replies to his questions in a low, throbbing voice. Her voice shows her ability for heavy, dramatic parts. When she brings the order, from which something is always missing, she changes over to the musical comedy type. Thelma bounces up to the table, does a few dance steps, sings under her breath, flashes sparkling smiles, and in general shows her bubbling personality.—JOHN MAHONEY

My Earth Nest

One afternoon in early summer, I set my fish lines along the bank of the lake and returned into the woods to wander around. Near the base of a sixty-foot oak tree, I came upon a fuzzy young jay bird which had fallen from its nest. I saw that the nest was far out on a slender limb, and I knew I could never place the bird back in the nest; therefore I dug a tiny cave under a root of the oak, lined it with dry buffalo grass, and placed the bird in my earth nest. I then took a handful of small sticks and worked them around the door of the cave until only a tiny air hole remained for the bird to breathe through. I went down to my fishing poles and returned with my can of worms. Using a small split willow branch, I fed the blue jay all the worms it would eat so that it would stop calling, for by this time the two parent blue jays were humming around in the branches above my head. I carefully covered the air hole to my earth nest with a thick hickory brush to keep a stray dog from digging it out.

—FRANKLIN HAMILTON

Liberation from the East

DANIEL DEITCH

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

ON A WARM JUNE DAY IN 1944 WE BEGAN TO HEAR THE distant sound of artillery fire. We American prisoners-of-war had long waited in silence, isolated from the world, for the day of liberation. Those intermittent rumblings and distant blastings seemed to be building a bridge of sound across to us. They were the notes of a herald's trumpet announcing the coming of peace and freedom.

Not only did those sounds raise in us high hopes of liberation; they demonstrated an important fact to us, the fact that things do change after all. The many months of prison life had inscribed upon our consciousness the impossibility of change. Thus it would always be: roll call, cabbage soup, and roll call, from day to day, year following year. And even though we subconsciously felt the future would bring freedom, we could not deny the reality of our daily existence. But when the sounds of gunfire reached our ears, we knew that the mighty Red Army had burst into the Hitlerian fortress and that the hour of liberation was drawing closer.

Heydekrug, the town near which our camp was located, is in East Prussia and very close to the Lithuanian border. The camp itself was divided into three sections, one for British, one for Canadian, and one for American prisoners-of-war. All the men, with few exceptions, had served in the Air Forces. Some of the British had been captives for five years, but the Americans were mainly newcomers, most of them having been captured within the past year.

About a week before the Russian drive began, the invasion of France had taken place. The news reached us via the grapevine and was confirmed the next day when a German newspaper bearing the headline *Die Invasion Hat Begonnen* was circulated through the camp. Everyone was excited; some of the English wept; but most of the men tossed jokes back and forth over the double fence separating the British and American compounds. As important as the invasion was, however, the Russian drive concerned us more because we were right in its path.

News and rumors — mostly rumors — were always the high points of the day. Our own "official" bulletin, based on B. B. C. broadcasts, was secretly read in each barracks. It came from the British compound, where there was said to be a hidden radio receiver. Other news came from the German newspapers which were given out from time to time by the Germans themselves. New prisoners were always closely interrogated for the latest "poop." The verified news, that news confirmed through German

sources, we plotted on a map. When the Germans admitted the fall of Kaunas, we knew that the Russians were only one hundred kilometers to the east of us. And several days later, Vic, with his infantryman's sensitive ear, estimated that the Russians were about forty-five kilometers away. Vic, one of the few infantrymen in our camp, was a short, stocky lad from New Jersey who had been captured at Salerno.

At roll call that morning it was announced that the camp was going to be evacuated. All men in E, F, and G blocks in the American compound would leave that afternoon. H block and the Canadians would leave the next morning. The British would follow later. Since the Germans allowed quantities of Red Cross food and clothing to be distributed, scarcity changed to abundance. Formerly, it was difficult, if not impossible, to get a toothbrush; now everyone had two or three. New G. I. shoes were given out, but most men, anticipating a long march, didn't take them. The piles of discarded clothing grew rapidly.

In my barracks everyone was in high spirits. Ed Jurist, a tall, handsome fellow, wearing his new, clean clothes, was explaining in exaggerated pantomime how he would arrive in the States. "Here I am getting off the boat," he was saying as he tossed his kit-bag on his shoulder. "Mother, Dad, and the family doctor are waiting with a wheel chair. And here I come dashing down the gangplank, a picture of health. . . ." Everyone laughed. Shorty Robison pointed with pride to his new roll of toilet paper. He had tied it with a string to the head of his bunk. "Beautiful stuff!" he exclaimed, stroking it lovingly.

The men in my barracks were fortunately part of H block and would remain behind overnight. It seemed to us that every hour's delay increased the chances of our being liberated. Every hour brought the Russians closer. Meanwhile E, F, and G blocks were preparing to leave. The men were cheerful and kept saying that they wouldn't get very far. "Why, we're probably cut off already!" they optimistically asserted. Strangely enough, they came marching back several hours later. The Germans said they would leave early the next morning. Again our hopes were raised, and we celebrated that night in my barracks by cooking a big meal of spaghetti, potatoes, and spam. For dessert we had bread and jam, and coffee. Outside we could still hear the distant rumble of gunfire. That night more than one G. I. went to bed expecting to wake up a free man.

The next morning all was quiet. E, F, and G blocks were already empty. A melancholy hang-over-like atmosphere prevailed. At noon the German guards in their shabby, green uniforms came in and lined us up. During the march to Heydekrug, a particularly mean guard at the end of the column was pushing and clubbing the stragglers with his rifle.

At Heydekrug we were crammed into boxcars. From a small window I

could observe with great satisfaction that the German civilians were fleeing. The train took us to Memel, which lies on the Baltic Sea. There we were packed into the hold of a dark, ugly freighter; and several hours later, the ship set sail, bearing its load of miserable, disappointed G. I.'s to a new prison camp.

Basic Training—Oh!

GEORGE J. MOODY

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1945-1946

IF A HARMLESS-SOUNDING PHRASE COULD CONJURE UP visions of a full-fledged bogey-man, then to a great number of ex-G.I.'s the term would be "basic training." Basic training is the initial period of breaking-in which army recruits get immediately after induction. During World War II American soldiers were given from a few weeks to three months of this, depending on the time available.

"Basic," as soldiers soon learn to contract it, includes training in the use of weapons, in military sanitation, discipline, and courtesy, and in the care and cleaning of everything military from Sherman tanks to scrub brushes. From the dyed-in-the-wool army viewpoint this period is defined as "gettin' the damned civilian out of 'em." It is a complete reorientation from civilian standards to military. It is a continued succession of shocks, each with the impact of ice water from a fire hose. One of the rookie's few blessings is that he is so bewildered that his senses are only half-functioning anyway.

It is in the mind of the G.I. that "basic" has its richest meaning. What does he think of it? Someone has said that the basis of soldier humor is self-pity. After the first week of army life our brand-new soldier casts about and discovers that he, and he only, is the prize "sad sack." It is a tragedy that in its completeness becomes comic. At times it requires a humor truly English in its degree—that of the hunter who, when cornered in a very small tree by a very large, hungry bear, laughed till the tears came because it was so very funny.

The rookie's normal reaction to his new uniform (either of the two army sizes, too large or too small), K.P., top-sergeants, blisters, and his own inadequacy in "right flanks" and "about faces" is a slightly psychopathic but loud guffaw. Of course some take a different attitude: they either try to drown the situation or jump off second floor landings or commit harakiri with a bayonet laced to the bed post.

What sort of thing could bring about such exaggerated reactions? Perhaps a typical day of the trainee's life will give some indication. Let us take as our day the middle of the second week. The initial shock is over. The individual's privacy has evaporated into thin air; he is convinced there is no small detail of his personal affairs which the army does not consider its business. He has been made to look ridiculous in a fatigue suit and a cloth hat that droops around the edge like a bonnet. He has been given a serial number large enough to produce a feeling of insignificance. And he has assimilated the rudiments of military protocol — that corporals are addressed as "Corporal," while his own title varies from "Hey you," to the more merciful Smith or Brown.

Does the big day begin with a cooing voice awakening him to a breakfast of bacon and eggs and his morning paper in the kitchen nook? The time when those things happened seems far away. The scream of the C.Q.'s whistle yanks him unceremoniously from the remaining privacy of his dreams. "Rise and shine; daylight in the swamps!" the C.Q. yells, not too happy himself at having to get dressed fifteen minutes early. In ten minutes the company is dressed and standing in ranks for reveille. It is pointed out to our hero that his leggings are on the wrong legs and that his left blouse pocket is disgracefully unbuttoned.

The formation is dismissed for breakfast and he hopes the coffee will be good. However there is a transportation tie-up — and no salt for the potatoes and the eggs. He begins to appreciate such womanly skills as bed-making after barely completing his before-work-call. The first hour of training is calisthenics. Audible crackling noises and groans accompany a series of push-ups, ballet-exercises, and a waist reducing fast quarter.

"Men, there is a parade at nine o'clock. You have five minutes to change uniforms and clean your rifles." One week ago this feat would have been an impossibility, but in five minutes the rookie bursts from the barracks with the prescribed uniform, snapping smartly to attention with a violence that shows his newly acquired ambition to be a good soldier.

At ten there is another quick change of uniforms and a practice period in simulated range firing. A little mud never bothers a military man, so Joe wallows first in kneeling position, then squatting, and finally flat on his stomach, training his weapon on the target. Next there is a class in military courtesy, which clarifies his social position, or lack of it, and in which he and another rookie must practice approaching each other and saluting. The war seems irrelevant and far away.

There is some ingredient missing in the noon meal also, but a different one this time.

The afternoon begins with a ten-mile hike. One man makes his appearance with a lot of equipment hung here and there on his person, making

him look like a poorly-harnessed horse. His helmet hangs over one eye, Princess Eugenie style; some sort of contraption is dangling below his knees by a loose strap, and he is trying to complete this surrealistic toilet on the move. Of course it rains during the hike.

Tired, and not happy, the group returns for another quick change act with shower, shave, and clean uniform for retreat ceremony. Joe's rifle passes inspection and he looks forward to an evening of relaxation at the beer garden. But it just isn't in the cards; there are diphtheria shots for everyone immediately after dinner, and a training film which must be seen from seven to eight-thirty. Do we blame him if he gives up now?

Often, a G.I.'s definition of basic training is not printable. At least, at the end of the period he feels that the worst is over. Months later, ducking slugs in a foxhole, he will nudge his buddy and say, "So you think this is rough; you should have taken basic with my gang."

Anatole France by Joseph Axelrad

HAROLD PENDLETON

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1945-1946

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT A BIOGRAPHER MUST PRACTICE inflexible self-restraint if he is to give an accurate portrayal of his subject. Though this rule generally holds true, that it is fallible is adequately proven by Axelrad's *Anatole France*. Axelrad's love for French culture, and especially for that portion of it depicted by Anatole France, is apparent from page one. But it is a love which enhances, rather than distorts, the factual data concerning the life of the old master.

Axelrad's warmth and admiration are transmitted to us as we are drawn a picture of a life rich in experience. We are shown France, the student who preferred the Parisian bookstalls to a geography class; France, the librarian who preferred reading to cataloguing; France, the husband who preferred a mistress to a wife; and France, the writer who preferred an interesting digression to an interesting plot. That Anatole France did much "rolling" along unconventional byways is true, but, contrary to the old proverb, he "gathered moss" in great quantity. It almost seems that from the time of his birth in 1844 to the time of his death in 1923 nothing escaped his gentle, tolerant eye; and from all he saw, Anatole France formed his philosophy of skepticism and irony. Whether he wrote as a critic for *Le Temps* or as the brilliant satirist who conceived *Penguin Island*, his skepticism and irony always characterized his words in a humorous, understanding, questioning way.

When one questions everything, he is sure to run aground frequently, and Anatole was no exception. In 1922 all of his works — *Thaïs*, *Revolt of the Angels*, *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, etc. — were placed on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* by the venerable old Catholic Church. France's reaction was typical of what his reactions had always been: he was unaffected. As a matter of fact, he was somewhat pleased to join the ranks of Spinoza, Bacon, Gibbon, Hugo, Renan, Voltaire, and all the rest who were "outside the pale" of the church.

It is difficult to choose a paragon from the many gems in Anatole France's works. But I think it in the interests of justice to include a few of his words, which, to me, are evidence of a delicate and comprehending nature rather than a vicious one. Reading them, I find it difficult to understand how anything offensive could be construed from such wise words:

"The history of the world may be abridged from many volumes to one sentence: They were born, they suffered, and they died."

"Without illusions men are incapable of greatness."

"One generation will laugh at what the previous one adored."

"I would rather do an immoral act than a cruel one."

More Than Human

WILLIAM GRUBB

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1945-1946

WHEN THOMAS A. EDISON STARTED WORK ON HIS first incandescent lamp, he was confronted by four problems: electricity must be admitted into the bulb, light must get out, heat must not melt the bulb, and air must be permanently kept out. Bulbs of glass fulfilled these requirements exactly. He sent to the Corning Glass Works in Corning, New York, for such bulbs in which to house his glowing filament.

The glass blower at Corning had little difficulty in making these bulbs. He attached a bubble of glass, looking like red-hot taffy candy, to the end of a six-foot steel tube. This fluid drop he twirled around his head until centrifugal force pulled it out into a long pear. The glass blower fashioned the bulb into shape by puffing into his tube, by patting the bubble with a paddle of burned wood, and by rolling it on a steel table. When the glass began to congeal, he snipped it off with a pair of shears. A moment later it solidified into the desired bulb.

From this hesitant start the demand for bulbs grew to a million a day. Though a good glass blower with a helper could blow 1500 bulbs a day, it

became apparent that if the demand was to be supplied, a machine must be built that could increase production.

The glass blower must control the sagging and flowing of the glass, the pressure of the air entering it, and the twirling of the pipe. If something goes wrong he must blow or twirl faster or slower to restore balance. Could an inanimate machine develop the skill to do this? By carefully studying and measuring the reactions to temperature and dozens of other properties of glass, men made a machine that could control the process with scientific precision, and thus proved that scientific control can achieve a result that was thought possible only by means of human skill. Only through the use of such machinery is a low-priced bulb possible.

In a modern glass-blowing machine a stream of glass flows from a brick faucet in the side of a brick furnace, down between two steel rollers which flatten the glass stream into a ribbon. One roller, which has indentations in its surface, leaves thick buns of molten glass spaced three inches apart on the ribbon. These glass buns remain hot longer than the neighboring thin sections. The ribbon is carried along on a chain of steel plates, and in the plate under each glass bun is a hole, through which the molten glass sags to form a constantly growing pear-shaped drop. When each drop has grown to an inch in length, a moving nozzle clamps down over the top of the bun and gently blows air against the hot glass so that it will expand and thin out into a bubble. Shortly thereafter two half-molds rise up from opposite sides to accompany the glass bubble; they close together about it as it moves along. These steam-lined molds, spinning rapidly, soon round the outside of the bubble to the desired shape, while the inside is constantly pressed outward by air entering from above. Only steam and air touch the bulb until the glass freezes solid. Then the two halves of the mold open and return to repeat the process on another bubble.

When the finished bulb reaches a certain place, it is broken loose from the glass ribbon by a smart tap from an automatic mallet, after which it is deposited on a wide asbestos belt. There, with hundreds of its fellows, it rides through a long oven, where it is heated to relieve strains which might later cause breakage. The bulbs coming from the oven in an endless stream are inspected and packed by nimble-fingered girls. The glass ribbon whose former bun sections are now holes returns to the furnace for remelting and reworking, with the possibility next time of finding itself in a bulb instead of in the discards.

At one instant glass is pouring out of a furnace in a molten stream. A few seconds later this same glass is frozen into bulbs exactly the size and shape wanted. It would be incorrect to say that a machine which can do this is almost human. So far as glass blowing is concerned it is more than human — its abilities are those of 2000 men.

The Drafting of an Aeronautical Chart

CAROLINE MADDOX

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1945-1946

THE ACTUAL DRAFTING OF A MAP IS PROBABLY ONE of the simplest operations in the whole process of map making, but it is no less important that the draftsman be careful and accurate than that the compiler be sure of his material.

The draftsman needs to know practically nothing about how the map he is to draft has been compiled. He is given the finished "compilation" of information gathered from surveyings, aerial photographs, and other maps, in the form of an accurate drawing in color pencil of the rivers, contours, towns, roads, and railroads which are to appear on the finished map.

The draftsman has four sheets of acetate, a semi-clear, flexible material, on which are printed grid lines (meridians and parallels) corresponding exactly to the grids on the compilation. The usual procedure is to draft each kind of feature on a separate sheet, named for the color in which it will be printed on the finished map. Drainage — rivers, lakes, and shorelines — goes on the "blue plate"; towns, railroads, and names are drafted on the "black plate"; roads have their own plate, sometimes called the "grey"; contours, sand areas, spot elevations compose the "brown."

Drafting begins with the registering of a clean sheet of acetate over the compilation, and fastening the two securely with tape. Registering is the process of fitting the grid lines of one sheet exactly over the grid lines of another. It is important for the accuracy of the map that each plate register perfectly with the compilation and with the other plates. Otherwise a road may be drafted on the wrong side of a stream, or a town be higher up on a mountain than it actually is. Perfect registration is not always easy to attain, since acetate has a tendency to shrink and expand a little with changes of weather. When two plates do not exactly register, it is necessary to shift one of them regularly during the drafting, concentrating first on one small area, then on another.

The drainage or blue plate is usually drafted first, since it is assumed that shorelines and rivers are the immutable bases on which hills, towns, and roads grow. On Aeronautical Approach Charts the lines of drainage are the finest on the chart, drafted with a sharp crow-quill pen. Good draftsmen learn to keep an even flowing movement in the lines. Some swear a rigid pen point is best, and some prefer a more flexible one, but all agree that

when the line is shaky (on an early Monday morning), the pen, not the hand that guides it, is to blame.

Contours are the next finest lines, drafted of course on a separate plate. They are usually (on Aeronautical Charts) drafted at thousand-foot intervals. The thousand-foot contour encircles the base of a hill; the two-thousand-foot line makes a wavering circle inside the first line, and so on up the hill or mountain to the very peak, which is marked by a dot and numbers indicating the highest elevation. The draftsman is at liberty to improve a little on the compilation of the contours. Where a contour crosses a stream there is usually a "nose," or dip in the contour, pointing back to the source of the stream, indicating that the flow of water has worn away the earth. It is the draftsman's duty to be sure the noses are turned properly upstream and that they rest symmetrically on the drain.

For some reason the pen used for drafting roads is called a "contour" pen, although it is almost never used for drafting contours. The proper name of the pen is often preceded by violent adjectives, for it is a tricky instrument. Theoretically it has been designed to make firm lines of even width. It is split like a ruling pen and adjustable to wide or narrow lines, but unlike the ruling pen, it is curved and turns in a swivel. The swivel arrangement is to help the draftsman swing around curves and draft in any direction without varying his line weight by changing the angle of the pen. In the hand of a competent draftsman (a Texan, for instance, who is good at hanging on to slippery steers), the swivel works perfectly. The ink flows smoothly, laying firm black roads across the chart. In less sure hands the pen wobbles, digs into the acetate, or suddenly skates off sideways. However, if the draftsman can establish a rapprochement with his contour pen, he has little else to worry about on the road plate.

The black plate requires less drafting skill than any of the other plates. Only the railroads, drafted like roads with the addition of ties, need to be done by a skilled hand. Instead of lettering the names himself, the draftsman uses "illuminate type." If he has sent his order to the printer far enough in advance, he receives a number of sheets of wax-backed cellophane on which all the names for the chart have been printed. The waxed side of the cellophane is protected by heavy paper, and the names are printed along in straight rows as if they were paragraphs in a book. The draftsman, with a knife and triangle, cuts between the rows so that the cellophane, still clinging to the paper backing, is in strips. Then he can cut each name from the strip as he needs it, lift it from the paper by sliding his knife under the wax, and lay it like a label on the chart. Pressed by a warm thumb or the blunt handle of a knife, the wax-backed illuminate sticks firmly to the chart.

With four plates completed, the chart is sent to the checkers, and the draftsman begins wondering how soon it will be back for corrections.

Airmen's Unseen Enemy

ROBERT C. WALLACE

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1945-1946

IT IS A SUMMER DAY IN 1944, AND FROM A EUROPEAN base a flight of American heavy bombers has taken off to bomb Germany. This is not an unusual mission as missions go for these combat flyers. The formation arrives at its target, and through a heavy flak barrage the planes drop their bombs and then begin the journey home.

All of this has been routine, but suddenly in one of the ships something a bit unusual takes place. The bombardier has called the crew members on their interphones to have them check in as they are required to do at regular intervals. From the nose to the waist everyone responds quickly. But when the tail-gunner is called, he does not answer. The bombardier knows that he can not be wounded, for only five minutes earlier, and off the target, this same gunner had checked in. He calls the tail-gunner again, but there is no response; and there will not be one, for the gunner is lying dead inside his turret.

Anoxia, the lack of oxygen in the human system, has claimed another of its victims from among the high altitude flyers.

Anoxia strikes suddenly and acts swiftly. Its victim rarely knows that anything is wrong. He apparently feels all right until he passes out, and then it is usually too late to save him, for at high altitudes he will die in less than five minutes. Anoxia may occur at any altitude above fifteen thousand feet. To someone witnessing a victim of anoxia, its symptoms are quite apparent. The first noticeable sign is that the fingernails are blue. Soon afterward the victim becomes quite giddy or incoherent, like someone well under the influence of alcohol. Perhaps just before the victim faints his hands and fingers twitch considerably.

Anoxia, in flying, can be caused by a variety of circumstances. It may be due to the mechanical failure of an oxygen system or an oxygen mask. On combat missions enemy action by flak or fighters may unnoticeably damage part of the oxygen system, causing the flyer to lose his supply of that precious element. Perhaps a poorly fitting mask or the flyer's own carelessness will bring about the same result. At very low temperatures the moisture exhaled by the flyer may freeze and clog the inlet to his mask. Any of these circumstances will surely cause anoxia if it is not detected in time.

Whatever the cause, anoxia is a deadly menace to anyone flying at high altitudes. It is a silent, stealthy killer, lurking in the sky, waiting for all who would carelessly ignore its presence.

Objective — Guadalcanal

BILL K. HILL

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

BUT WARS ARE NOT STARTED BY MEN WHO HAVE trudged endless weary miles in pursuit of the enemy, men who have used watery foxholes for beds that might at any instant become their graves, or men who have fought thirst and hunger through hot, steaming, disease-infested jungles. Wars are started by men who do not know. They do not care.

I joined the Marine Corps in January, 1941, and had I known what lay ahead of me, I would have been a scared marine instead of a proud one. I saw how a powerful fighting machine is built. Daily routine started early with morning exercises. Then came inspections, parades, forced marches, more inspections, parades, extended order drills, and more inspections. One could not say that life was dull, but it was certainly not very pleasing to men who had been accustomed to the freedom of civilian life. Men who had been heavy and short-winded lost weight and developed sinewy muscles. Men who had been lean gained weight and looked healthy for the first time in their lives. All began to think and act alike. Above all they learned to obey orders, the most important factor in any military organization. Life was not easy but training was necessary for the coming battle at Guadalcanal, about which we knew nothing. Our training was completed after many practice amphibious landings on the beaches of sunny Southern California.

On July 1, 1942, our ship headed westward, but we couldn't imagine what was going to happen. At noon that day the following announcement came over the loud speaker: "Attention all hands! Attention all hands! This ship is now on a war mission." Everyone sighed deeply, and I think that everyone breathed a word of prayer. The first few days from San Diego were rather enjoyable, but as we neared the equator our feelings changed. The sleeping compartments were poorly ventilated and the air became suffocating. The fresh food supply diminished; the men became irritable from the close contact with their fellowmen. A strong fighting spirit gradually rose in everyone. At the Tonga Islands, two aircraft carriers and their complement of fighting ships were added to our convoy, and we proceeded westward. At the Fiji Islands we held a full-scale dress rehearsal for our coming operation. This was a test to see how fast we could unload food, supplies, and equipment and put them ashore on an unknown beach. Since this maneuver was a success, we left the Fijis and headed northwest. We were joined by additional troopships and several more men-of-war. Our

convoy now consisted of seventy-two ships, the largest number that had ever been assembled to this time.

Our destination was still a mystery to us, but on the fifth of August our minds were relieved. Pamphlets giving a thorough description of the Solomon Islands were passed out to all hands. These pamphlets told about the terrain, the jungles, the possibility of wild animals, and the many dreaded tropical diseases. That afternoon all hands were called topside. The commander of the task force stepped out on the boat deck with a worried look on his face.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I see that all of you have read the pamphlets that have been passed around. Well, I want to explain the situation as it stands now. We have told you about the terrain, the jungles, and the diseases of the Solomons, but we have not mentioned the natives or the Japs. To be truthful, we don't know much about them ourselves. There are a few natives, but I can't say whether they are friendly or not. There cannot be many Japs, but there are a few who will cause trouble. The casualties will be few if each of you obeys orders as you have in the past. This operation must be successful if we are to prevent the Japs from entering Australia. As a precaution against the natives, I suggest that you shoot and ask questions later. We have plenty of ammunition, but lives are scarce. Remember, fellows, the only good Japs are dead ones and make sure they are dead. That is all, and may God bless each and every one of you."

For men whose business was war, we knew very little about this operation, and our equipment was so very inadequate that it scares me to think about it now. Nevertheless, we had been aboard ship so long that everyone wanted to disembark, even if he had to fight the Japs.

Later we were given the finer points of the operation. We were to be in reserve for use in any position or on any island. We were told that the operation could last no longer than one week and that we had supplies for thirty days. The landing was to be made on the seventh of August, so we had all day on the sixth to prepare. We did nothing except pack gear, clean rifles, and roll our bedding. Most of the fellows wrote letters, many with the premonition that they had seen home for the last time.

We pulled into the harbor at Guadalcanal and Tulagi at 0627, August 7, 1942. The men-of-war had arrived sooner and had already begun shelling the beaches. Since this was a novelty to us, as many as were permitted were on the top decks watching. The carrier planes then took up the assault by bombing and strafing strategic points that had not been touched by the big guns from the ships. By this time all landing craft had been lowered into the water and were waiting to be loaded by the first wave of the landing party. Around every transport circled a small contingent of landing craft. Rope nets were lowered over the sides and orders were passed to "stand

by." The order, "First wave over the side and into the landing boats. Good luck, fellows, give 'em hell!" came over the loud speaker. In a few minutes the first three waves of men were ready to hit the beaches. Word was passed that successful landings had been made on Gavatu, Tulagi, and Florida Islands.

This was encouragement enough to prepare us for the next announcement: "Enemy planes approaching from the north! All hands below decks! Gunners man your battle stations!" In a few minutes the battle was on. Guns blazed, Jap planes began to fall, shrapnel flew in all directions. The battle ended almost as fast as it started. Only one enemy plane had escaped, but we had lost a transport. During this air battle I saw my first casualty. I also saw my first hero, a boy who shot down a plane that had tried to crash against our decks.

It was now our turn to go ashore. While we were headed for the beach, the red flare went up. The marines had landed and had the situation well in hand.

. . . Walking Shadow

ALICE ROSS

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1945-1946

There was no moon, no stars, no lights at all on the pier. On one side were the wind and the sea, and on the other, darkness. Even the blank old warehouses that lined the dock had merged into black. Joe shivered as his foot sank in the sponge of a rotted plank. If only there were some sound besides that of waves slapping hopelessly against the pier and the beat of his own footsteps. He tried to soften the "bark" of his heels by balancing on the balls of his feet as McClellon did.

McClellon — friend, fellow-boarder, and compatriot; a Scotchman, with a hard Scotch brogue and an equally hard head; a man who did not believe in signs such as NO LIQUOR OR LADIES ALLOWED IN ROOMS, or PLEASE CONFINE TOBACCO JUICE TO RECEPTACLES PROVIDED; all that was McClellon. Joe remembered going to McClellon's room once for a drink. There was nothing unusual in the room except the bookcase — unusual because one did not expect to find books at a Seventh Street rooming house — other things, yes, but not books. There were Ibsen's "Doll House," "Emperor Jones," "The Little Foxes," and "Watch on the Rhine"; *Crime and Punishment*, *Alone*, *The Great Hunger*, and *Men from Nowhere*. They said one could tell what a man was like from his books. Joe wasn't so sure.

The wind whipped his thoughts back to the pier. He wished there were another way to reach the house — a street with lights, laughter and noise, a street that gave the appearance of normality. The dock, like many other things, was different at night. A post rose out of the blackness and Joe recoiled instinctively. He was too close to the water. Still muffling his steps, he moved in toward the warehouses, away from the guide posts and the sea. It was then that he saw the shadows, two mounds of intense black on the spot from which he had retreated. They were swaying shadows, moving as though pushed by some outward, evil force. Ecstatically intertwined, they bent down, back, and up again. Joe stood and watched them, his mind dulled for a moment. He almost smiled because the shadows looked not unlike overgrown "kids" imitating an Indian war dance. But as he watched, without sound one of the shadows bore the other upward, then dashed it onto the pier. Involuntarily, the lifeless mound rolled into the water below.

Joe's half-smile faded and his mind clicked shut. Quickly he walked on. He would not admit that it had not been an Indian dance, that the shadows had been live men and that only one of them still was. "No point in getting mixed up in something like this," he thought. There was no point in calling the police. The victim would never be found — nor would the assailant. Again quickening his pace, Joe passed the next three guide posts safely. And then, with a sort of edgeless fear, he heard footsteps that were not his own. He steeled himself to turn around and face their owner, and his heart stuck in his throat. Out of the darkness came the shadow. That it was the shadow, Joe had no doubt. Only when it was abreast of him did he realize that it had been mincing forward on the balls of its feet. "Well, thirr, Joe," it said, "and may I walk home with 'ee?"

"Musical"

Another type of movie is the "musical." This is especially popular during war because it eases people out of a humdrum existence and transports them into a gay, new world of lights, color, and brilliance. Take one popular comedian, a good-looking singer, several dozen beautiful girls, and a well-known band. Combine with one inconsequential plot and you will have a modern musical comedy. Characters in musical movies are famous for their extraordinary talents. Have you ever known a singer to waste time practicing a new song before he sings it to the lovely leading lady? Of course not. He glances at the music, ripples over a few chords on the piano, and pours his entire romantic soul into his song. Magically, an orchestra is heard in the background, accompanying the singer. No explanation is offered for this extraordinary occurrence, and the audience assumes that Guy Lombardo was taking his boys for a walk and stopped on a street corner to earn a little extra money. The strains of the music float through the window, and the singer, of course, takes advantage of his opportunity.

—LOIS RUDNIK

The Political Disgrace of 1876

WILLIAM GOTHARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1945-1946

THE YEAR 1876 WAS THE MOST NOTABLE YEAR IN THE period of American history between the close of the Civil War and the beginning of the war with Spain. It was the year which marked the last of our important Indian outbreaks — the conflict in which General Custer and his men were massacred at the Little Big Horn. It was the year of the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, marking the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of our nation. And it was also the year which saw fraud and corruption at the polls bring about a disputed election which put our form of government to the severest peacetime test it had ever been called upon to endure.

On election day, November 7, 1876, Samuel J. Tilden, governor of New York and Democratic candidate for the Presidency, was a 5 to 4 favorite to defeat the Republican candidate from Ohio, Rutherford B. Hayes.¹ Almost singlehanded, Tilden had exposed and scourged the evil Tweed Ring of New York City, sending the corrupt Tammany Hall thieves to prison or into exile. Elected governor of his state, he continued his attack upon corruption, regardless of party, in a manner which earned him a reputation as a fearless champion of clean government. Hayes, the Republican standard bearer, though a wise and honest man, lacked the colorful background of his opponent, and he was immeasurably handicapped by the black eye which President Grant's two terms of graft and corruption had given the Republican party.

The early election returns indicated a closer race than had been anticipated, but around seven o'clock in the evening it was announced that Tilden had carried the Empire State, giving the Democrats a comfortable margin.² By eleven o'clock it was learned that he had also carried New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, and the doubtful border states of Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland,³ an indication of a possible Democratic landslide. Tilden, needing 185 electoral votes to be elected, had received 184 by midnight, with the returns from four western and three southern states not yet in. Hayes retired, feeling that he had lost the race, and later recorded in his diary, "From that time I never supposed there was a chance for Republican success."⁴

¹ Alexander C. Flick, *Samuel J. Tilden*, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1939, p. 323.

² *Ibid.*

³ "The Scandals of 1876," *Colliers*, 80 (September 17, 1927), 19.

⁴ Hamilton J. Eckenrode, *Rutherford B. Hayes, Statesman of Reunion*, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1930, p. 178.

Just as the final edition of the *New York Times* was going to press, its columns containing the sad concession of Tilden's victory, the editor received a note from Senator Barnum, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, asking for news from Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina. John C. Reid, the news editor, was quick to see the opportunity offered by Barnum's intimation of uncertainty, for if the Democrats were not sure of these three states there was still time for Republican claims. The presses were stopped at once and the returns revised in such a way as to put the nineteen votes of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina in the Hayes column, giving him 185 votes to Tilden's 184.⁵

Believing that the situation was not correctly understood by the Republican party leaders, Reid hurried to their headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Although the committee rooms were empty, he found a member of the Republican committee, and the two of them decided to go over the returns, state by state, before waking the national chairman. Since Reid's count was found to be correct, they awakened Zachariah Chandler, the national chairman, and told him of the situation.⁶ The returns clearly showed that Tilden had been assured of 184 votes, Hayes of 166; in the doubtful column were 7 votes from South Carolina, 4 from Florida, and 8 from Louisiana. Tilden needed but one vote to cinch the Presidency, while if — and it was a big *if* — Hayes could carry all three of these doubtful states, the Presidency would be his.

The national chairman, suddenly alive to the possibilities at hand, sent Reid to the nearest Western Union office, and the following message was sent to the Republican governors of South Carolina and Florida and to the Republican candidate for governor of Louisiana: "Hayes is elected if we have carried South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Can you hold your state? Answer immediately." Later in the day Republican Chairman Chandler sent out the famous telegram: "Hayes has 185 electoral votes and is elected."⁷

To this claim the Republican leaders consistently and stubbornly adhered until the end. And thus, out of a city editor's crazy notion, was born what was in some respects the most trying predicament which any democratic government has ever faced.

Immediately after making the unfounded claim of Republican success, Chandler rushed strong members of his party to the three doubtful states in order to apply as much pressure on the final outcome of the vote as possible. But the Democrats had acted just as quickly, and as soon as special trains had transported these appointed "overseers" from each party to Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina, the mad scramble for votes began.

⁵ "The Scandals of 1876," *loc. cit.*

⁶ Paul L. Haworth, *The Hayes-Tilden Disputed Presidential Election of 1876*,

Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company, 1906, p. 50.

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 51-52.

In the face of the carpetbag government, the Florida voters gave the Democratic tickets, both state and national, a small majority.⁸ The strategy of the Republican managers was to prove fraud in casting or counting votes so that the Board of State Canvassers would decide in favor of a Republican victory. The Democrats were determined to hold the triumph they had won at the polls. Both parties began to collect affidavits by the hundreds to prove the corruption and dishonesty of the opposition.⁹ This phase of the election was quite as crooked as the misuse of the ballot box.

The Board of State Canvassers was composed of Secretary of State S. B. McLin, a Tennessean who had deserted the Confederate Army and was now a "scalawag" Republican; Comptroller C. A. Cowgill, a physician and a carpetbag Republican; and Attorney General W. A. Cocke, a Virginia Democrat.¹⁰ This board began its work on November 27 in the presence of the "visiting statesmen" of both parties, the Republican Governor Stearns, and his Democratic opponent, G. F. Drew. It exercised authority to accept or to reject returns, received documents of protest, and heard witnesses.¹¹

On December 2, while the board was still deliberating, Manton Marble, one of the visiting Democrats, sent a telegram which typified the fraud connected with the Florida canvassing board. It was addressed to Colonel W. T. Pelton at the Democratic National Headquarters and read as follows: "Have just received a proposition to hand over at any hour required Tilden decision of board and certificate of Governor for \$200,000." Evidently something went wrong with this attempt to sell the nation's highest office, for, at a private session on December 5, the partisan board converted the Tilden majority of 93 into a Hayes majority of 294, and thus gave the state to the Republicans. The next day the Republican electors met, cast their vote for Hayes, had it certified by Governor Stearns, and sent it to the President of the Senate in Washington.¹²

But G. B. Drew, the Democratic candidate, insisted he had been chosen Governor and appealed to the State Supreme Court for a recount. The order was given, a recount was made, and Drew was declared elected. After he was sworn in, the new secretary of state, the new comptroller, and the new attorney general met as the new Board of State Canvassers and declared the Democratic electors chosen. The Democratic electors met at once, voted on January 19 for Tilden, and sent their certificate, signed by Governor Drew, to Washington.¹³

Though certain details of the canvassing differed, the situation in South Carolina and Louisiana was essentially the same as it was in Florida. Wholesale corruption, intimidations of Negro voters by the tens of thousands,

⁸ Flick, *op. cit.*, p. 344.

⁹ William W. Davis, *The Civil War and Reconstruction in Florida*, New York: The Columbia University, 1913, pp. 715, 716.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 716.

¹¹ Haworth, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

¹² Flick, *op. cit.*, p. 346.

¹³ Davis, *op. cit.*, pp. 728, 733-736.

political assassinations, and extensive rioting gave the canvassing boards in these two states ample opportunity to swing the vote in either direction. Members of these boards played one party against the other, and in Louisiana the cost of bribing a canvasser rose from \$200,000¹⁴ to well over the million dollar mark. As in Florida, the canvassing boards of these states contained a majority of Republicans, and ultimately they discarded enough Democratic votes to give the Republicans a majority. The Republican electors met, cast their votes for Hayes, and sent their certificates to the Senate. And, following the precedent set in Florida, the Democratic electors met, disregarding the verdict of the canvassing board, cast their vote for Tilden, and dispatched it to Washington.¹⁵

Few people in the United States today have even the faintest conception of the gravity of the situation existing during the winter of 1876-77. In the end the question at hand was settled peacefully without leaving many traces that could be remarked by future observers. But at the time probably more people dreaded an armed conflict than had anticipated a like outcome of the elections in 1860-61.

In fact, it was difficult to see how the dispute could be settled in any other manner. Both parties seemed equally determined; both professed to be thoroughly confident of the justice of their cause. There was intense bitterness on both sides, but especially on the part of the Democrats. Just when they were certain that they had broken the long reign of the Republican party, a Republican conspiracy had hatched to thwart their legal right to office. Threats of force were freely indulged in, and the phrase "Tilden or blood" appeared in the *New York Times*.¹⁶

Finally, in an effort to remedy the crisis, Congressional committees and subcommittees for investigation of the dispute were formed and sent to the states in dispute. There they examined witnesses of all kinds, conditions, and colors, and after several weeks of work accumulated 13,000 pages of testimony, which are of great value to the historian, but which exercised little or no influence upon the outcome of the controversy. Each committee and subcommittee brought in two reports. Since the House had a Democratic majority of seventy-four, the majority members of its committees reported that the electoral votes of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina rightfully belonged to Tilden; the minority members, from the same committees, reported opposite conclusions. The same state of affairs prevailed in the Senate, except that since it had a Republican majority of seventeen, the majority reports were favorable to Hayes, the minority reports to Tilden.¹⁷

As time passed, it became apparent that the critical point of the whole contest lay in the question of the power to count and declare the electoral

¹⁴ See page 34. It appears that \$200,000 was a standard rate.

¹⁵ Haworth, *op. cit.*, p. 112-116.

¹⁶ Flick, *op. cit.*, p. 358.

¹⁷ Haworth, *op. cit.*, p. 177.

vote, for despite the Congressional investigations two sets of returns had been received from Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina. Unfortunately the constitutional provision on the subject was so indefinite as to leave room for decidedly different interpretations. The Constitution provides that the certificates of the votes of the electoral colleges shall be transmitted sealed to the seat of the government, "directed to the president of the Senate," and that "the president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, *and the votes shall then be counted.*"¹⁸ Upon the interpretation of the last clause seemed to hinge the question of who was to be the President of the United States. If, as some of the Republicans contended, the clause meant "counted by the president of the Senate," then there was little doubt that Mr. Ferry, who was a partisan, would decide that the returns sent in by the Republican claimants constituted the true vote and would declare a majority of one for Hayes. If, as the Democrats asserted, the counting was to be done under the direction of the two houses, a deadlock seemed likely to ensue. Such a deadlock, they contended, would throw the election into the Democratic House. One Democrat slyly suggested a "compromise" whereby the two houses would vote together on the issue, but this was quickly squelched by the Republicans since their majority in the Senate would be overcome by the Democratic majority in the House by the comfortable margin of fifty-seven votes.¹⁹

For a while circumstances were favorable for the advocacy of extreme measures by hotheads in both parties, but fortunately the men in Congress whose patriotism rose above their partisanship proved equal to the situation. A bill was introduced in the House which provided for a constitutional amendment placing the count in the hands of the Supreme Court. Though it failed to pass either house, it was important because it marked the first step toward placing the decision in the hands of a designated group.

On January 15, 1877, Henry B. Payne, Representative from Ohio, introduced a measure which, if approved, would create an Electoral Commission composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and six Supreme Court justices to be chosen by lot, whose duty it would be to settle all disputes in connection with the electoral count.

Selection of the justices by lot caused immediate criticism, and so a new plan was proposed providing for the selection of five senior associate justices outright. It was understood that two were to be in sympathy with the Republicans, two with the Democrats, and that this group of four was to decide upon the choice of the fifth justice. Since there remained on the bench four justices with Republican leanings, and a fifth, Judge David

¹⁸ "The Hayes-Tilden Electoral Commission," *Atlantic Monthly*, 72 (October, 1893), 522.

¹⁹ Haworth, *op. cit.*, pp. 177-200.

Davis, an Independent who had remained neutral throughout the entire dispute, it was more than likely that Davis would be chosen to round out the fifteen-man commission. Going on this assumption, the two houses of Congress met, and by an eight to one ratio, passed the Electoral Commission Bill.²⁰

The bill was signed by President Grant, and the nation rejoiced, Republicans and Democrats alike. The Democrats, however, ceased their celebrating two days later when the Chicago *Tribune* announced that Illinois' Democratic Governor Palmer, acting on the advice of the Democratic party in Illinois, had chosen Justice Davis to fill a vacancy in the Senate. Happy to escape the unpleasant task of serving as odd-man on the Electoral Commission, Davis accepted the senatorship, stating that he was now a member of the Democratic party and was no longer an Independent.²¹

The following day the House chose as its members Payne, Hunton, and Abbott, Democrats, and Hoar and Garfield, Republicans; while the Senate selected Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, and Morton, Republicans, and Thurman and Bayard, Democrats. At the same time the designated judges — Clifford and Field, Democrats, and Strong and Miller, Republicans — offered the fifth place to Senator-elect Davis, but he promptly declined it. The judges then named Justice Joseph P. Bradley of New Jersey, a Republican, as the "odd-member" of the fifteen-man tribunal.²² The Electoral Commission was now complete with eight Republicans and seven Democrats.

On February 1, 1877, the two branches of Congress met in the hall of the House for the count. The diplomatic gallery was filled by the ministers of foreign lands, and other galleries were crowded. On the floor were many distinguished guests and visitors. As the clock struck one, the doorkeeper of the House announced the Senate, whose members entered the hall. Ferry, President of the Senate, took the Speaker's chair, called the joint session to order, and one of the most important meetings in American history began.²³

The votes of the states were announced in alphabetical order. The certificates of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, and Delaware were opened and counted without incident. Florida was called, and a hush passed over the great hall. The certificate giving four votes to Hayes was read, and it was formally objected to by Field of New York. Sargent of California and Kasson of Iowa objected to the second Florida certificate. The chair then announced that the papers would be sent to the Electoral Commission for decision, and the Senate withdrew.

For seven days the Commission discussed the Florida case and, in particular, the question of the Commission's authority to go behind the state returns.

²⁰ Flick, *op. cit.*, pp. 382-383.

²¹ Haworth, *op. cit.*, p. 219.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 221.

²³ Flick, *op. cit.*, p. 387.

Before the decision on Florida was reached, it was whispered that Judge Bradley would vote with the Democrats on the Commission. Consequently there was much rejoicing among the supporters of Tilden. However, on February 8, 1877, the Electoral Commission voted 8 to 7 not to receive evidence by going behind the state returns; and two days later, after arguing the case for hours behind closed doors, it decided by the same strictly partisan vote that Hayes' electors in Florida should be counted. Democrats at once denounced Bradley as an "unjust Judge" and accused him of accepting a bribe, but the simplest explanation of Bradley's action is that his judicial impartiality was submerged in partisanship, and his vote was what his party expected.

The count continued in joint session until Louisiana was reached. Again an objection was made to the certificates, and the evidence was handed to the Electoral Commission.

After five days of deliberation the Commission held that "the Tilden electors' certificate was signed by McEnery, who was not governor, that the Returning Board's decision was final, and that no fraud had been proved." On February 16, by the customary 8 to 7 vote, the Commission awarded Louisiana to Hayes.

The next day the count was resumed, South Carolina was reached, and objections sent the case to the Commission. Democrats made no attempt to defend the Tilden electors but argued that the vote should be thrown out. Republicans defended their own certificate and submitted their case without further argument. On the last day of February, 1877, the Commission announced to the joint session that the votes of South Carolina should be added to the Hayes list.

At four in the morning on March 2, two days before the prescribed date for the inauguration, the Senate marched into the hall, and ten minutes later Ferry announced to the crowded gallery and to the nation that Hayes, having received 185 votes to Tilden's 184, was duly elected.²⁴

While the outcome of the great controversy was for the most part a just one, the contest was unquestionably contaminated by many deplorable incidents. No true patriot can contemplate without shame and regret the terrible outrages upon the Negroes, the frauds committed by election officers, the violence of party feeling, the attempts to purchase returning boards and electors, the questionable conduct of leaders on both sides, and the partisanship displayed by the members of the Electoral Commission.

Yet there were other aspects which revealed in the American people characteristics that are beyond praise. A bitter dispute which might have ended in civil war was settled without a resort to arms because the people, even in the face of this great political fraud, had confidence in the machinery of the government and in the men on whose shoulders rested the enor-

²⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 390-395.

mous burden of settling the dispute. A great party had gone down to what most of its members believed was a foul defeat, yet it accepted the result without a struggle in order to do what was best for the country. Though the stormy atmosphere produced by the controversy lingered a while in American public life, it has finally subsided without leaving any appreciable scar on American politics or upon our Republic.

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Rhet as Writ

When I consider the above mistakes plus some others, it will all boil down to the fact that it is the cause of disinterest or just trying to get by, because yet today their remains the fact that the taking of this course is still a means toward an end and still not caring whether I make a D or A but only whether I pass or flunk is only the interest I have for this course because my true interest is numbers and their association to each other and not with the association of words and ideas of words which would make my other courses easier, if I had a control over my English or rather rhetoric.

. . . .

Breakfast was over and out to the barn I stammered. Here the first thing I had to do was fill a pail of warm water from the water heater and add to it a tablespoon full of disinfection. Then placing the empty milk cans and pail of water on the wheelbarrel I moved into the barn.

. . . .

Soon, I shall be buzzing from flower to flower as the other bees do.

Honorable Mention

Grace Barker — Our Educational System

Regina Bojanowski — I Shall Never Forget

Helen Chernikoff — Long Distance Telephone Department
in Chicago

Paula Companion — Camp Shows, Incorporated

Rovert Davlin — A Night Patrol

Adora Del Grano — Incident

David Ford — The Glory of a Champion

Frances Friedman — Will Rogers: Typical American

William Gothard — The Westinghouse Time Capsule

Donald Graf — Greater Integrity in Cinema Art

Les Houser — Weather or Not

Dona Kite — Land of Israel

Ben Lawless — A Supposition

Carmen Leonard — A Blue Suit Coat

Charles Lessing — Homecoming

William Raby — Technocracy: Its Rise and Fall

Herzl Ragins — Mom's Siberian Seal Coat

James Shafter — Chaff

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



JAN 1945

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Operation—Confusion

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

NOW IS THE TIME TO ALTER THE ARMY INTO A BETTER and more consistent organization. The first logical step in making the Army an honorable profession for persons above the status of nincompoop is to eliminate brass-hats who would feel more at home spearing wastepaper for the Chicago Park District. As it now stands, the Army is a refuge for befuddled, pompous old goats who can not cope with the uncertainties of civilian life. Many of the officers lounging around on the public payroll are leaders in name only; they do not know their job; they remain in positions of command until their stupidity borders on criminal negligence. Most of these Scotch-and-soda windbags are museum pieces of past wars, and their stock answer to any criticism is, "I knew the Army when things were rough; you men have it soft. . . . I remember back in 1918, etc." Many of the incumbent old "rhinos" are in charge of operations and training programs about which they know little or nothing. Owing to the reverent atmosphere surrounding many of the commissioned gold-bricks, their mental development ceased decades ago. Training programs are often inadequate and erratic because the "big dog" is better informed on poker than he is on training techniques. Some people deny that the Army needs an overhauling, but my own personal experience dictates the contrary.

For fourteen months the Army trained me to be a bomber pilot. The training was intensive and accelerated because of the need for well-trained men without delay. Everything was proceeding according to schedule until suddenly the Army forgot the "well-trained" stipulation. During my transition period from the earth to the air, I flew in Piper Cubs and primary basic trainers, and advanced trainers. Gradually and systematically I moved up into the higher horsepower brackets until I was qualified to fly a twin-engined trainer having 450 H. P. It was now that the Army threw away the recipe. After graduation in March of '44, I was sent to Tonapah, Nevada, for training as a co-pilot with a crew on a B-24 Liberator. (Because of its smooth, graceful contours the Lib is referred to as the "pregnant foot-locker.")

The Lib is powered by four 1200 H. P. Pratt and Whitney engines — that's a leap and a small jump from 450 H. P. — and of all heavy bombers the Lib is the most difficult to handle. The alleged purpose of "phase training" was to familiarize me with this heavy bomber. The flying time I compiled, the technique I acquired, and the proficiency to which I attained depended upon the first pilot, who was to teach me to fly the B-Two Dozen,

also affectionately known as the Consolidated Banana Boat.¹

Landings, take-offs, formation and instrument flying, and emergency procedure constituted the curriculum — supposedly. After three months of flying I had made one landing and two take-offs, and had flown for ten minutes in close formation, which is the key to survival in combat flying. Of actual practice in emergency procedure I had none.

Early in July of the same year, a captain took command of the crew; he allowed me to fly as pilot on two or three flights before we went overseas on July 18. Having developed nimble fingers from flipping toggle switches, and shiny breeches from 200 hours of "sand-bagging,"² I was ready for combat.

After four missions our pilot was removed from the crew and given a job as a squadron operations officer. This promotion came as the result of hard work, honest endeavor, and the kind assistance of a fraternity brother up in group headquarters. Without a pilot, it was six months before we had eleven missions behind us. All the while, I was developing sundry cal-luses in vulnerable places.

Then came my golden opportunity, my shining hour, my bid for glory, my chance to smear a B-24 all over the English countryside. The operations officer said to me, in meaning if not in words, "Watson, we realize that as a pilot you stink, but unless you take over we shall be forced to split up the crew and fly you as spares." Flying as a spare is a horrible fate; therefore, I graciously consented to accept this promotion to the left seat. (He immediately put away the bullwhip and threw the shackles into a foot-locker.) From that day forward the good Lord assigned His most capable angel to look after the most pitiful pilot in the Eighth Airforce.

The only noteworthy event during my brief transition period came when I blissfully tried to land in a snowdrift. Not much damage was done to the plane; but the colonel informed me, "We are here to bomb the enemy; we are not conducting a transition school for co-pilots!" I agreed — no argument on that score.

When I became chief throttle-jockey of our airborne boxcar, I was drunk with power and determined to make my guardian angel earn his flying pay; I amassed a record of terrifying "firsts." My first experience with prolonged formation flying came on my first combat mission. My first pre-dawn take-off in a Lib took place with a full load of gas, bombs, guns, and ammunition. My first night-landing came after an eight-hour mission in rain and fog. My formal introduction to the intricacies of instrument flying

¹ The Lib is a very fine aircraft,
A stratosphere bathtub no less,
It never bothers the target,
But for ten miles around what a mess!
(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

² Going along for the ride; not logging any pilot time.

occurred in the worst weather England had seen in years; on one mission we logged five hours of actual instrument time in snow, rain, and icing conditions. "Emergency procedure" meant nothing to me until two engines on one side cut out simultaneously over the German lines.

As if my inexperience were not enough of an obstacle, our group was plagued by commanding officers of dog-catcher caliber. The first C. O. had done most of his flying back in the Middle Ages — the early thirties, that is. He was suffering from the illusion that aviation had not changed since then. Our second colonel came to us from a photo-reconnaissance group and knew nothing of the deep dark secrets of heavy bombardment, and he didn't care to learn. He, too, had pet theories which went out with the barnstorming pilot of the late twenties. Throughout the confusion of parading commanding officers through the post, the group operations officer was valiantly trying to manage the bomb group exactly as he managed his barber shop back in Racine. The tonsorial expert was eventually sheared of his powers but not until he had succeeded in winning the D. F. C. for leading the group over avoidable flak. His successor was an energetic young politician, whose claim to fame rested on his ability and willingness to consume two breakfasts in order to be with the colonel.

It is possible that our base was an exception; perhaps gross negligence in choosing leaders was not prevalent throughout the Army; however, if such incompetence existed in the most technical branch of the Army, I cringe at the possibilities in other branches.

The Army system, as it stands today, breeds lethargy and deadens initiative. Promotion, too often, is only for the obsequious politician. High-ranking officers who are unqualified for leadership are merely rearranged rather than removed.

General Doolittle's committee has made a step in the right direction, but until the Army is made an honorable profession worthy of patronage, by the placing of qualified and efficient men at the head of an efficient organization, the incongruous old Army system will continue indefinitely.

War and a Boy

One Sunday evening, I was swimming in a hotel pool. Bleary-eyed, I arrived home in time for dinner. As I entered the house, I sensed something wrong. My mother was weeping; my uncle was swearing; and I stood dumbfounded. As I glanced upon the wall I noticed the time and date — 5:05, December 7, 1941. They told me it was war! Of course I had read about wars in school, had learned of tyrants and heroes, had even been forewarned that another war might occur. Yet, to me, it was still just a word in *Webster's Dictionary*, and, in a great part, I imagine it still is. Boys, but a little older than myself, were going off to war, some of them never again to see the homes they had left. I spent a sleepless night dwelling upon my future. Was I, too, to go off to war? What was war? I awoke the following morning worried and undecided. What was it all about?

— STEPHEN J. HONET

Joe Bruggs—Graduate

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1945-1946

IT WAS HALF-PAST-FIVE ALREADY, AND JOE BRUGGS WAS driving his bicycle home like mad. I'll bet Mom will be in a tizzy because I'm late again, he was thinking. And I can just hear Pop saying: "Today, of all days, son — your graduation day — you could have been on time for dinner." With Pop it was always "today, of all days." If it wasn't Rotary meeting night, it was bridge with Mom at the Stipes. Always something. And Beth, the kid sister, will probably give me the X-ray eye as soon as I walk in. As sure as God made green apples she'll find something to criticize. Lucky thing I remembered to get my hair cut this afternoon. Why do they keep treating me like a kid? Don't they realize a guy seventeen has to get out with the fella's once in a while. Now, take Nick Chappers' folks. They never bothered about him. Geez, he could keep his own hours; came and went as he pleased. I'll bet his folks wouldn't miss him if he went away for a whole week.

As he pedaled, Joe kept swallowing air by the mouthful, and exhaling it through his teeth. Already his esophagus felt like a peanut whistle, and his tongue like burnt cork. But some time ago Joe discovered that his mother had a dual sense of smell: one like all other people's and a second one for the sole purpose of detecting cigarette smell. So what if I did smoke a few cigarettes in Rocky Dobbs' garage. For Pete's sake, it was embarrassing for a guy to have to admit he still had to *sneak* a drag. Cripes, do they want a giant in the house? I'm 5' 9" now. Just gotta get a job this summer, and then I can assert myself in that house. That's it! A job would really do the trick. That would open their eyes and make them see me as a man.

Joe wheezed his way down the driveway into the back yard. Gotta keep on the ball now. Maybe even apologize to them, and be extra nice to Beth. Can't risk not using the car for prom night, day after tomorrow. Yipes, not that. Not after the terrific plans I made with Rocky for that night. It was the car that cinched his date with Peggy MacGregor, and didn't the lads envy him for that. Yep, he'd act just like a lamb when they bawled him out now.

As he entered through the kitchen, he noted happily that they wouldn't have much time for lecturing, as the clock pointed to 5:50 and he had to be at the school by seven. Strangely, his family greeted him like a loving son and brother. No reprimands, no digs from Beth, no nothing. Ah! so they've decided to be psychological with me. As if I can't see through it all. But this suits me just fine. Have to hand it to them though; they sure can put on an

act. Pop talking to me man to man, like I was a business associate or something; Mom, all dressed up and beaming like she was chosen to be queen for a day; and Beth looking as though Mr. Anthony had just solved all her problems. Anyway, the dinner is super. Roast beef with mountains of mashed potatoes, and my favorite dessert, strawberry shortcake. Boy, my Mom is the best cook in the world.

* * * *

After dinner a quick shower. First a shave, but might as well let the shower run so they won't hear the electric Schick downstairs. They still don't understand about this shaving business. Even Beth, with her X-ray eyes, won't admit that there is a stubble. Whatta life.

Mom has all my clothes laid out. My new gray herringbone with the semi-drape; the loud tie I picked out by myself; and the latest in Scotch-grained shoes. Hmm! clothes certainly make the man. Mom comes in as usual to inspect and correct. She straightens my tie, tugs at my coat, and looks at my fingernails. Beth enters with a bottle of smelly stuff. But, nix, that's where I draw the line. Women! Sometimes they're an awful nuisance.

Pop drives me to the school, which is only seven blocks from home. The exercises don't begin until eight, so he'll go back to get Mom and Beth, and they'll return later. We pick up Flash Buckles on the way, just like I promised him. He gets in and right away I know that his sister won out, because he smells like Woolworth's perfume counter on a humid day. I edge up closer to Dad because that stuff is contagious, and I don't want to be razzed. Maybe Flash should have sat in the back seat.

When we get to the school most of the fella's are there already. They all look different somehow. We all try to appear casual in our unaccustomed get-ups. Not one will admit that he is excited. We goof around the halls for awhile and whistle after some of the girls going upstairs. They look silly in their high heels, especially Maisie Nielson with her piano legs. Miss Brook, our math teacher, calls for us to come upstairs. She helps us with our graduation robes and gives us last minute instructions. I'm glad it's Miss Brook, because she's a good Joe. I'll never forget how she let me retake my math final so I wouldn't flunk out.

At eight sharp we march down the middle aisle of the auditorium, while the school orchestra plays "Pomp and Circumstance." I feel like a freak, and all I can think of is: Why don't they open some windows!

As soon as I take my seat on the stage I spot my family up front in the audience. Aunt Mary and Uncle Ben are with them. They're sitting up poker straight and everybody looks so serious. Like dead pans. Even jolly, round Uncle Ben. Say, he'll be good for at least ten bucks tonight. Maybe even twenty. But the program begins.

More music. I can't keep my eyes off Fats Thompson sweating over the

bass fiddle. The invocation. A speech by the mayor. Then Anita Cranmer, the class valedictorian, gives out. I almost have her speech memorized myself from all the rehearsals. Boy, she's a spook. Straight A student, but still a spook. Wonder if anyone is taking her to the prom?

It seems that a century passes while I sit listening to speeches. That President Wilson who delivers that boring, long-winded baccalaureate sermon sure doesn't do his college much good. I feel the Vitalis melting all over my scalp, and I want to take off my tasseled cap and scratch my head. This is enough to drive a guy bugs. Rocky Dobbs in front of me makes creaky sounds on his chair every time he recrosses his legs. Nick Chappers is having one time trying to keep awake. His head keeps jerking 'til I think it will fall off his neck. To the right. I notice that Maisie Nielson has slipped off her shoes. Wouldn't it be funny if she couldn't get them on again in time and had to walk across the stage in her stocking feet? There's Peggy. Gosh, how does she manage that cool-as-a-cucumber look? Boy, I'm a lucky guy. She's the best looker in the class.

Suddenly, a slight commotion, throats being cleared. Those called go forth to receive their diplomas. Joseph Bruggs. Hey, that's me. I get up feeling like a dead tree trunk, but I make my way across the stage and my voice sounds clear when I thank Principal Watkins while he shakes my hand and hands me the scroll. It feels pretty good in my hands. I feel kinda strange. Sorta half glad and half sad.

Then it's all over. Everyone rises and we sing the school song. I don't know whether I'm relieved it's all over, or whether some parts of the speeches soaked in, but I sing the old "Purple and Gold" like crazy. I have to admit, it was a swell four years.

My folks meet me at the exit. All the parents seem to be talking at once. Congratulations fly all over the place. I want to wash the sticky lipstick off my face. In the confusion Mom hands me a gift box. The niftiest flat, gold pocket watch with chain, inscribed "To Joe, from Mom and Dad, 6/15/44." Beth gives me just the identification bracelet I'd been hankering for. And Uncle Ben really comes across.

Pop says: "The house is yours, Joe, so invite your friends over. Mom has the icebox jam full, and Beth has borrowed all the latest jive records we don't have at the house. The old folks will stay out of your way." Whatta family. Whatta doggone swell family I got.

Hobo vs. Tramp

A hobo is not to be confused with a tramp. A tramp is a hobo fallen from grace; he is beyond the pale of hobo society and society in general. The tramp will stoop to skulduggery that definitely is not genteel. To a hobo the line between genteel and general skulduggery is clearly defined. Indeed, any hobo is indignant if he is called a tramp, for the tramp is the criminal of the hobo world.

—ARTHUR RADZIEWICZ

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew

BARBARA LONG

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1945-1946

AUGUST OF 1572 WAS TO BE A MONTH OF CELEBRATION for the people of France. The years of religious strife and conflict were seemingly at an end; for the King, Charles IX, and Admiral Coligny, leader of the Huguenots, had become reconciled. Paris was preparing for a week of festivity. The King's sister, Margaret, was to be married to Henry, King of Navarre and another Protestant leader, on August 18. The wedding was to be followed by days of feasting, and from all parts of the country Catholics and Huguenots alike had been invited. Then, too, the Feast of St. Bartholomew was to be celebrated on August 24.¹

There were some in the city, however, who were in no mood for merry-making. Foremost among them were the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici and her follower, the Duke of Guise. For years Catherine had striven to be the *de facto* ruler of France. After the death of her husband and during the reigns of two of her sons, she had had an incessant struggle with numerous factions for supreme executive power. When, at last, her third son, Charles, ascended the throne, Catherine believed that the power was in her grasp; for Charles was easily swayed and should be readily molded to her views. But the vacillating Charles was also influenced by the strong and fervent Coligny. Although fearing for her own supremacy, Catherine did not object to the accord between the King and Coligny as long as it did not conflict with her plans. When, however, upon her return after a short absence from the country, she found that Coligny had prevailed upon Charles to declare war on Spain, she decided that it would be necessary to suppress the growing power of the Huguenots or face the absolute ruin of her family.²

Charles at first refused to listen to Catherine's harangue on the dangers which threatened him from within and without, and, which, according to her and her leaders, could be averted only by Coligny's death; but he was finally persuaded and gave the order that Coligny be shot.³

On August 22 Coligny was fired upon and wounded, though not fatally. The Huguenot leaders were furious and clamored for vengeance. Catherine, now thoroughly frightened, hastily called a council at which it was decided to kill all the Huguenot chiefs except Henry of Navarre.⁴

¹ *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. 3, p. 19.

² R. Chambers, *The Book of Days*, Vol. 2, p. 261.

³ Maurice Wilkinson, "The Problem of St. Bartholomew's Massacre," *Dublin Review*, 174 (April-June, 1924), 202.

⁴ *Cambridge Modern History*, loc. cit.

Early in the morning of August 24 as the bells of Paris began to ring for the Feast of St. Bartholomew, armed bands of Catherine's leaders began the massacre. As the houses containing the Huguenots had been marked during the night with white crosses, the affair proceeded swiftly. The authorities, who had been warned, made no attempt to intervene, and the Paris mob needed little encouragement to lend its aid to the slaughter.⁵ One party led by the Duke of Guise went at once to Admiral Coligny's house. The Admiral offered no resistance, and in a short time his body, horribly mutilated and hardly recognizable, was thrown down to the Duke of Guise, who stood waiting in the court yard. The blood was wiped from the face of the corpse, and Guise, picking at the body, said, "Yes, it is he; I know him well."⁶

Catherine's aim had been accomplished; but now the mob was in a wild frenzy, and the massacre soon exceeded the bounds upon which she and Charles had calculated. It became a wholesale butcher of Catholic and Protestant alike. Five hundred men of rank, many women of high birth, and many members of the clergy were murdered; and, as if the crazed people needed more excitement, the military director, Marshal Tavannes, rode through the streets with a dripping sword crying, "Kill! kill! Bloodletting is as good in August as in May."⁷

The streets were filled with heaps of naked, bleeding corpses, and cart-loads of bodies were conveyed to the Seine. The living were tied hand and foot and thrown off the bridge. Even the children were victims. An infant, as yet unable to walk, was dragged through the streets by a cord tied about his neck. One man boasted of killing four thousand with his own hands.⁸

These ghastly killings continued for two days, and similar massacres occurred at Meaux, Orleans, Troyes, Rouen, Lyons, and Toulouse.⁹ After the final outbreak at Bordeaux, which happened several weeks later in October, it was estimated that over fifty thousand people had been killed.¹⁰

For a short time the massacre was considered to have been necessary in order to bring peace to France through the destruction of Protestantism. The court won the congratulations of other Catholic countries, and Pope Gregory XIII celebrated it by striking a medal.¹¹ Soon, however, it was recognized that Catherine's policy of "self interest of princes" rather than religious discord had been the primary cause of the massacre, and all Europe

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

⁶ Henry White, *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars of the Reign of Charles IX*, p. 409.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 417.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 425.

⁹ Arthur Tilley, *The French Wars of Religion*, p. 30.

¹⁰ *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*, Vol. 10, p. 193.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 194.

was shocked.¹² Had Milton lived a hundred years earlier, no doubt he would have written, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints . . ."¹³ to express horrified public opinion. Charles became remorseful and filled with horror. To his surgeon he confided, "I feel like one in a fever, my body and mind are both disturbed; every moment whether asleep or awake, visions of murdered corpses, covered with blood and hideous to the sight haunt me."¹⁴

Today the massacre is looked upon not only as an obviously wicked deed, but also as a great blunder; for, justified or not, it has been a theme of reproach against Catholics ever since.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 193.

¹³ John Milton, "Sonnet on the Late Massacre in Piedmont."

¹⁴ Chambers, *op. cit.*, p. 262.

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In the Still of the Night

Big Sand Lake lay motionless before me. Only the bobbing of a shadowy raft rose from the dark lake to break its smooth, level surface. Rippleless, waveless, the lake was asleep. A quarter moon reflected pale silver light to the edge of the shore. The glittering lane of water, surrounded by vague darkness, made me think I could walk up to the edge of the shore, tiptoe lightly up the shiny path, and sit on an end of the crescent-shaped moon.

Sand, cooled by the night's moderate temperature, bordered the lake. I felt the damp, fine grains push between my toes and thought how the same sand, hot and fiery, had almost burned the soles of my feet that afternoon. I dug my feet deeper into its moistness.

Suddenly I wanted to laugh. That I was looking at water at two o'clock in the morning was really funny. I stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth and choked down a giggle. Big Sand Lake was still very quiet. — JANE MICHEL.

Homecoming

CHARLES LESSING

Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1945-1946

OURS HAD BEEN A FAST AND UNEVENTFUL CROSSING. Eleven days before, we had boarded the navy transport *General Heintzelman* at Yokohama — needless to say, without misgiving — and now we were within sight of land for the first time since then. Very low on the horizon we could see a dark blue streak, broken here and there by valleys or low-lying clouds.

Some of our fellow passengers had been waiting more than three years for the sight. Now they crowded the decks and found new fuel to light the excitement in their eyes, excitement that seemed to overflow and infect all those on deck. The energy thus created was expended in various ways. Some of the more boisterous men danced a little jig and then hurried from passenger to passenger, clapping each on the back and shouting the good news that somewhere beyond that blue streak was home. The more inhibited watchers just stood with hands in pockets, grinning. There was nothing for them to say that would have been appropriate. Others stared and at intervals muttered some audible ejaculation that broke from their silent thoughts. Soon all were quiet, dreaming again the things they had all dreamed so frequently during the last several months of expectant waiting.

The weather was clear and bracing. For most of the voyage it had been cold and dismal; a light snow had fallen on two consecutive days. Today the weather was cooperating with other events to add pleasure to our homecoming. The sun was bright, the wind low, and the air just chill enough to be refreshing.

Gradually the dark blue streak grew in the water and turned green. Soon we could pick out mountain ranges, their highest peaks capped with snow. Several islands glided past, and about one o'clock we entered the mouth of Puget Sound.

The mountains had opened up here to let us through. Their lower slopes stood bright and warm in the sun, clothed in green for the most part, but here and there fringed with brown. Then came the welcoming seagulls. They approached in their characteristic long, level glide, turned back at the stern, and kept a constant air patrol over us until nightfall.

Darkness closed in quickly in the Sound, and with it came fog. Up ahead we saw a dim glow from the lights of Seattle, but now everyone was too tired and cold to show any excitement. The fog closed in, but the glow ahead grew brighter and larger.

We must have rounded a bend or passed an island, because suddenly we

could see the lights in Seattle, mistily encircled with halos. One entire hillside seemed sprinkled with lights. As we drew nearer they assumed a more orderly design, and we could trace streets as they marched up one ridge, slipped, and reappeared on the next. Then we could distinguish between signs on the water front. Dominating the harbor was an enormous red neon sign advertising Magnolia gasoline and oil. There was no mistaking it — this was the United States.

Before daylight we were again on deck to watch the sun rise over the mountains. The morning, however, turned out shrouded in foggy silence. All the usual noise and bustle of a busy harbor was muted, and the night gave way to a timid daylight.

The city slumped on its hillsides and was a disappointment. Two tugs chugged slowly alongside our tall ship and began nudging us toward the docks. Two trucks marked "American Red Cross" huddled alongside the dock shed, and several portly ladies wearing Red Cross armbands waved gaily as we pulled in to tie up.

At the other end of the dock stood a long line of olive-drab trucks, their exhausts breathing light wispy steam, waiting to start us on the second leg of our journey toward home. The first gangplank hit the dock and was immediately filled with a line of debarking soldiers, all much more sober than they had been the day before. This was old stuff to them — they had walked off ships before. Not a single one of them stooped to kiss the good earth as some had done elsewhere. They were glad to be back, but this wasn't "home" yet. They were eager to climb into one of those trucks and get started. The sooner, the better.

Post-War Retrospect

JAMES F. KESSLER

Rhetoric I, Theme A, 1945-1946

IF THE FOLLOWING FEW WORDS WILL BE OF USE TO anyone about to enter one of the branches of service, then I shall be glad to have written them; for anything written in vain is like a radio playing in an empty room. Entrance into, and life in, the service is unique to say the least. With that statement I can safely estimate that ninety-five percent of all servicemen both active and released will agree.

However, to come to the point and to give the reader a few pertinent facts, let me start by saying that I was selected by some of my neighbors, much against my will and probably theirs, to leave a well-organized life and embark upon a year's military life. This took place in 1941, *ante bellum*.

And at that time my first impression of the Army was something like this: "The big shots in Washington have to make a showing, so here I am. Who selected the characters to operate this clambake in the first place? How can I expect to get anything from a life like this? Might as well resign myself to a blank space in my life known as 'The Army.'" These thoughts were kept active and even strengthened by the men around me. As a matter of fact, to show the state into which my mind had wandered, I volunteered for overseas service; and, as stated previously, that was before World War II had shaken the world.

There was a certain psychological effect in volunteering as I did. Although the Army had predetermined a year of my life, I attempted while in the Army to predetermine the rest of my life. In other words, I asked for it and so could do no complaining. And, strange as it may seem, I found less to complain about. Friends seemed closer; I made new and lasting friendships. Senses of value changed. I looked forward to smaller things and was content with them; a couple of letters from home, a new moving picture, the satisfaction of washing my own clothes — these things made me realize what I had to do to remain stable while away from home and overseas. What else *could* I do about it?

The one thought that overshadowed all others was that this could not last forever and that some day we would return to that so-called organized life we had left. I reserved a certain portion of my mind for civilian thoughts and ideas. Knowing that Army life definitely was not my forte, I devised this scheme with the thought that should I ever return to civilian life, that was the portion of my brain which would carry me through the readjustment period; and the "Army" portion of my brain would be relegated to an inactive status with no trouble at all, gradually to be outweighed by the ever-growing "civilian" portion. Probably an unorthodox method, which, nevertheless, is working admirably.

To return to some facts, what I prefer to call the intermediate stage of my Army career ended simultaneously with the ending of hostilities in Europe. I had tried to shape my destiny, and now the time for which I had planned was here. Once the fact of release dawned on me, I had to settle a mental conflict: the relative security of life in the Army vied with complete independence and its attendant problems. I decided I had had enough of Army security.

So, after seemingly endless orientation, processing, inspecting, and signing papers I found myself a civilian faced with the problem of what to do with myself. Actually it turned out to be not so much a problem of what to do with myself as of how to carry out what I had already set for myself to do. There was, and still is, the problem of thinking for myself; the realization of being completely independent is quite gigantic.

I believe that now I have a proper perspective on my Army life: the

service has left me both benefits and disadvantages. For instance, as far as health is concerned I have certainly gained much, and I am referring to things other than weight. My ability to accept and make the most of different situations has increased. On the other hand, there is the fact that manners and social graces grow lax under Army surveillance. Speech is reduced to its simplest form in the Army, a form of which I do not approve for civilian conversation. I have to weigh these and other factors to derive full value from them.

Release from the Army has made me realize that any one of the services can improve one's health and give him friends, memories, and unusual experiences. Such things will last a lifetime.

Paris, August 23, 1944

ARTHUR R. GOTTSCHALK

Rhetoric II, Theme II, 1945-1946

JOE BAXLEY AND I WERE COVERED WITH NORMANDY dirt and laden with a two weeks' growth of beard in addition to the traditional M-1 rifles, steel helmets, foul-smelling gas-impregnated fatigues, and other G.I. accessories. Further, one could detect a strong scent of cognac surrounding us if he so desired. No one so desired. A strong scent of cognac surrounded everyone, and everyone was seeking a scent of champagne.

We were tired of being kissed by aged men and wet babies. We were weary with the stories of the "misunderstood" French collaborators who sought protection. We were apprehensive about French souvenir hunters seeking anything in our possession. We no longer cared about patting the backs of the well-meaning members of the F.F.I. and having them pat ours. We desired women and drink, and we hunted for a quiet cafe.

Our journey led us through narrow, winding cobblestone alleys bedecked with bunting and populace. Surging crowds snatched at us, beamed at us, and shouted *Vive l'Amerique* at us. Hands congratulated us, extended to us, enveloped us. We were made welcome in the Parisian fashion.

Down the cheering *Boulevard Maudslane*, down the crowd-filled *Champs Elysees*, past the famous *Arc de Triomphe* stumbled Baxley and I, two Americans in search of some compensation for the murderous hedgerows of Normandy.

Champagne flowed at every street corner. Water glasses filled with sticky red liquor were downed in toasts to Roosevelt, Churchill, De Gaulle, and Stalin — then to France, the F.F.I., the Fourth Division, the English, New

York City, and as many United Nations as any particular crowd could remember. Baxley and I kept remembering fewer and fewer nations as the evening wore on, then fewer and fewer leaders. Later we just cheered and drank to anything anyone said.

We forgot about women; we forgot about quiet cafes. We didn't even mind being kissed by old men and wet babies. Baxley rather enjoyed it and became so jubilant that, at one point, he kissed several of them back. I was too occupied at giving shrill night-piercing whoops to realize how ridiculous he looked.

Suddenly it was dawn, and I had a headache. Baxley had disappeared. I wondered how I got on the steps of the *Place de l'Opera*. I faintly recalled imitating Caruso to the accompaniment of an urging mob. I wondered if my outfit had moved out of its bivouac area; I began walking down empty, littered streets. So this was Paris! I wondered what lay ahead.

Fighter Sweep

ADDISON GOODELL

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1945-1946

AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT BEFORE THE SUN WAS risen, the night orderly went forth out of his place to the abode of the birdmen and roused them each in turn.

And he said, "'Tis the fourth hour and briefing comes before the dawn." And he retreated in haste, for he was wise in the ways of the birdmen.

And the birdmen cursed him loud and long, for his tidings were of no great joy.

For the sweep was to come they knew, and only the keen were glad. And the keen were few. And the keen grew fewer at the fourth hour of the day.

And there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth and great unhappiness in that place. But a fear for their commissions was in them. And they went.

And as they went, there came unto them he of the great intellect who is the I.O., who was known by other names also.

And one of the birdmen said unto him, "What is this thou hast done unto me? Wherefore hast thou beguiled me?"

And the I.O. said, "Thus it is done in our country." And holding up a ribbon of blue and of gold, he spake, "Fulfill this week and we will give thee this, also for the service which thou shalt serve with us another seven years."

But the birdmen departed saying, "What manner of poppycock is this whereof he speaketh? The law of averages getteth us all in the end. So be it."

"Verily, verily," said the others, "amen."

For they were not happy in the service that day and the pouches of their eyes gave witness.

And they went into the Holy of Holies which is called the Briefing Room.

And as they entered therein, each in his turn looked upon the writing on the wall, for such it was. And after each had looked at the lines thereon, they said one to the other, "This cannot be." But soon one came among them known as Graywall, who said, "It is so." And all was quiet as the tomb of the prophet.

And he gathered his flock unto his bosom and spake earnestly of course and of E.T.R. And they comprehended him not. But he was wise and comprehended for them all.

Then he pointed to the map and said, "Behold this Alpine heap and this pillar, and be witness that I shall not pass over this heap lest the petrol giveth out. For the Air-Sea-Rescue maketh not light of early reveille. And the Forts must be shepherded by our birds."

And all that were there concurred saying, "Verily, it is so."

And then Graywall sent messengers before him to his brother Prune in the land of the R.A.F.

"Forsooth," said he, "the Spits will be welcome ere the sun setteth this day." And it came to pass that he knew whereof he spake.

And Graywall said unto them, "Begone, for the hour of pressing draws near." And thus they went to the jeeps and the jeeps to the dispersal.

And the head birdman chose his flock for the day, and some he husbanded for yet another day. And some whom he left behind secretly rejoiced and praised the Lord. And those that went forth were called one's and two's and were given colors for each to know the other. And number one shared his jamoca with number two saying, "The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from the other." And thus they drank saying, "Cheers," one to the other.

And it came to pass that each of the birdmen went forth to his bird and was amazed at what was contained therein. But at the hour of pressing, each of the warbirds drew the breath of life and thundered forth in power and majesty — save one which went not. And that birdman then beat his bird with his hands and kicked it with his feet, but it went not. Thus he stayed home and wrote the necessary form.

But all else went to the proper place to fly away, and he of the checkered flag sent them off. And all flew off save for one who pranged for lack of revs.

"Woe betide him who prangeth," saith the prophet, "for he curseth him-

self and his children and his children's children."

And the birds went on their journey and came to the land of the people of the caste, and all was serene. And he who was known as Tablet spake to Graywall of ten plus and twenty plus. But the others attended him not, believing he spake of the balloon barrage, and he clucked to himself.

And it came to pass that the Forts were clobbered beyond the heap, as was the custom in those days. But all was serene with our birdmen.

And someone said, "Thou hast a Focke-Wolfe on thy tail." And each of the birdmen went this way and that way to see whereof he spake and each was lost unto the others. And one said, "Where art thou, Blue Two?" And the other replied, "Lo, I spin out and am lost unto thee." And another said, "Wither goest thou, Red One?" And the Red One answered, "Home, for my cockpit hath smoke." And yet another spake of homings.

And Graywall said, "Where be ye? For the time cometh that the big friends (for as such they were known in those days) be gathered together and shepherded to the waters." But the others heard him not, or heeded him not, for each thought only of getting out of that place.

And they went home by divers routes, each roosting in his own good time.

And again they gathered unto the Holy of Holies, where Graywall told them of the evil that had been done.

And he gave them hell in general.

The Mechanic

VICTOR B. ROBIN

Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1945-1946

A BLINDING, WHITE-HOT SUN BEAT DOWN ON THE coral airstrip. Shimmering heat waves rose irregularly and formed little mirage-lakes. From across the strip came the purr of a truck or jeep hurrying home. The strip itself was quiet; the only moving thing on it was the figure of a man on top of the wing of an airplane.

He knelt on the cowlings atop the engine with his head and shoulders buried in the accessory section behind the engine. Small twitching movements of his body were accompanied by sounds of metal on metal and a steady stream of profanity. It was monotonous profanity with undertones of sincerity. It was the swearing of a man familiar with swearing, who found that it best expressed his feelings, a man who knows that no one is listening and is angry at the thought. It was the profanity of a man resentful of being alone, resentful of having to work, resentful of having to work alone in the

heat. It was an outlet for a man provoked and angered by close quarters, sweat in his eyes, slippery tools, bruised knuckles, and his other aches and pains. Only once the noise stopped; then one hand came out of the engine, and coaxed and coached by a few grunts, found a new tool and returned to work.

At last the man stopped work, pulled himself out of the engine, replaced the cowl, gathered up his tools, let himself down off the wing, put the tools in a toolbox, and then paused to wipe the sweat out of his eyes.

On the ground next to the toolbox lay a pair of neatly folded army pants; on top of the pants lay an army towel; on top of the towel lay a letter, a watch, a pack of cigarettes, and some matches. The man took one of the cigarettes, lit it, and let it dangle from a corner of his mouth while he read the letter. Apparently he had read it before, because he skipped the first page and smiled while he read something on the bottom of the second page. Then he refolded the letter and put it back on top of the towel.

He stood there under the wing looking out over the ocean. He had short blond hair, which had been bleached out by the sun, and he was burned the color of shoe leather. He wore a peaked cap, shorts, light-weight moccasins, and a pair of sun glasses. Only the army pants and airplane served as clues that would identify him as a soldier.

When he finished the cigarette, he picked it apart and scattered it on the coral under foot, grinding the lighted part under his shoe. Then he put the watch and cigarettes in the toolbox, tucked the letter in a pants pocket, and spread the pants and towel on a carefully chosen spot under the airplane. He selected the best looking spot and carefully felt for all the lumps of coral that stuck up through the cloth, casting them aside one by one as he found them. When he had spread the cloth to his satisfaction, he took off the sun glasses, pulled the peaked cap down over his eyes, lay down and went to sleep.

The airplane and the crew assigned to it were going to fly a mission in a few short hours — a mission from which they might not return; but he had nothing to do with that. When they took off from the strip, that plane would be in the best mechanical condition possible. His work was finished. He slept soundly.

Mrs. Sword-tail and Her Progeny

One day Mrs. Sword-tail surprised everyone by producing one hundred and fifty little Sword-tails. I had always supposed, though I had never thought much about it, that fish might have twins or triplets, or even eight or nine as dogs do, but this event completely floored me. Little did I know about the family life of Sword-tails, for no sooner was her family complete than it started to disappear. Apparently she agreed with me that triplets were enough, because three is the number she left. At least she wasn't selfish about it; she invited the neighbors in and they all had a feast. — GEORGE L. CLARK

Twenty Million Painted Dreams

MONA LEE KESSLER

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1945-1946

AT ANY GIVEN TIME OF THE DAY AT LEAST TWO MILLION American housewives are listening to a soap opera.¹ Although these universally popular dramatic serials have a daily listening audience of over twenty million women, little thought is ever given to the industry necessary to produce the hundreds of daily serials that are broadcast over nation-wide hookups.² Yet, the soap opera programs constitute the largest and costliest assembly-line production of entertainment in the radio industry. NBC and CBS have estimated their combined incomes from the sale of air time for soap operas at thirty million dollars annually — far more than any other type of program brings in.³ One soap manufacturer sponsors sixteen serial stories at an estimated annual cost of fifteen million dollars.⁴ These are fabulous figures, but they are not as fabulous, relatively speaking, as the figures concerned with the actual production of a soap opera.

The majority of the shows are created, written, and produced by advertising agencies and then presented to the broadcaster for network production. One of the largest agencies is that of Blackett-Sample-Hummert. In their offices on Park Avenue, or at their home in Greenwich, Connecticut, Frank and Anne Hummert produce sixty-seven radio shows per week, sixty of which are soap operas — sixty soap operas at the rate of twelve per day, five days per week! The Hummerts dream up and dictate a "story line" for each show, defining the plot and suggesting appropriate dialogue and characterization. For instance, this is a story line for a recent half-hour episode of "Mr. Keen":

Scene one opens with the nice old lady, sweet, dear, and lovable . . . coming to see Mr. Keen and telling him that her husband has disappeared. . . . Mr. Keen asks if her husband had any enemies or any reasons for disappearing. She says no. He asks if she thinks . . . he might be dead — as she said he wasn't feeling well. She says that she feels that he's alive and Mr. Keen can find him. . . . In scene two we show the little old lady and her accomplice had done away with the husband. . . .

This story line, or skeleton, goes to a subsidiary Hummert organization, Air Features Incorporated, where a staff of twelve extremely anonymous writers, six women and six men, grind out the actual dialogue. These writers, whose job it is to pad and develop the pre-written story line, are

¹ J. K. Hutchens, "Are Soap Operas Only Suds?" *New York Times Magazine*, March 28, 1943, p. 19.

² "Daytime Classics," *Time*, 40 (November 30, 1942), 45.

³ Hutchens, *loc. cit.*

⁴ "Story of Marv Marlin." *Life*, 17 (September 11, 1944), 67.

paid from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred dollars a week per soap opera. After Air Features Incorporated has developed the story line into a complete story, the finished product is sent back to the Hummerts for a final check. After this final check the story is returned to Air Features, where it is cast and made ready for production.

To the layman it might seem that the most difficult problem mass-production writers have to face is that of variety and originality. One would think that they would run the gamut of ideas within a few months. But getting new and different ideas seems to be the least of the script writers' worries. Soap-opera writing has other problems, peculiar to the trade. Finding names for hundreds of characters is one really troublesome task. Frank Hummert says that he has given up trying to create names. When he needs a few new ones, he just goes for a walk and copies some from shop signs. The Hummerts also have a great deal of trouble keeping the dialogue of their shows fresh. Script writers don't seem to last long under the strain of mass-production creation, and inevitably they fall into a rut of clichés and colloquialisms. One writer who lasted for seven years set the all-time endurance high for Hummert employees. Since one of the most appetizing aspects of the soap operas is the suspense created, the biggest problem the writers must face is that of keeping the stories from ending. They can't afford to sap a story of its interest by too serious a climax. They must keep the story going!⁵

Not all soap operas are production made, however. "The Goldbergs," for instance, is written, produced, and directed by one person — Mrs. Berg. For most of the last fourteen years, Mrs. Berg, wife of a consultant on sugar technology and mother of two children, has ground out her soapy, five-times-a-week masterwork for Proctor and Gamble to the tune of five thousand dollars a week. Besides writing, directing, and producing the show, Mrs. Berg plays the leading role, that of Molly Goldberg. She has written three thousand six hundred and forty scripts (about six million words) for "The Goldbergs." This sounds like a great deal of work, but it hasn't been all in vain, for now, at the age of forty-two, Mrs. Berg is a millionaire. She has a ten-room duplex in Manhattan and an estate in Bedford Hills, New York. The Princeton University Library has asked Mrs. Berg to send it scripts of her show to keep as permanent references of one of the best serials now being broadcast. Since radio scripts are mimeographed, and a collection of these daily scripts would soon cause the archives to overflow, it is hoped that one representative script per week will serve the purpose.⁶

There are many who produce seemingly impossible amounts of material in this thriving soap-opera business, but the one who has honestly earned her

⁵ "Hummerts' Super Soaps," *Newsweek*, 23 (January 10, 1944), 80.

⁶ "Goldbergs at Princeton," *Time*, 41 (April 26, 1943), 40.

title of "Queen of Soap Opera" is Irna Phillips, thirty-nine-year-old spinster earning five thousand dollars a week. She writes five soap operas which are equivalent to over twenty-seven novels a year, and she meets every copy deadline on the dot — a genuine literary mill. She writes the episodes a month or six weeks in advance, her only assistants being her two secretaries. In her Lake Shore Drive apartment, she dictates the stories to her secretaries by enacting each line, changing her voice to denote the various characters. The episodes and plots are recorded on large charts which help to maintain the continuity of each of her five stories. Although outstandingly successful as a writer, Miss Phillips broke into radio as an actress. One day her studio told her that script writing was the coming thing in radio for women, and fired her. Baffled, but determined, she dreamed up and sold her first soap opera, "Painted Dreams," which started her off on what seems to be an endless career.⁷

The writers, however, aren't the only ones who are making small fortunes from the soap operas. The actors and the radio stations are making sizable profits too. The radio actors' union scale is twenty-one dollars for each fifteen-minute performance plus added fees for rehearsals and repeat broadcasts. This scale enables an actor who may be making three or four appearances weekly on each of several serials (and many of them do) to earn from three hundred to five hundred dollars per week — not bad for actors whose names their public seldom knows. The weekly production cost of an average fifteen-minute daytime serial is two thousand dollars plus the radio time cost, which comes to about nine thousand dollars for a network hookup of approximately sixty stations.⁸

As the networks expanded to nation-wide hookups, the popularity and in turn the listening audience of the soap operas grew to the present-day figure of some twenty million housewives.⁹ The vast number of people whom these dramatic serials reach and the fundamental emotions with which the dramas deal have inevitably affected American housewives.

Producers, physicians, and psychiatrists have vehemently argued the good and bad physical and psychological effects of the soap operas. The producers' answer to the argument that the soap operas deal with stories that are too sad and too depressing is, "No troubles, no story — the family involved would be just an ordinary, everyday family." They believe that the appeal of soap operas is due to more than just the fact that misery loves company. They presume that most people are more preoccupied with the unhappy aspects of their lives and recollections, and the uncertainty of their futures, than they are with the endurable or, in rare cases, the downright happy *status quo* of the moment. They presuppose that not only the secret

⁷ "Queen of Soap Opera," *Newsweek*, 20 (July 13, 1942), 60.

⁸ Hutchens, *loc. cit.*

⁹ "Daytime Classics," *loc. cit.*

and subconscious mind of womankind, but the conscious mind itself, is packed with more memories of loneliness and frustration and unrealized romantic reverie than with memories of past delight or present fulfillment. Since the women of the daytime audiences are having physical and psychic problems that they themselves cannot understand and are unable to solve, radio presumably takes them into their own problems or, better still, into problems worse than their own, or it takes them away from their problems. It gives the listeners two constant, and frequently simultaneous, choices — participation or escape — and both work.¹⁰

Although Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, director of the Office of Radio Research at Columbia University, does not seem to consider the mental and physical state of American women to be as serious as the producers have described it to be, he does, however, believe that women get two gratifications from listening to the daytime serials. First, the serials seem to provide an escape, a daydreaming which carries them away from their daily lives. Second, and almost the reverse, women use the stories as a source of guidance in their private lives. About forty per cent of the listeners say that the serials help them solve their own problems. These people have given actual, concrete, and detailed instances in which they have dealt with society more successfully because they have listened to the soap operas.¹¹

The Women's Institute of Audience Reactions has found through its surveys that women have several reasons for listening to soap operas: (1) soap operas make work seem lighter; (2) they provide guidance, helpful philosophy, and inspiration; (3) they supplant reading, saving time and eyes; (4) they provide pleasant escape and take their minds off their personal troubles; (5) they create pleasant anticipation and suspense; (6) they satisfy their natural appetite for entertainment, particularly dramatic entertainment; and (7) they help to dispel loneliness.¹²

Psychiatrists, however, have arrived at different conclusions. There are those who think the potential effect of the daytime serials debilitating. The stupendous amount of wishful thinking, self-pity (through identification with characters whose misfortunes resemble one's own), "phony" philosophy, and neurotic egoism which the women affect after listening to many soap operas is viewed with alarm. Dr. Louis Berg, psychiatrist and formerly physician to the New York Department of Health at Welfare Island, says, "The constant listener to the forty programs studied can become as morbidly fond of his fantasy world as the user of the opium pipe that brings momentary surcease with drugged dreams. . . . The state of anxiety they create is the very same over-anxiety which is the end of all enemy propaganda, for

¹⁰ Max Wylie, "Washboard Weepers," *Harper's Monthly*, 185 (November, 1942), 633.

¹¹ Hutchens, *loc. cit.*

¹² *Ibid.*

it lays the groundwork for civilian panic in emergencies, and saps the productive energies of the afflicted individuals in all their essential efforts."¹³

Wisely, radio producers realize that the success of American radio does not depend on a handful of critical psychiatrists. Radios are in fourteen million American homes where there are no magazines, eight million where there are no cars, thirteen million where there are no telephones, and six million where there are no bathtubs — a total of forty-one million homes of America's poor. "Radio to be free must be radio for all people." Producers know that if all programs were on the entertainment level of the critics, radio would be ruined within a year.¹⁴ Indeed, the producers do know their business. Trouble is apt to be more dramatic than mere pleasant existence is, and well they know it. As in the theatre, tragedy is easier to write and act than is comedy.¹⁵ Knowing their audiences, producers usually make sure that the trouble-makers in the stories are men. Naturally, this goes over big with the women. Soap opera writers constantly use the oldest interest-holding device in playwriting — suspense; Friday's chapter, the last chapter of the week, is designed to leave the listeners in a lather of excited anticipation.

These and many more tricks of the soap opera have earned for the trade such critical catcalls as "unmitigated tripe," "as corny as succotash," "they have scummed the emotional sewers."¹⁶ Nevertheless, as Dr. Matthew N. Chappell of Hooper's Surveys logically points out, "If the amount of sponsor's products sold is any indication, the daytime serial is just about the greatest molder of attitudes, beliefs, ideas, convictions, and behavior of women that we have in our society. . . ."¹⁷

¹³ Hutchens, *loc. cit.*

¹⁴ Wylie, *loc. cit.*

¹⁵ Hutchens, *loc. cit.*

¹⁶ "Scented Soap," *Newsweek*, 22 (July 5, 1943), 110.

¹⁷ "Daytime Classics," *loc. cit.*

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Betrayed

The story is told of a small boy, who, when told of Christ's trial and death, asked, "Where was the Lone Ranger?" To that boy, the Lone Ranger (every Thursday night from 8:30 to 9:00) was a reality; God was much more distant.

—CHARLES HALLAM

The Debt

JOHN L. KLINE

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1945-1946

WE WERE A MERRY GROUP THAT NIGHT AS WE RODE the bus into town. We had just finished Pre-Flight, and now we had our first pass to go to Los Angeles. Our squadron had planned a party for us. The band had been hired, and dates had been arranged with extras from some of the film studios.

The early part of the evening was uneventful. We all drank too much. At midnight the band had gone; and, as the bar had closed at eleven, I was beginning to sober up. A very pretty girl was sitting alone at one of the tables, and I walked over to her.

"I lost my date," I said as an introduction.

"Leave her alone. She's with me," came from someone behind us.

I turned and found that it was a kid named Rogers from our squadron.

"That's for her to decide," I replied hotly. I knew then that I had made a mistake, for he lurched at me with both drunken fists swinging wildly. We grappled in what was nothing more than a drunken brawl. The gang jumped in to break us apart; and we became a thrashing, milling mob. Then Rogers broke loose with one arm and sent a big fist crashing against my nose. My head swam, my nose throbbed, and blood spurted all over my wonderful new uniform.

My eyes glared hatred as I screamed, "I'll pay you back, Rogers. Someday I'll pay you back for this!"

The M.P.'s came, and I soon found myself back in the barracks. I couldn't forget Rogers. The more I thought about the incident, the more I hated him.

In a few days we shipped to a new airfield to take Primary Training. My interest in flying soon crowded the hatred back into a dark corner of my mind, where it smouldered unnoticed. Time passed quickly, and we were soon through with Primary and on our way to Basic Training.

I didn't like Basic Training from the first day, for there I again met Rogers. He had the bunk above mine. We ignored and avoided each other as much as possible, but Fate wasn't through with us yet. We drew the same flight instructor and were scheduled for buddy-rides toward the end of our Basic Training.

A week later I came down from a solo hop at five minutes after two. I remember the time, for I was scheduled for a formation ride with my instructor at two. As I was thinking of a good excuse for my tardiness, I noticed a group of students talking excitedly and pointing to a column of

smoke east of the field.

"What happened?" I yelled.

"Crack-up on take-off," someone answered.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"Hetch."

I was stunned. "Hetch!" I gasped. "He was my instructor. I was supposed to fly formation with him this period. Who did he take up?"

"Rogers."

I felt sick. Slowly I trudged back to the barracks. My head was swimming. The kid in the bunk above me was dead, burned to a crisp. His uniform hung beside mine on the rack. I had hated him. He had flown in my place and now he was dead.

Kangas came in and sat down on the opposite bunk. He had been Rogers' best friend.

"You didn't like him, did you?" he said.

I couldn't answer.

"You said once that you owed him something," he persisted.

"Yes," I choked, "I owe him something."

Interlude

BEN LAWLESS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

IT WOULD NOT BE RIGHT TO SAY THAT FRANCE IS NOT A beautiful country. Even in the midst of a war that tears at her very vitals, her poplar trees grow straight and tall along the country lanes and her fields are rich with grassy abundance. Yes, France is beautiful this time of year if one takes care not to notice the holes that dot the fertile land like angry boils, and the splintered trees that resemble grotesque monsters among their proud neighbors.

War is a very distinguished visitor. Little towns and hamlets that have remained almost unknown for centuries suddenly, amid the crackling of rifles and crashing of high explosives, become centers of world-wide interest. Their fame still lingers after the fighting has moved on, but they are left dead, their silence broken by the occasional falling of a loosened timber or the crowing of a rooster standing on the crumpled remains of a shattered fence.

An orchard meticulously lined with apple trees is disfigured by the chaotic hand of war into a smoke-filled battleground crowded with men who carry death in their eyes and a great weariness in their hearts. A peaceful

old farmhouse is suddenly transformed into an inferno of noise and color. Long red fingers reach out from its windows and seek the weaving figures, half hidden in the tall grass and drifting smoke.

Queer chirping sounds fill the air and men fall lifeless, their eyes open and shocked at the death they have found. Yet other men go on to take the house, and the hill behind the house, and the hill after that one, until they all fade into one vast mountain, unforgettable in their memory but blessedly softened by the thick veil of time.

During a lull in the fighting, the new replacements arrive, their uniforms still smelling fresh and clean, and their equipment stiff with newness. They all, of course, believe the war will be over in a matter of months, and for some of them it will be. For some of them it may last only a few bewildering moments which will be cut short by a small fragment of lead or an explosion's concussion. For others it may last months or years until their minds lose track of time and their stooping bodies resemble robots, obeying automatically and without question the endless succession of orders coming from distant and incomprehensible worlds.

The soldiers, strangely old in the dim-light of the shelter, do not seem to notice newcomers. A man is slumped down in his light pack, industriously cleaning his nails. His bearded chin moves back and forth in his mechanical absorption. Another rests heavily against a wall, staring intently at a trickle of water running down the length of the floor. He says nothing and sees nothing except the thin stream winding erratically before his gaze. In a corner two shadows are thrown into high relief as they touch a match to their cigarettes. Their features are indistinguishable with only their eyes and grimy foreheads showing in the glow from the match. The new men huddle together near the door, shuddering slightly at the sound of the shells overhead. Some stretch out with their helmets under their heads, but for the most part the group remain intact, whispering among themselves. The quiet is oppressive and settles over the thirty men like a heavy blanket. There is nothing to do but wait. Four long hours of waiting, and then once more the attack will be resumed — four hours in which a lot of thinking is done and many cigarettes are nervously smoked and flipped away — four precious hours that dwindle rapidly, much too rapidly, and set the dreaded minute gradually nearer.

"Got a cigarette, Mac?" one of the new men asks of a man sitting next to him.

"Huh? Yeah, yeah, sure. Here," says the older man rubbing his face. "Here's a light. Been in long?"

"Long enough, I guess. How's it been going out there?"

"Not too bad. You'll be okay. Just stick close and watch your step and you'll get along all right." Then, as an afterthought, he adds, "We oughta be going up pretty soon now."

They lean back inhaling the smoke deeply. The still figures in the room stir restlessly.

"You guys been given the dope about what's comin' off up here?" asks the man smoking.

"Sure," answers another of the recruits, crawling over from his position near the door, and then lowering his voice as if the shells outside might hear. "We got it from the lieutenant when he brought us up. Most of us are in the third squad, he says."

"Yeah, that would be right. All except for the new B.A.R. man and his ammo bearer — they go in the first."

At the far end of the room a man inspects his rifle for the second time and absently brushes a bit of mud from the barrel. Others rise painfully to their feet and begin collecting their equipment.

"We should be startin' in a couple of minutes," a voice says listlessly. "Which one of you guys is gonna help me with this load of grenades? I ain't no damn pack horse."

"Wonder where the lieutenant is?" another voice breaks in. "He shoulda been here by now." The speaker peers anxiously through the small door. He, too, is young and disreputable-looking in his clothes of mud and fabric.

"Well," continues the listless voice, "maybe tonight we'll be sleepin' in a nice bed and drinkin' cases of Frog wine." His tones are half ironical and half hopeful.

"Why not ask for a steak dinner and a beautiful babe while you're at it?" interjects a man still hidden in the darkness. "Hell's bells, might as well go whole hog as not."

Then the door is darkened by the frame of the lieutenant as he stoops to enter.

"All set, men?" he asks. "You new guys know where you belong?" A murmur of assent runs through the group. Slowly they start shuffling toward the door.

"Now remember. We take the hedgerow to the right of the road and follow it until we meet resistance. The rest of the company will be on the left, and E company will be to the right. Got it? Okay, let's go."

One by one the men run through the narrow opening and down to the hedgerow. The sun is shining very brightly, and the trees are bending slightly in the wind so that the steeple of the church is visible in the distance, rising magnificently to the sky. The intermittent shelling has ceased altogether. A bird sings a few notes experimentally from its shelter in the trees and then bursts into full melodious song, the echoes of which dance along the little valley out of hearing.

Yes, it is very beautiful here this time of year if one is cautious and does not observe too closely.

Lincoln the Soldier

MORTIMER HITT

Rhetoric 11, Theme 12, 1945-1946

ALTHOUGH ABRAHAM LINCOLN SPENT FIFTY-ONE DAYS in the armed service of the United States, in the Black Hawk War, few writers have more than mentioned the fact, probably because of the general lack of authentic accounts and the meager wording of official reports and records of this phase of his career.

Lincoln was yet to be recognized by the world when hostilities broke out. To be sure, he already had made a name for himself in New Salem and Sangamon County. He was noted for his skill in athletics, particularly in wrestling, a sport in which he had held his own against all comers,¹ and he already was making plans for his political career.²

Carl Sandburg suggests that Lincoln enlisted for two reasons: first, he would soon lose his clerking job; and second, "he was running for the legislature; a war record, in any kind of war, would count in politics."³ Whatever may have been his motives, the fact remains that Lincoln, on the twenty-first of April, 1832, enlisted in the militia, which was at that time called into the service of the national government.⁴

Lincoln was chosen captain by the men of his company, in accord with the custom of those days. An interesting account of his election is given by Leonard Swett:

Together with the talk of organizing a company in New Salem, began the talk of making Lincoln captain of it. His characteristics as an athlete had made something of a hero of him. . . . But when the day of organization arrived, a man who had been captain of a real company arrived in his uniform, and assumed the organization of the company. The mode of it was as follows: A line of two was formed by the company, with the parties who intended to be candidates for officers standing in front. The candidate for captain then made a speech to the men, telling them what a gallant man he was, in what wars he had fought, bled and died, and how he was ready again, for the glory of his country to lead them. Then another candidate; and when the speech-making was ended, they commanded those who would vote for this man, or that, to form a line behind their favorite. . . .

When the real captain with his regimentals came and assumed control, Lincoln's heart failed him. He formed in the line with the boys, and after the speech was made they began to form behind the old captain, but the boys seized Lincoln, and pushed him out of line, and began to form behind him . . . and

¹ Leonard Swett, "Mr. Lincoln's Story of His Own Life," *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*, pp. 463-464.

² Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln; The Prairie Years*, Volume 1, p. 154.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Abraham Lincoln, *Muster Roll of Captain Abraham Lincoln's Company*.

when they counted back he had two more than the other captain, and he became real captain.⁵

His captaincy was the first electoral job he ever held, and in his own words, it was "a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since."⁶

That Lincoln was obviously untrained and inexperienced in the ways of the military is evidenced by an account of his drilling his company during the first few days of his service. The men were marching across a field, formed in what today most probably would be termed a "company front," when they came to a gate at the edge of the field. Lincoln, unable to recall the proper command for getting the company into a column, shouted, "This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!"⁷

Lincoln's ignorance of drill regulations was not the only thing that caused him trouble. He was arrested and his sword was taken away from him for a day because he broke a general order that forbade the discharge of firearms within a radius of fifty yards from the camp.⁸ It may have been that he was not familiar with the orders or that he was careless in judging his distance. Whatever the reason, he showed clearly that he was not taking his responsibilities very seriously.

Lincoln's company was not amenable to discipline. To his first order he received the reply, "Go to the devil, sir."⁹ The attitudes of the men are described very well by Theodore Pease:

Allow the man whom they had recently honored by electing captain — a man whom they knew thoroughly as no better than themselves — allow such a one to take advantage of his position to direct an action undesirable to them? Incomprehensible! To the recently elected captain this point of view seemed entirely reasonable.¹⁰

Yet another example of the obvious lack of discipline is witnessed by the following incident. One of the men broke into the officers' quarters one night and stole a quantity of liquor which he shared with his comrades. When the army began to march the following morning, the men of Lincoln's company dropped out right and left until only a few remained in the ranks. It was late in the evening before the entire company was together again. As a result of the investigation that followed, Lincoln, though innocent of complicity in or knowledge of the affair, was arrested and forced to undergo the humiliation of wearing a wooden sword for two days.¹¹

This theft may be partly excused on the grounds that the men were not

⁵ Swett, *loc. cit.*

⁶ Roy Edgar Appleman, editor, *Abraham Lincoln From His Own Words and Contemporary Accounts*, p. 2.

⁷ Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 155.

⁸ William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, *Herndon's Lincoln*, p. 95.

⁹ Norman Hapgood, *Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People*, p. 32.

¹⁰ Theodore C. Pease, *The Centennial History of Illinois*, Volume 2, p. 161.

¹¹ Herndon, *op. cit.*, pp. 95-96.

given adequate rations. Lincoln's company, between April 25 and May 17, received the following:

Corn.....	118 bu., 18 pecks	Powder.....	1 keg
Meal.....	10 qts.	Lead.....	50 lbs.
Flour.....	1 bbl., 252 lbs.	Flints.....	265
Bread.....	66 lbs.	Candles.....	20
Salt.....	42 lbs.	Tape.....	144 yds.
Pork.....	1 bbl., 160 lbs.	Buckets.....	50
Whiskey.....	10½ gals.	Coffee Boilers.....	7
Sacks.....	48	Tin Pans.....	7
Blankets.....	3	Tin Cups.....	16 ¹²
Soap.....	[Amount unreadable]		

Some authors have mentioned that the men would make expeditions to nearby farms, and return loaded down with sundry items of food. This seems entirely probable, for there were, including Lincoln and his lieutenants, seventy men in the company. One can readily see that the rations listed above would hardly suffice for that number of active men for a period of twenty-three days, let alone the additional ten days of their enlistment during which time no rations were drawn.

The closest contact Lincoln had with the Indians during the war was with an old Indian who had a safe conduct from General Cass and who was captured by some of the men. They were about to kill the aged savage, but Lincoln intervened and saved his life.¹³ There are several accounts of this episode by various reputable authors, but as none of them is documented, it may be apocryphal.

On the twenty-seventh of May, Lincoln's company was demobilized at Ottawa, Illinois, because of the increasing dissatisfaction of the men.¹⁴ Lincoln and several of the other men from his company re-enlisted for a period of twenty days in Captain Elijah Hles' company of Independent Rangers,¹⁵ a company composed of generals, colonels, captains, and other distinguished men of the disbanded army. It was an unique organization—the men had no camp duties and could draw rations as often as they desired; their arms and equipment were of the best. In the final analysis, Lincoln was much better off as a private in this company than he had been as captain of his old organization.¹⁶ Captain Hles' company saw no action whatever during the twenty days of Lincoln's enlistment. In fact, though many historians have written about the war, and more still have written biographies of Lincoln, there is no account of his individual actions during this enlistment.

Lincoln's second period of enlistment ended on the sixteenth of June, and although he re-enlisted the same day, he was not actually mustered into

¹² William Thomas, *Quarter Master's Book*, p. 14.

¹³ Ida M. Tarbell, *The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln*, p. 141.

¹⁴ Isaac Elliott, *Adjutant General's Report*, Volume 9, p. 100.

¹⁵ General Robert Anderson, *Muster Rolls, etc., etc., Black Hawk War 1832*, p. 7.

¹⁶ Tarbell, *op. cit.*, p. 144.

service again until the twentieth.¹⁷ The officer who mustered Lincoln into service the second and third times was Major Robert Anderson, later to be commander of Fort Sumter during the early part of the Civil War. From his own account:

I also mustered Abraham Lincoln twice into the service and once out. He was a member of two of the Independent companies which were not brigaded. The first time I mustered him into the service was at the mouth of the Fox River, May 29, 1832, in Captain Elijah Iles' company. . . . I mustered him out of the service at the "Rapids of the Illinois," June 16, 1832, and in four days afterwards, at the same place, I mustered him into service again in Captain Jacob M. Early's company. . . . Of course I had no recollection of Mr. Lincoln, but when President he reminded me of the fact.¹⁸

Surely if Lincoln had had any of the qualities of a good soldier he would have been remembered by some of the officers, such as General Anderson, and most likely would have been promoted. Many of the accounts build up Lincoln's accomplishments during his military career into proportions far beyond what seem to have been the actual facts as illustrated by surviving primary sources. The very fact that he remained a private during his second and third enlistments speaks for his military abilities.

¹⁷ Anderson, *op. cit.*, p. 23.

¹⁸ General Robert Anderson, *Letter dated May 10, 1870 to E. B. Washburn*, p. 4½.

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Bula Village Government

An executive committee forms the nucleus of the government of a Bula village; at the head of the executive committee is the chief, the eldest brother of the prior chief. Members participating in governmental affairs are his brothers, his sons, and his brother's sons. Each committeeman is concerned with some problems of the village. One is the supervisor of the fishing detail, whose sole duty is to keep the villagers supplied with sea foods. Another is a member in charge of the village vegetable plantations — plantations where taro, tapioca, and other tropical vegetables necessary to the native's life are grown. He is also in charge of the orchards of orange trees, papaya trees, mango trees, and breadfruit trees. Another committeeman operates the native commissary — a store where all incoming business is transacted. There, the natives can buy their kava, a South Sea beverage — a beverage, unlike our alcoholic sort, that affects the sensory nerves of one's limbs. Some members head the export division of the village. This division sells the straw mats manufactured by the natives and the excess fruits grown by the villagers. Usually the chief's eldest son supervises the working hours; he sees that laborers begin work at an early hour and stop before the sun becomes too unbearable. — ROBERT C. MUEHRCKE

Night Patrol

ROBERT E. DAVLIN

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1945-1946

ON A COLD, DAMP NIGHT WE HUDDLED TOGETHER IN the cellar of a German house. "Here is your route outlined in red," Major Bowman snapped in his noted militaristic manner. "You will leave from Outpost 26 on an azimuth of 315° at 0215. Your patrol will consist of seven men equipped with five M-3 submachine guns, two M-1 rifles, two hundred and fifty pounds of nitro-cellulose, plus fuse and detonating caps, and a '300' radio.

"Your mission is to reconnoiter the route outlined on this map," Major Bowman continued, "and proceed to this bridge marked A3. According to intelligence reports, this bridge is guarded on the southern flank by a dug-in machine gun emplacement. You are to overcome, if necessary, this emplacement and blow up the southern end of the bridge. Sergeant Collins from Battalion Headquarters will direct the placing of the explosives and the setting of the fuse. After this is done, I suggest that you return over the same route, if possible. Lieutenant Meyers will be in charge of the patrol. All of you men have volunteered for this patrol, and I don't consider it necessary to impress upon you the dangers involved. Are there any questions?"

I asked the major for the radio code, whereupon he drew from his field jacket a typewritten sheet of code. He instructed me to memorize it — then destroy it.

The instructions seemed to be sufficient, and so the major left our cellar and returned to headquarters. It was now 2245 — we had three hours and a half left to wait. We each looked over the large map before us and attempted to fix the important landmarks in our memory. Each knew the importance of the mission and the possibilities of never returning. However, we thought of the promised week of vacation behind the lines, if the invasion were successful, and were all determined that nothing would go wrong.

The men checked their equipment and ammunition to satisfy themselves that everything was in good working condition. Ray Mitchell found his rifle dirty, and energetically began cleaning it thoroughly. I checked my M-3 and allowed it to pass inspection. The radio was checked and no defects were located.

After we were all satisfied that our equipment and ammunition were in good condition, we lay on the floor and attempted to get some much needed rest.

At 0145 we were all awakened and told that we had but thirty minutes before we were due to leave Outpost 26. Hurriedly, we secured our equip-

ment and climbed the cellar steps to the outside.

A blast of cold wind quickly banished the thought of sleep that still lingered about me. The ground was covered with white. The narrow street was bordered by bomb-devastated homes, their jutting scars accentuated by their cloak of snow. The silence of the early morning gave me the feeling that evil eyes were glaring from every corner and crevice that the darkness shadowed.

We made our way down the short street to the end of the village. From then on we walked in single file through a path in a wooded area until we came upon Outpost 26. After giving the password to the guard, we closed in together around Lieutenant Meyers, who gave us the last-minute instructions: "Now remember that our primary mission is to put that bridge in a million pieces, and our secondary mission is to mop up any outposts that we run across along the way. We've got to be damn careful not to cause any disturbance on the way there or we may never see that bridge. Be careful not to make any noise, and don't fire unless it's absolutely necessary. If anything happens to me, Sergeant Deker will take command. Are there any questions?"

Seven figures cloaked in white snow suits began to make their way through the heavy snow toward enemy-held territory. The first scout in the file was a short, brawny Mexican, Pedro Miranda, from El Paso, Texas, who was as quick as he was considered handsome by his numerous female admirers. Miranda had never been known to lead a patrol into a trap. His eyes pierced the darkness as if it were day. His ears were incredibly able to distinguish between friendly and enemy sounds. When his M-3 sputtered, it sputtered death.

Behind Miranda was Lieutenant Meyers, who never shunned a fight, and who was equally eager to begin one. I followed next with the "300" radio on my back, constantly checking with headquarters and giving our position. The other four followed behind me, carrying the explosives. Sergeant Deker brought up the rear.

We had not traveled for more than five hundred yards down a small valley when Miranda gave us a quick signal to "hit the ground." As soon as my face made contact with the soft snow, a machine gun to our left front on the side of a hill began to blaze away at us. The tracers passed over our heads and buried themselves in the snow beyond us. We were spotted. If we moved, we had one chance in a hundred of leaving the valley. If we remained, it would be but a matter of minutes before we would be subjected to mortar fire.

Nervously I reported our predicament to headquarters. I gave the position of the machine gun and pleaded for immediate artillery support. For a period that seemed to cover a life's span, I waited for our first artillery shell. Finally it came, landing about one hundred yards behind the emplacement.

Quickly I radioed the correction, and within a minute two rounds fell about ten yards from the target, obliterating our opposition.

Lieutenant Meyers immediately gave the order to continue to our objective. His intention was to regain lost time while the Germans were still confused. We pushed on down the small valley until we came within sight of an asphalt-covered road, at right angles to our route of advance.

As Miranda neared the wood, he again motioned for all of us to hit the ground. We immediately dropped and lay there wondering for over two minutes before we discovered the cause of the signal. Passing before us, and not more than ten feet from Miranda, was a column of nearly fifty German infantrymen. After we were certain that they were beyond hearing and seeing distance, we quickly crossed the road and continued toward our objective.

After we had covered about a quarter mile without further interference, we saw the steel structure of the bridge loom up before us. According to the intelligence reports that we had received, we were heading directly for the machine gun emplacement guarding the southern end of the bridge. Lieutenant Meyers then gave the order to halt where we were while he and Miranda investigated our position. The remainder of the patrol crouched in the snow about two hundred yards from the southern end of the bridge, while our patrol leader and our scout converged upon the bridge from its flanks. We dropped all of our excess equipment in the snow behind us, as we prepared to lend any needed assistance if it became necessary. The minutes sped on and my heart raced in nervous anticipation. My knees, in their bent position, began to cramp as the muscles strained. I hurriedly mumbled a short prayer and strained my ears to catch the first sound of activity. Out of the still night came a faint groan. I shifted my feet and froze in a rigid position. The safety on a rifle behind me snapped as it was released. Then there was a clearly audible "tap-tap." Recognizing our prearranged signal, we swiftly but quietly gathered our equipment and hurried forward toward the bridge.

Fortune had been kind. Both guards that had been placed upon the machine gun had fallen asleep at their posts. Lieutenant Meyers had insisted that their sleep be permanent. He used eight inches of cold steel on one and Miranda silenced the other in a similar manner.

While we took positions immediately to protect Sergeant Collins as he placed the explosives beneath the steel structure of the bridge, I radioed our progress to headquarters. It was only a matter of a few minutes before the explosives were handed down to Collins, the fuse was set, and the charge was lighted.

We had covered almost five hundred yards of our return route before the sky was suddenly illuminated by a crimson glow. As I turned to look back, the blast of the explosion shook the ground. The men lengthened their stride in their hurried return to the safety of our lines.

Providence guided our footsteps and we soon reached Outpost 26. I breathed more easily as I radioed, "Love birds returned O. P. 26. Mission accomplished. Warm up the coffee. Will report immediately. Over." A voice replied, "Your roost is ready and your coffee is hot. Truck on in. Roger and out "

Chowringhee Road

WILLIS MASEMORE

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1945-1946

I REMEMBER THE CLATTERING CLAMOR OF TRAM CARS; the sweaty, panting bodies of half naked rickshaw boys, racing for countless destinations; the rumble of hundreds of voices, all babbling at once in a tongue foreign to my ear; massive oxen struggling with their heavy burden through the street; bicycles darting in and out; the glint of a silver hub and a yellow axle on an open Victoria; and a few ancient motor cars, converted to charcoal, chugging laboriously along.

Nor will I forget a half-starved beggar huddled at the foot of a monument to the grandeur of his sovereign; a child yanking my pants leg and screaming for a one or two anna piece; a beautiful Hindu woman, veiled and clad in a pure white sari; a sea of big black umbrellas sheltering the teeming masses from the scorching noonday sun; a policeman, impressive in his red fez, directing the hopelessly snarled up traffic; shiny black foreheads, each adorned with a jewel or daubed with a red, white, or green dot; merchants barking their wares and tempting the unsuspecting into the dark interiors of their dismal little shops; a barber plying his art by the curbstone; mourners carrying their dead to be burned; and many arms covered with heavy silver bracelets of strange and intricate design.

There, too, were the smells — some delightful, some repugnant, some strong, and others tantalizingly faint. There was the tangy odor of coffee being sold in the street; of incense, fish, fresh fruit, little cakes on a griddle, and a sweetish stuff that was sold on dark green leaves; the smell of heat and crowded people; of tepid sewer water standing in an open main; of dung from the sacred cows; the brittle mustiness of antique ivory; the dry, dusty smell of baskets for sale in an old bazaar; the moist watermelon odor of a cobra being charmed by its master; and at night the very faint odor of suspense — perhaps mystery — of the darkness itself.

Yes, to me Chowringhee Road is a conglomeration of vivid details, a marvelous montage of sights and sounds and smells. To the natives of Calcutta, Chowringhee is just another street — a daily scene in their daily lives.

Will Russia Cooperate?

THOMAS S. POOL

Rhetoric II, Semester Examination, Summer 1946

FROM ALL THAT APPEARS IN OUR NEWSPAPERS THESE days, the average citizen concludes that Russia has no desire to cooperate with the other world powers. Some of our more enlightened citizens consider that it is only a matter of time before Russia's uncooperative attitude will plunge the world into a third great war.

I am not pro-Russian, I do not agree with Russian political philosophies, and I would not like to live with the Russians or have them live with me. I am not, however, of the opinion that the Western powers are wise, or, in many cases even justified, in the attitude with which they have gone into their relations with Russia.

The Western powers have pursued a policy of isolation or hostility toward Russia ever since the days of the Red Revolution in 1917. They gave active and non-active support to the Tsarist White Russians and after the close of World War I gave support to Polish aggression. At this time the Russians were losing land to the Western powers and getting nothing in return but scorn. Russia was not even invited to the conferences at Paris and Versailles, nor was she invited into the League.

Finally, with the threat of Hitler and Mussolini in the middle thirties, the Western powers sought the friendship of Russia. They got it. The business before the League at that time was that of disarmament. All the powers of the righteous League were squabbling over the extent to which they might be armed. Russia came into these meetings with a plan that she was prepared to support and abide by. It provided for almost total disarmament of all the powers. "Out of the question, of course! Who wants to disarm?"

On every move that the U.S.S.R. has made since her creation, she has been barred by a jealous England and a fearful France. She has had to yield to the power politics of England, France, and the United States. She has simply come into her own since the war. She is in a position to outpower the "strong men" of the capitals of the world who were such "men of action" all through the past decade.

The strong men, our vociferous leaders, are getting what they have asked for for the past twenty years. They now try to excuse themselves to us with cries of "Red peril," "aggression," "Communist threat," and "Russia will NOT COOPERATE."

An Open Letter

THEODORE MCCARTY

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1945-1946

May 17, 1946

Mr. JOHN STELLE, National Commander
American Legion

DEAR SIR:

As commander of the American Legion, you are naturally interested in the welfare of all veterans; therefore, I am writing you my opinion on the proposed payment of a cash bonus for World War II servicemen.

The bonus payment would be harmful rather than helpful to most veterans, and I think you will agree that anything which destroys the initiative, ability, and self-confidence of the young men of America is detrimental to the future welfare of our country.

For the past several months, the American Legion has been backing the proposal of a bonus for veterans of World War II. Many politicians and citizens favor this bonus, but others, like myself, disapprove of such a payment. The politicians realize that their jobs depend upon the voters, and since many of the voters are veterans, one easily understands why such emphasis is placed on obtaining their good will by handing them a cash payment. A great majority of the veterans favor this bonus because they are selfish or shortsighted. They seem to think that they are entitled to have everything they desire just because they are ex-servicemen. This selfish attitude will cause them to vote for any politician who favors excessive benefits for the servicemen.

When the Selective Service Act was passed, I, like thousands of other men, was not too pleased with the idea of spending a year in the army. We went into service because we had to, and we reluctantly became a part of the army. When war was declared, our attitudes changed from reluctance to complete agreement that it was the job of every able-bodied citizen to do his part for Uncle Sam. This idea of doing one's part has aroused comments and criticisms from many veterans. Obviously all of us could not stay in this country; neither could all of us go overseas. Many people who wanted to go abroad had to stay here, and many who wanted to stay had to go overseas. There are people, both in the service and out of it, who did not do their full share towards winning the war, but the majority of the people did all they could to bring about our victory.

I spent two and one-half years overseas and one year in combat as an infantryman. I do not think I exaggerate or brag when I say that I performed my duty as far as I was able. I bought bonds and still have them. Several

hundred thousand other servicemen did the same thing. While I was overseas many of my friends worked hard and faithfully without a vacation in order to provide the materials of war. It would appear that most servicemen and civilians fulfilled an obligation to their country by doing as much as they were capable of doing. If both groups did their duty, why then should veterans feel that they are entitled to a bonus? Why shouldn't civilians be entitled to a bonus? Clearly civilian workers must have done their job well or we couldn't have had the materials of war. Many veterans overlook the fact that civilians performed their duty as well as the front-line soldier.

Most veterans feel that civilians made enormous sums of money during the war. Wages were high, but the cost of living was also high, a fact which many people overlook. The average civilian worker was never paid an exorbitant salary. It is true many skilled workers did make a high weekly wage, but those workers were employed at that job for several years to enable them to have that skill. The hourly wage didn't increase much, but the overtime hours brought an added income.

The United States serviceman was among the world's highest paid. Though he did not receive a high weekly wage, he received free clothing; free food, which was the best in this country; free medical and dental care, which many men would otherwise never have obtained; a place to live; and an insurance policy which provided the maximum of protection for a minimum of cost.

While in the army, I suffered many hardships, but I do not feel that I am entitled to anything extra in the way of a bonus. Like millions of others, I was merely performing a necessary job. It was our duty to fight for our country as much as it was the duty of the defense worker to provide our weapons and equipment of war. It is true, the defense worker continued in his profession while our life in the service interrupted our normal occupation, but I do not think a flat bonus payment to each veteran will pay for the interruption of his career, or for the time he spent away from home, or for the hardships he endured, or for the loss of limbs and health. In recognition of the veterans' needs and welfare the United States Government has passed the G. I. Bill in an attempt to restore the serviceman to his normal way of life as justly and quickly as possible. This bill enables the veteran to secure an education to fit him for a position in the future. If it weren't for this legislation, thousands of men would not be attending the universities today. I think that four years of schooling should be enough bonus for anyone. For those veterans who do not attend school, on-the-job instruction enables them to learn a trade while receiving pay equal to the skilled craftsman's. If the veteran doesn't want either of these benefits, he may secure his old job with full seniority guaranteed him. When a civilian stopped working, his seniority stopped. The government is considering a housing bill to enable

veterans to purchase low-cost homes and also a terminal-leave bill for enlisted veterans.

From any viewpoint, it would appear that the veteran has had his share of benefits, but the State of Illinois proposes to pay a cash bonus to every veteran.

The attitude of many veterans is this: "Give me all that I can get as long as it doesn't cost me anything." Actually, this proposed bonus is charity or an indirect method of begging. After the state pays the bonus and the veterans have spent the money, the veterans will then start a campaign for a national bonus. The more people receive, the more they expect. The proposed bonus would give many veterans the idea of getting something for nothing. It would create a desire to receive something extra without doing anything to earn it.

Many veterans do not realize who pays for a bonus. The answer is the people. Since veterans are citizens, they will help to pay for any bonus they receive. Each time a person buys cigarettes or attends a movie, he will be helping to pay for this bonus. The people of this nation are taxed enough already. The national debt now amounts to \$1,985 per person. Instead of increasing this tax load, we should be finding ways to lower taxes and to eliminate our debt.

A cash bonus will not only increase the public debt, but it will decrease the moral standards of many young men; therefore, I urge you to consider seriously the proposed bonus, and to publicize completely the economic significance of such a payment, not only for the veteran, but for the whole nation. With the facilities of your great organization at your disposal, it would be a worthy service to our country if you plan a program to educate the veteran to the full consequences of a bonus payment.

Yours truly,

THEODORE McCARTY

Confusion: Army Style

Army confusion is totally different from the ordinary type such as might result in a bargain sale of women's nylon stockings where each unabashed woman participating in the free-for-all is doing her little bit in adding to the general, over-all melee. It is, rather, confusion instigated by a confused person. It is, hurry up and wait; pack up, we won't be leaving for months; and take-off, the mission is cancelled. It is doing things, just anything, and then undoing them so that they can be done again. It is a nightmare of disorganization, ambiguous orders, and unpleasanties all thrown together. — ROBERT F. KRUG

Rhet as Writ

She has no friends or near relatives and doesn't attempt to make any.

. . . .

Mexico should have some form of civilized industry but not to the extent of hindering the nativity of its human being.

. . . .

The two vices which are predominant in the colony are gambling and immortality.

. . . .

Conway ended up in a Chinese missionary suffering from amnesia.

. . . .

When the time came that I could no longer go to camp as a camper, I returned as a counsellor. In most cases, it was in the capacity of craft director, and so I had a few years of experience in teaching the fascinating trick of making things yourself behind me.

. . . .

The U. S. has a larger area per square mile than England.

. . . .

He still hated women. In his opinion, they were nothing but scheming little wrenches.

. . . .

I was rejected because of the loss of the two teeth over which I had no control.

. . . .

The noun "language," pronounced lang' gwij, is derived from a mixture of Old French, Latin, and Methodist Episcopal words meaning "tongue." Language in Old French and Methodist Episcopal was spelled "language," and in Modern French, "langue."

. . . .

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Casablanca to Tripoli

RICHARD HAAG

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

THE NAMES WERE READ OFF AT THE NOON FORMATION. Eighteen of us were "alerted" to be flown to Tripoli. The orders had come sooner than we had expected. Jack Metzger and I put our heads together to find a way to have one last look at Casablanca. Between us, we gave birth to two ideas, which we "cried" to the proper authorities.

Jack wanted to buy some film, and I had to pick up a watch that I had left to be repaired. These ruses were accepted on the condition that first we were to pack our stuff and drop it at headquarters. We packed pronto. The "sarge" then surprised us by giving us our passes and the keys to the company jeep. After stopping in our area and collecting a few empty wine bottles, we sped from Camp Don B. Passage in a cloud of dust. We brought the bottles back filled with sparkling Burgundy and allotted a canteenful to each of our buddies.

That night, the eighteen of us got little sleep. We had a royal bull-session which ended, as bull-sessions often do, with a heated discussion about religion. Those who had "hit the sack" were rudely aroused by the merciless C.Q.'s whistle. In considerable confusion, we loaded into two six-by-sixes and shivered all the way to the airport. After the guards at the airport entrance waved us on, we pulled onto the runway and stopped under the wing of a C-54. Down the strip we could dimly see the forms of B-25's, laid out like men on a chessboard — pawns to be played by the Tenth Air Force in the battle of Burma.

After a stretch, a smoke, and a roll call, we climbed into the belly of the plane. Our baggage was loaded. Before we were seated in the bucket-seats, we noticed that we were sharing the ride with two factory-fresh B-29 engines.

Most of us were going up for the first time. I shall never forget the thrill of it. After the crew passed up the aisle between us, things began to happen up front. After a while came the high-pitched crescendo of a magneto; it ended with the number three engine bursting into life. One after another the engines roared into action. Blue flames streaked from the exhaust. After the warmup period, we taxied to the end of the strip. The brakes were tested and applied. We could hear the electric engines whir as the flaps and the rudder were checked. Safety belts were fastened, and Jack looked at me, his lips curved in a thoughtful smile. Each engine was given full throttle in turn, and the ship vibrated in anticipation of becoming airborne. All the engines seemed to respond perfectly to the touch of the pilot.

Then all four were "revved-up" in a deafening roar. Just as it seemed the plane would tear itself apart, there was a lurch, and we thundered down the runway, past the B-25's. Before I could realize it, we were airborne. The ground dropped away.

Some of the boys must have been frightened because I heard some sighs of relief as we removed our safety-belts. The C-54 climbed a long arc over the city and its harbor. We had a last look at the French battleship, the once-mighty *Jean Bart*, which now lay against the breakwater — rusting in the dark sea. We dipped a wing and banked toward the sun, which was just coming over the brink of the world. I shall always remember how Casablanca looked from the air that morning. I forgot about the houses of vice, the crowded cabarets, and the reeking *medina*, or native section. The city looked immaculate and organized, and no sin seemed possible there.

The whitewashed villas cast long shadows, and the olive groves became uniform. The open country came, and it passed slowly beneath us; the land became less fertile; the rolling hills grew sharper.

As the sunlight began to find its way into the valleys, they appeared to lose their depth. Soon we were flying through wispy strings of mist, the beginnings of clouds. When I was a child, I recalled, I thought that clouds were composed of smoke and that they moved around the earth in a definite cycle. The clouds choked in around us and soon swallowed us up. The wings began icing up, and the air became turbulent. The plane no longer seemed to be the complete master over its element. I was strangely fascinated by the buckling and bending of the wings as they absorbed the shocks of the storm.

The plane was nosed over slightly, and soon we broke through into the world of sunlight. Just ahead a solitary mountain lofted its cap of pure snow. This majestic peak, in the Atlas range, was one of the few landmarks on the route to Tripoli. We seemed to pass so closely that I watched to see if the snow was disturbed by the prop-wash.

Jack Metzger motioned to me; together we went up to the cockpit, where we enjoyed a smoke.

While we smoked, the terrain below us changed a great deal. The land lay full in the sun, and barren, with outcroppings of stone and occasional dunes. Small wonder, I thought, that the Berbers and the Islamic peoples were of a fierce and wild nature — small wonder, that the Islamites had chosen for their flag a field of green.

Feeling tired, I stretched out in the aisle and rolled up in a blanket.

I found my canteen and took a long, slow "pull." I sloshed my tongue around in this grape juice and forced its richness between my teeth before swallowing it. A warmth radiated through me. I remember thinking about the rise and fall of the Carthaginians, and then about the Battle of Tours. I contemplated that I might now be a Mohammedan had not Martel's forces

been the stronger. I remembered that the Arabs had devised the term for zero, which is the basis of our numerical system. This was the solution to the problem which had proved to be too much for the Greeks or Romans. I thought of caravans falling prey to bearded horsemen, and of blue-eyed Moors, and veiled women, and of dusky dancing girls. . . . The steady hum of the plane lulled me to sleep.

They Were There

STANLEY BURT

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1945-1946

WALKS-ON-RIVER, TWO-FINGERS, DICK WASHAKIE, and others of the vanishing tribe of full-blooded Indian never read our history books, but if they did, they would disagree with the way we have written up many episodes in our western expansion. They would certainly disagree with the conventional story of Custer's last stand, and particularly with the legend of his cunning and bravery. He certainly did not exhibit cunning when he led his men into a trap set by the Indians, or bravery in the manner of his death. These men should know what really happened at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, for they were there.

It is common knowledge that, after a forced march, Custer reached the Little Big Horn River with his Seventh Cavalry, and after dividing his forces, attacked the enemy village. We also know that he met with an overwhelming number of Indians, and was forced back to a small hill where his command was completely wiped out.

The Indians would agree with this, but many of the details as we know them do not agree with those Dick Washakie, son of the famous Shoshone chief, told my father, for a time the Indian Agent for the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes in Wyoming.

"Ask him to go on," Dad said to the interpreter. After the translation, the venerable Indian paused to gather up his thoughts, and then slowly began to speak from the past.

"I was a scout for General Terry when Long Hair went out to find Sitting Bull's camp. Long Hair wanted to travel fast, so he left all his artillery with Terry. He didn't even take his saber. Long Hair was always in a hurry. Always showing off."

"What was Custer to do when he found the camp?"

"The plan was for Long Hair to watch the village, count the warriors, and wait for Terry to arrive with the artillery and reinforcements; then they would attack the village together."

Dad interrupted to ask if Custer had met any Indians on the way.

"I do not think so. He sent no messages back, and we never saw him again. Terry began following soon after, but we could not go so fast because of the artillery. When we neared the Little Big Horn, something was wrong — but we did not know what."

Washakie paused to remember, then continued slowly. "We found some soldiers who told us they had been attacked by a large army of Sioux, Crows, and Arapahoes. They didn't know where Long Hair was, so we began looking for him. We could see where a large camp had been at the edge of the river, but there were no Indians around. They had gone north."

"What did the battlefield look like when you found it?" Dad wanted to know.

"When we found Long Hair, there were many bodies about him, and many dead horses. All the bodies were stripped and scalped and cut up. All except Long Hair. They didn't touch him."

My father asked what had happened at the battle. Washakie explained that he knew only what Two-Fingers, who had participated in the actual battle, later told him.

"Sitting Bull was a wise medicine man. When he learned from his scouts that Long Hair was coming, he set a trap for him by hiding his warriors in the brush along the river, leaving only the old men and women and a few braves in the camp. When Long Hair saw how weak the village was, he started across the river to attack. When he was in the river, the braves charged, and killed many soldiers before they could retreat to a small hill."

"Where was Sitting Bull during the Battle?" Dad asked. He was now completely absorbed in the story.

"Sitting Bull was not a warrior. He was a medicine man and was not in the battle. Sitting Bull told his braves to kill all the soldiers except Long Hair. He wanted him to use in bargaining with the government."

"Then why was Custer killed?" Dad asked.

"When all the soldiers were dead, the warriors rushed in to grab Long Hair; but before they could reach him, he raised his pistol to his head and killed himself."

The Indian paused to emphasize his last sentence, but my Dad couldn't wait.

"Why did they mutilate the bodies?"

"The braves did not do that. After the battle the squaws stripped the bodies and scalped them. The men did not do that. They did not touch Long Hair because Indians are afraid of a man who kills himself. He has evil spirits."

With that he was through. Dick had told his story of the Custer massacre as he knew it. Though Dick's version isn't in our history book, the old Indian was sincere, and his memory sharp. I am inclined to believe him.

Kriegie Craftsmen

ROBERT A. CHITTENDEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1945-1946

MONOTONY AND BOREDOM DOMINATED THE LIVES of prisoners of war — kriegies (contraction of the German word *kriegsgefangenen*) — at the German Luftwaffe camp, Stalag Luft III, Sagan, Germany. The kriegies had all too few of the material things of life and much too much time on their hands. In every room of every barracks of each of the four compounds, a former pilot, bombardier, or navigator was appointed the official tinsmith, and someone else was elected to the responsible post of cook. Since time was so plentiful, they spent many hours perfecting their respective techniques. Through necessity the two worked in close cooperation. The Goons — the kriegie equivalent of Germans — issued uncooked vegetables but no cooking vessels. The cooks had nothing to work with, other than large porcelain pots, and there weren't even enough of these to go around. Since the only available metal was the tin cans in which Red Cross food was packaged, the tinsmiths set to work fashioning pans and utensils from salvaged food tins.

The various tinsmiths normally used the same method for preparing the cans for conversion into useful articles. The tops and bottoms were removed with one of the precious Goon-issue table knives. The seam along the edge of the can was opened up, and the tin was hammered into a flat sheet. After the rough edges were trimmed, the sheet was cut to the desired size. When several tin sheets had been prepared, the craftsman joined them together to form one large piece of material. He did this through a series of overlapping joints which were secured by placing the flat side of a knife blade on the seam and pounding it out with an improvised wooden mallet. The large tin sheet was measured and cut according to the shape and size of the vessel desired by the cook. After the material was folded at the corners and the seams tightened once more, the baking pan was given a watertight test, while fourteen hungry roommates assured their resourceful buddy that he had done a fine job. Usually a few droplets of water revealed the presence of one or two slight leaks, but they were sealed by food particles after the pan had been used several times. Naturally the first few utensils made by the self-made tinsmiths were crude. After a little more experience, however, the craftsman usually produced pans which were truly pieces of skilled workmanship. The complete lack of adequate cutting tools caused the finished product to seem even more ingenious.

One enterprising kriegie perfected a soldered seam. The idea itself wasn't revolutionary, but the method devised to do the job was. Two pieces of

equipment necessary for the soldering process were fashioned from tin. The first was a small burner with a wick. Rancid butter — obtained from the scarce Red Cross food parcels — was used as fuel. It was pre-heated to cause it to flow through the wick, where it burned with a cool yellow flame. A blowpipe — the master stroke — resembled a bean blower with a cone-shaped tip attached. Solder was obtained in tiny amounts from the lids of corned-beef cans. Thirty or forty lids were placed in a stove. The melted solder, collected and poured into a crack in the floor, formed a long, thin bar. The flame of the burner was placed between the article to be soldered and the tip of the blowpipe. When the tinsmith blew through the tube, the oxygen from his breath created a hot, blue, pointed flame. This flame was directed on the metal surface while solder was applied. That particular technique, generally used for welding operations, proved to be a very effective way to solder.

After the immediate need for pots and pans had been taken care of, the smith usually started experimenting with his own pet ideas for the production of a few luxuries. Cracker grinders were made from the inevitable tin can and a few scraps of wood. A large can, its surfaces perforated from the inside with a nail, served as a grinding surface. It was mounted on an axle and revolved by a crank. It proved to be a great improvement over the improvised conventional grater, which usually was responsible for torn fingernails and bloody finger tips.

Another luxury, the kriegie washing machine, was usually referred to as the pogo stick. It consisted of two cans, of different sizes, one inside the other, mounted on the end of a stick. A novel valve arrangement permitted air to be forced from the cans as the stick was pushed down into a bucket of clothes. On the up stroke the resulting vacuum caused the heavy, wet clothes to cling to the cans momentarily as they were lifted away from the bottom of the bucket. When the load became too much for the vacuum to hold, they were released and dropped back to the bottom of the pail. The agitation caused by rapid strokes of the pogo stick removed dirt more easily and more effectively than the conventional "backbreaker" method.

Fuel was very scarce at Sagan; consequently, any method for utilizing more of the heat was accepted with great joy. A small stove with a supercharged draft was constructed. As usual, it was made from tin cans. A wooden wheel revolved and drove a smaller wooden wheel at a ratio of about one turn to twenty. On the same axle with the small wooden wheel was an impeller, a fan-shaped arrangement with about eight or ten blades. The impeller was encased in a housing, complete with a tunnel which directed the flow of the forced draft through the grate of the stove. The arrangement resulted in quicker heat at higher temperatures and also increased the supply of available fuel. Green sticks, old shoes, pine needles, or practically anything else of questionable value could be effectively burned.

Other items such as pancake turners, egg beaters (not that there were any fresh eggs), and the like were turned out in wholesale lots. At the end of a month the cooks were well equipped with labor-saving devices.

Many of the craftsmen turned their newly developed talents into a hobby. They produced, for example, picture frames, cigarette cases, and pipe racks. One kriegie built a steam-driven boat two and a half feet long. It contained a boiler, two steam-driven turbines, two propelling screws, and all of the necessary handmade tubing and fittings. On her maiden voyage in a fire pool she crossed the thirty feet under her own power, and against the wind at that.

The kriegies took such pride in their projects that a real spirit of competition developed. Each man struggled to improve his designs and workmanship. Eventually a contest was scheduled, and prizes were awarded for the most useful, the best constructed, and the most novel of the entries. First prize was a couple of packages of American cigarettes, something really worth the effort. Non-smokers participated for the pleasure derived from tinkering and for the honor of being recognized as the compound's best craftsman.

The room cook was, of course, as important as the tinsmith and frequently as ingenious. Food was scarce. Although the Red Cross parcels helped immeasurably, they were never adequate. As a result, the cooks endeavored to make what was available as tasty as possible.

Most of the food was prepared in the usual manner. Carrots and kohlrabi were boiled, potatoes were mashed, and the heavy German bread was toasted; however, the same dishes time after time became monotonous. A search was on for new ways to prepare the same old issue. The Goon ration of uncooked barley was soon transformed into a tasty dish. The grain was boiled for several hours until it had absorbed a large amount of water and increased its bulk considerably. It was then poured into a pan and allowed to set overnight. After twelve or fourteen hours it had the consistency of corn meal mush. The solidified mass was sliced and fried. A small amount of coarse Goon sugar in water was boiled into a thin syrup. The hot fried barley covered with syrup made a first-rate breakfast for palates which longed to be tickled with something different.

By cutting a few meals to the minimum, we could accumulate a small food surplus. On a special holiday such as Thanksgiving or Christmas, the surplus was "bashed" — the kriegie equivalent of "shooting the works" — in order that everyone might have food enough to feel somewhat satisfied at the end of the meal.

The most remarkable culinary achievement was the preparation of macaroni and cheese. Tough, large Canadian crackers, from Canadian Red Cross food parcels, were soaked overnight in a thin mixture of powdered

milk. When the crackers were sufficiently softened, salt and American cheese — from American Red Cross parcels — were added. The "macaroni" was baked until enough water had been evaporated to give the proper consistency. This variation was well received.

American ingenuity in World War II has been praised often and loud. This ingenuity, directed toward unpublicized ends, paid big dividends to the first force which invaded Germany in the Second World War. Uncle Sam's ten thousand nephews at Stalag Luft III maintained high morale by spending their time in attempts to better their existence. Reading and sports contributed a great deal to the task. Pounding tin cans into useful articles and preparing more appetizing meals, however, were the most practical and necessary of the kriegies' varied activities.

Geruma Shima

Our small boat bumped as it hit the sun drenched, shell cluttered beach on that scorching, cloudless day in August. The ramp dropped, and there, about one hundred yards inland, we saw the small primitive town of Geruma. Nestled in the heavy umbrella-shaped guno trees, like Easter eggs spread out in a green tissue paper nest, were the rounded, sloping, red tile roofs of the houses.

As we approached, the cool damp air of the village eased the burning in our throats and nostrils, and we could hear the bleating of sheep from within the walls of the courtyards. The cool shade of the guno trees was as refreshing as a dip in the sea on a hot summer day. The winding narrow ox cart streets were formed by eight-foot-high stone walls that surrounded and secluded the homes and courtyards of the local dwellers. Within these walls, the small one-story mud and clay houses, a goat pen attached to the far end, were now as they had been for centuries, unchanged by the rumbling turmoil and progress of the outside world. The fish nets hanging neatly on small wooden pegs on the inside of the walls were the same kind as were used by the fathers, grandfathers, yes, and even the great grandfathers of the present generation. In the shaded courtyards, little children played now as they did before the discovery of the new world. Progress, the improved way to an unimproved end, was unknown to these people in their little shaded oasis. — CLIFFORD LOOMIS

The Meaning of Life

To me, while in combat, life connoted sorrow, grief, hate, bitterness, disillusionment and discouragement. It meant that my senses, a part of life itself, could torment me, that I could freeze in bitterly cold fields and forests. It permitted me to be wet and muddy and dirty and *feel* wet and muddy and dirty. It allowed me to be stung by fear and tortured by the death and smell of death around me. It empowered me to experience the anguish of the dire monotony of continually moving and attacking as in capturing a clearing leading to a forest, capturing a forest leading to a cluster of farmhouses, capturing the cluster of farmhouses guarding a ridge, capturing a ridge guarding a clearing.

— ARTHUR R. GOTTSCHALK

December, 1946

Maybelle

EARLE HANKS

Rhetoric I, Theme C, 1946-1947

WHEN I WAS A SMALL BOY, MY SISTER AND I USED to go every summer to a small farm my parents owned. There we lived with the tenants until we were called back to town by school. Our main interest was not, as you might think, in chasing chickens, riding horses, and doing all the other things city children on farms are expected to do. Much to the exasperation of Minnie, our tenant's wife, we spent most of our time listening on the party line. When we came back in the fall even more pale than when we went away, our parents, expecting us tanned and healthy, never failed to be disappointed. Instead of running and playing in the sun, we spent our every free moment at the telephone.

About a quarter of a mile down the road from our farm lived a lovable character who labored under the atrocious name of Maybelle. She was a very plump old maid with a huge bosom which shelved several dime-store brooches and two medals that proclaimed to all the world she was White County's Champion Angel-food Cake Baker. She wore these signs of victory and leadership everywhere, and it was a common rumor that she hung them around her neck on a string when she bathed. I am sure that she would rather have appeared in public without her petticoat than be seen without them.

She had a small income — no one knew just where it came from — upon which she fared very well. She seemed never to work except to feed her pets and herself. Her time, as was ours, was spent listening to the conversations of her neighbors on the telephone. She was a most accurate authority on the comings and goings of the people in our community. If any business a person did involved using the 'phone, it was understood that Maybelle, and subsequently the whole community, would know about it.

I remember once when my sister had a fish bone caught in her throat and we were frantically calling for the doctor, ever-present Maybelle calmly cut in to announce, "Well, let's see. Early this mornin' he went out to see about Old Lady Jenkins's gall bladder, and from there he went to see about Nat Taylor's oldest girl and her tonsil operation she had done last Tuesday. I reckon about now he ought to be out at Effie Potter's looking at her fifth-born. He's supposed to go see Sal Burnside, but she ain't no more sick than I am, so if I's you I'd jest call Potter's and tell Doc Stanley to come right over." Sure enough, when we called the Potter farm, we found the doctor there and willing to come to our house and extract the bone that was causing so much trouble.

No matter how much we listened, we could never know as much news as our friend, Maybelle; moreover, because of the few small chores we were required to do, we spent some time away from the telephone. That was not so with Maybelle. She had a bell installed outside her house so that she could catch any call that came while she was outdoors.

Naturally, we often speculated on how she made her living. Our only clue was that every Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock a black sedan would stop at her house for about ten minutes. Neighbor women, anxious to solve the mystery, would drop in unexpectedly on Wednesdays and stay until four and after. However, there must have been some prearranged signal between Maybelle and her unknown visitor, for when she had company, the black sedan never stopped.

This mystery was not solved until the fourth summer I had visited there. Then it was suddenly revealed to the whole community why it was that Maybelle listened to the telephone conversations so religiously. Someone, somehow, discovered that Maybelle was selling the news she heard on the party line to the county paper. She was in disgrace! The neighbor women refused to speak to her. Also, prejudiced judges, whose wives were on the party line, gave the prize at the county fair to some other woman's cake. Maybelle was never quite the same again.

Our Basement

ALICE JORDAN

D.G.S. 1b, Theme 3, 1945-1946

OUR BASEMENT, IN THE FOURTEEN YEARS COVERED by my memory, has led a rich and colorful life. It has no outstanding features and is much like other cellars; only what other basements do, our basement does a little more enthusiastically. When it rains, other basements grow damp and possibly leak a little, but ours becomes a raging whirlpool, and my father is forced to don his hip boots for an excursion into the unknown to unplug the stopped-up drain.

The first time such a phenomenon occurred, my mother and I were home alone and unprotected while a violent electrical storm crashed and raged outside. Our terror reached untold heights when, suddenly, from the depths emerged a sound which seemed to be produced by some monstrous creature stumbling around in our basement. We dashed for the cellar door and bolted it. Then summoning all the composure and courage at our command, we peeked down the clothes chute, only to see a large collection of milk bottles

crashing together as they were whirled about in the dark waters beneath us. Since then we have learned to meet such occasions calmly and to unplug the drain as soon as possible.

And then there was the episode of the mud puppy. A mud puppy is a small amphibian, green in color and covered with black spots. Ours was between four and five inches long. Mud puppies are partial to dampness; so, naturally, our basement was equipped with one. His only activity was to crawl out of his hole punctually at eight o'clock every night and to crawl in again an hour later. One of our favorite pastimes in the evening was to watch the mud puppy. We tried to get down to the basement either at eight or at nine, for between times he just sat, and we didn't consider it fun to watch a sitting mud puppy. It was much more exciting to see the little green slimy thing half squirm and half crawl across the floor. But this form of entertainment passed abruptly from our lives, for one sad day my mother read that a mud puppy's bite was poisonous. With the welfare of her family at stake, she decided it was best to plug up the mud puppy's hole and terminate his nightly excursions.

In the post-mud puppy era came Mr. Stenlein, who managed to brave the unfavorable climate and lived in our basement periodically over a span of years. He was the vagabond type and would depart suddenly for Texas, California, or just any place as soon as the rainy season approached. Not that I blame him, for existence in our basement during the rainy season would be comparable to residing permanently in a shallow swimming pool. Often when Mr. Stenlein departed for destinations unknown, he would forget to tell us that he was leaving. However, we could count on his return after an absence of about three months, at which time he would quietly move in again, and my father would say in resigned tones, "Well, he's back again." My mother would pretend not to hear.

Perhaps I should explain that my mother was the "discoveress" of Mr. Stenlein, and that she felt it her duty to protect him whenever my father spoke unkindly of his drifting tendencies. Antique furniture, of which my father is not fond and which my mother collects with enthusiasm, was the main reason for her defending Mr. Stenlein.

A section of our basement had been given over to the housing of all sorts of derelict tables, chests, chairs, and beds — all in need of refinishing. Somewhere back in Mr. Stenlein's mysterious past had been a period of employment as refinisher in a large furniture factory. But age had worked upon his vision, making this kind of labor impossible for him. My mother's furniture, however, numerous as my father said it was, wasn't too much for his eyes.

He also was the sole possessor of a secret formula for a miraculous furniture polish and used our basement as his headquarters for brewing and

bottling great quantities of the stuff. Then he sold it from door to door to finance his long excursions. My father lived in constant terror of Mr. Stenlein's putting the wrong constituents into his polish and blowing us all up. He always managed to go for a walk whenever the fumes of brewing furniture polish were in the air.

Mr. Stenlein, like the mud puppy, wasn't destined to become a permanent fixture in our basement, for it has been about five years now since he last set out on one of his trips; and my father has finally stopped sniffing the air for furniture polish fumes upon entering the house.

Since Mr. Stenlein, the basement has led a rather uneventful life, the only new additions being more antiques. However, the other day my mother hesitantly informed my father that she had found a yard man, who would like to live in our cellar. His name is Grover Cleveland Bishop, and my mother listed as one of his good points the fact that he knows nothing about furniture polish. Mr. Bishop is moving in next week.

The Camera Eye

A Review of 1919 by John Dos Passos

CHARLES R. BROWN

Rhetoric II, Book Review 1, Summer 1946

DOS PASSOS HAS SET DOWN A KALEIDOSCOPIC REVIEW of the causes and effects of World War I and the peace that followed, frankly tossing his indictment at the feet of capitalism and politics. He specifically names the Morgan interests, Royal Dutch Shell, and Standard Oil. In one thumbnail sketch of J. P. Morgan he writes, "War and panics on the stock exchange, bankruptcies [are] good growing weather for the House of Morgan." The author also indicates that whatever "Mr. Morgan suggests" became White House policy. He portrays Woodrow Wilson's rise as "the most powerful man in the world," and traces the bewilderment of Europe and America as "Meester Wilson" allows himself to be "trimmed in a three card game called the Council of Four . . . [with] oil as trumps."

The pillar-to-post lives of his characters serve only to hold the montage together. Throughout the novel he reveals the ordinary citizen caught in a web of circumstances spun by ambitious profiteers and politicians. "If you objected," he says, "to making the world safe for cost-plus democracy, you went to jail. . . ." Describing Wilson's homecoming, he writes, "The men

in overalls, the workingstiffs let him pass in silence after all the other blocks of . . . patriotic cheers."

By means of interpolative devices entitled "The Camera Eye" and "Newsreel" the author serves up a staccato, sans-punctuation account of the war years, employing snatches of popular songs, newspaper headlines, and speeches. His camera eye probes acutely into Paris and New York, Nice and Rome. Constant irony adds humor to an otherwise sober report, as when he proclaims, "11,000 registered harlots said the Red Cross Publicity Man infest the streets of Marseilles."

With this disconnected array of facts Dos Passos manages to leave the impression that war is a grand, drunken, pointless brawl. His novel is full of slackers, conscientious objectors, Rabelaisian soldiers, and frustrated youths. It may be true that he has chosen atypical characters and situations, but he illustrates convincingly the futility and the "*c'est la guerre*" attitude among the multitude. As one character declares, "Fellers, this war's the biggest . . . graft of the century, and me for it and the red cross nurses."

There are few faults in the author's style, but effective as "Camera Eye" and "Newsreel" are, they seem almost too incoherent for pleasant reading. Consequently a reader is tempted to skip them and thus lose a mass of background color, contrast, and humor. In addition, Dos Passos has communist tendencies which will put most readers on the defensive, and the novel at times approaches burlesque in its cynical treatment of mankind's motives and conduct.

However, his last chapter alone makes the book worth reading. As anti-war propaganda, "The Unknown Soldier" is particularly appealing. The author quotes President Harding, who spoke of Joe Doe as ". . . a typical soldier of democracy [who] fought and died believing in the . . . justice of his country's cause." Dos Passos' idea of the Unknown Soldier is —

They picked out the pine box that held all that was left of eenie, menie, minie, moe . . . Make sure he ain't a dinge, boys, a guinea, a kike . . .

How can you tell a guy's one hundred percent when all you've got's a sack full of bones and some buttons stamped with the screaming eagle?

Yes, Dos Passos has his faults, but he rarely fails to be convincing. One is strongly tempted to substitute *1946* for *1919*.

Boredom in Myitkyina

Boredom? Same, identical, monotonous routine, day after day after day. Occasional Big Thrill: GI outdoor movies three times a week. Poker. Pinochle. Bridge. Craps. The dusky Burmese gals look whiter every day. No. We're going home, sometime. We'll be doing the same thing today and tomorrow that we did yesterday and two weeks ago yesterday. "Major W—— sure had a nice-looking nurse in his jeep last night." "Yeah? I read a good story." — JOHN R. SPENCER

King James: American Monarch

BARBARA LONG

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1945-1946

"Some wanted to rule, whose fathers had not been kings. . . ."

GLENWAY WESTCOTT¹

AT THE NORTHERN END OF LAKE MICHIGAN, ABOUT fifty miles south of the Straits of Mackinac, lie a group of twelve islands known as the Beaver Islands. Although small — the largest, Big Beaver, being only twelve miles by six — they have great natural beauty, with heavily wooded slopes rising to over forty feet above the blue-green waters of the lake. There, almost a hundred years ago, lived and ruled the only crowned king in America, James Jesse Strang.² Strang was a strange and fascinating character: loved and revered by his followers as "apostle, prophet, seer, revelator, and translator";³ likened by his enemies to Judas, Cain, and Lucifer;⁴ but acknowledged by all who knew him to be a man of great talent, fearless and capable in debate, and equal to any man in general knowledge.⁵

As a child in New York State, Jesse, who later changed his name to James, was small, frail, and sickly. His teachers thought him stupid and snubbed him unmercifully. He made no friends among the children, lacking the strength to join in their rough and tumble games. Left to himself, he read all the books he could find, memorizing whole chapters of the Bible and becoming "such a master of geography that one might fancy that he had traversed the length and breadth of the earth, and his knowledge of universal history was regarded as unlimited."⁶

A term at the Fredonia Male Academy provided him with his first opportunity to excel. "He became aware of the fact that he thought faster and straighter, had a greater store of knowledge, more self-control, more eloquence, and more passion than any boy in school. . . . On the debating platform he became invincible, ruthless, superb."⁷ Slowly there grew in his mind the conviction that he was destined for some high and unusual calling. He longed passionately for fame: "'Fame, fame alone of all the production of man's folly may survive.'"⁸

¹ Quoted in O. W. Riegel, *Crown of Glory: The Life of James Jesse Strang*, p. 1.

² Walter Havighurst, *The Long Ships Passing*, p. 147.

³ Charles Backus, "An American King," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 44 (Sept., 1882), 557.

⁴ Henry Legler, "A Moses of the Mormons," *Parkman Club Publications*, 2 (1897), 126.

⁵ Riegel, *op. cit.*, p. 218. ⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 9. ⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 11. ⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 17.

During his young manhood, Strang was energetic and active. He taught school, dabbled in politics, debated, trained with the militia, lectured on temperance, and participated in the social life of the community. At the age of nineteen he began an intensive study of law, which gained him admittance to the Michigan bar in 1836. Shortly afterward he married Mary Perce, the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, and it seemed for a time that he would settle down to a conventional family life. However, his restlessness returned, and he sought a new outlet for his talents in Burlington, Wisconsin.

Strang was introduced to Mormonism in January, 1844, by a group of itinerant missionaries, who persuaded him to visit Nauvoo, Illinois, where Joseph Smith was then at the zenith of his power. Conversion came promptly, for the religion offered full play to his peculiar talents. Smith soon recognized the force within the new convert and rapidly promoted him.⁹ Within a week after baptism he received an appointment as elder, and three months later he was vested with authority to establish a branch of the church in Wisconsin. He entered into his missionary work with zeal, winning several hundred converts. When Joseph Smith was murdered at Carthage, Illinois, on June 27, Strang felt ready, although a member of the church for only five months, to assume the mantle of the dead prophet. Although he pushed his claim vigorously, basing his alleged appointment on a letter from Smith, he was immediately denounced by the leaders at Nauvoo as a forger and imposter and was excommunicated; but for a time he was one of the chief contenders in the struggle for leadership, which ended in the triumph of Brigham Young.¹⁰

Strang was not discouraged or undone by his excommunication. His followers in Wisconsin still maintained his right to leadership, and with them he started a colony at Voree. His plans called for "a strong benevolent theocracy, which would give him unlimited power and at the same time bestow upon his subjects the blessings of Strang-enlightened government. . . . In Strang, social altruism and the lust for personal power could not be separated. . . . He inevitably became a reformer-dictator, noble in social vision and thoroughly unscrupulous in the practical task of establishing and maintaining his power."¹¹ Anyone who could possibly be made useful in building the colony was welcomed. His converts included all types of humanity. On one extreme were the simple-minded religionists, superstitious and hysterical; on the other were shrewd, selfish adventurers. In between lay all kinds of good and bad. Many of his highest officers were chosen from the rowdiest elements. He hoped to give his followers a communistic econ-

⁹ Charles Strang, "A Michigan Monarchy," *Historical Collections*, 18 (1892), 629.

¹⁰ "An American Kingdom of Mormons," *Magazine of Western History*, 3 (April, 1886), 645.

¹¹ Riegel, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

omy, but for a time he had to deal with the capitalistic world and borrow money where he could. Since he believed that the colony must be totally cut off from Gentile interference in order to absorb his doctrines unmolested, he preached disloyalty to the government; and, as he gained more converts, he grew more and more hostile toward civil authorities.¹² It was during this early period that he voiced many revelations and announced that he had uncovered a number of sacred plates similar to those found by Joseph Smith. As translated by Strang, these plates gave instructions that the Saints found a communistic order, build a temple, and erect a home for their leader.¹³

After a couple of years Strang realized that Voree would never be the ideal colony for which he had planned. He fought dissension within and outside his organization. The different interests of his people had led inevitably to controversy and revolt, and their misunderstandings were heightened by outside interference. It became apparent that the conditions which had driven the Mormons from Nauvoo were threatening Voree and that it would be just a question of time before Gentile influence would annihilate it. Therefore, remembering a beautiful Michigan archipelago which he had seen during his earlier travels, Strang announced that he had received a revelation to rebuild Zion on Beaver Island. He believed the island to be an ideal choice for a seat of power — far away from civil officers whose views might differ from his own, yet close to a profitable line of traffic. There were excellent fish in its waters, abundant forests for lumber, and its soil "needed but to be scratched to yield in multiplied plenty."¹⁴

Early in May a party of five men, led by Strang, landed on Big Beaver. The white inhabitants at the trading post met them coldly and refused to give the group either food or shelter, for they feared that if one Mormon entered, many more would certainly follow. For weeks Strang and his men lived on wild leeks and beechnuts, with the few scraps that could be picked up from the traders' kitchens. Finally, two or three of the men having been given work at the post, they were able to lay in supplies and build a cabin. The first wedge had been entered. And Strang now felt that it was safe to leave them while he journeyed east to obtain more converts.

Slowly at first, but with ever increasing momentum, his followers moved to the island. The first two years were filled with hardships and suffering. The traders' attitude had become definitely hostile. Seeing their fishing grounds invaded and their commercial supremacy threatened, they refused to sell the Mormons provisions and carried out a general program of terrorism. But the building of the kingdom continued. Acres were cleared and planted, a road was cut through the forest, a cabin was erected to house the printing press, and the saw mill ran night and day to supply lumber for

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 64 ff.

¹³ Kimball Young, "Strang, James Jesse," *Dictionary of American Biography*.

¹⁴ Legler, *op. cit.*, p. 130.

houses. By July, 1850, Strang had finished the *Book of the Law of the Lord*, his translation of the plates which he had found in Wisconsin and which served as final authority on all social and theological matters. On its authority, he announced that God had commanded that he be crowned King, and he fixed July 8 as the day of his coronation.¹⁵

Strang assumed his royal powers in the tabernacle, a building eighty feet long and only partially completed at that time. He entered the building dressed in a robe of bright red and accompanied by his council, the twelve elders, and the minor orders of the ministry. The ceremony was performed by George J. Adams, president of the council, a former actor, who succeeded in making it a colorful affair. Its climax was reached when Adams placed the crown, a metal circlet with a projecting cluster of stars, upon Strang's bowed head.¹⁶

Thus began the reign of King James. His word was supreme, and his followers asserted that his was the only valid government on earth. Discipline was strict. The use of coffee, tea, tobacco, and liquor was prohibited; and prostitution and lewdness were discountenanced. The women were commanded to dress in blouses and bloomers. Saturday was decreed to be the Sabbath, and attendance at church was compulsory for all who were physically able. Any who might violate the royal commands were punished with lashes given at a public whipping post.¹⁷

Bowing to expediency, Strang discarded the communistic ideal which he had advocated at Voree. The Saints were allowed to hold title to their lands, but they were required to pay one-tenth of all that they raised or earned into a public fund which was used for improvements and the care of the poor. No other taxes were levied. Schools flourished, and the printing office from which Strang published the *Northern Islander* became a source of strength for the colony.¹⁸

Although at Voree Strang had been outspoken against polygamy, his attitude changed rapidly after he had met and fallen in love with Elvira Field, a dark-eyed school teacher. After another revelation, he assured the Saints that it was God's will for them to have more than one wife; but the practice was not especially favored by the majority of his subjects. None took more than three wives except the King, himself, who finally had five. This limitation was partially due to economic conditions, it being necessary for a man to have the means and ability to give his wives adequate care if he wished to have more than one.

Strang also made a complete turnabout in his former policy of nonresistance and pacifism. "The gospel of turning the other cheek . . . had been tried and found wanting. . . . Whosoever persecuted a Saint on Beaver

¹⁵ Riegel, *op. cit.*, p. 160.

¹⁶ Legler, *op. cit.*, p. 138.

¹⁷ Havighurst, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

¹⁸ Strang, *op. cit.*, p. 633.

Island did so at his peril. . . ."¹⁹ As the Mormons continued to gain in number and cover more territory, stories of their violence and cupidity were told in distant parts of the lakes. They were hated and feared, and vessels nearing the islands doubled their lookout in distrust of the Mormon "pirates."²⁰

Complaints were made to the United States government, and Strang was arrested on charges of piracy, counterfeiting, and robbing the United States mail. He was tried and acquitted at Detroit, after pleading his own case as one " 'persecuted for righteousness' sake." "²¹

While believing that he was a law unto himself, Strang was shrewd in making use of the machinery of the civil law to advance his aims. Twice he was elected to the Michigan legislature; and, through his efforts, the counties of northern Michigan were reorganized so that the Mormons were able to control all of the offices of the county in which Beaver Island was located.²²

Externally, Strang's power was at its zenith by 1856; internally, he faced conflict. Jealousy sprang up between him and the more intelligent of his disciples. Polygamy was a source of discord and was used as an excuse for revolt against his rigid discipline. The women rebelled at having to wear the bloomer costume. Two of his subjects, Thomas Bedford and Alexander Wentworth, who had received public discipline, determined to do themselves what the courts had failed to do. They decided to kill Strang as soon as it could be done with safety. The opportunity came when the *U. S. S. Michigan* returned to the island with a warrant for Strang's arrest. As he accompanied the master of the gunboat to the pier, the two disgruntled subjects sprang from behind a woodpile and fired at him. The King fell, mortally wounded. He died on July 9 at Voree, where he had been taken after his assassination. His assailants surrendered at once to the gunboat and were taken to Mackinac Island, where they were greeted with enthusiastic cheers by the people, who treated them as heroes. They were never brought to trial.

The Saints on Beaver Island were left to feel the full fury of an angry Gentile mob, which burned the tabernacle, sacked the "Royal Press," and drove the subjects from the island, confiscating for themselves the property left behind.

Strang's death meant the end of his kingdom and his church. He had failed to name a successor, although he knew that he was dying. His followers scattered, making no attempt to continue his work. Soon his name was forgotten, except on the shores of Lake Michigan, where stories concerning "King Strang and his pirates" were told and retold for many years.

¹⁹ Riegel, *op cit.*, p. 141.

²⁰ Havighurst, *op. cit.*, p. 151.

²¹ *Ibid.*

²² Young, *op. cit.*, p. 124.

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Feeding Time among the Guppies

I had had my fish about two weeks when someone asked me, "What do you feed them?"

"Oh," I mumbled, "do you have to feed them?"

The next day I went to my fish dealer and brought some food home. It comes in several grades: fine powder for "fry," as baby fish are called, medium for larger fish, and coarse for adult fish. The package I brought home said nothing on it but "Fry," so I fried it. It came out in big greasy lumps which I dropped into the water. I watched in glee and wonder as the fish nibbled at the lumps, for it had never occurred to me that fish ever ate. I was almost right, for they never ate again. — GEORGE L. CLARK

He Made It!

Chaos broke loose when it was first announced in the house that Alfred, our house's professional idiot, had made the *Green Caldron*. Many studious boys had worked hard on themes but had never received the honor. Why should Alfred, the nitwit, the gadabout, the numskull, the guy who never let us study, have such an honor?

Wait! Who started this malicious rumor? Why, Alfred, of course! Fifteen minds flashed to the fact that it was a lie. Proof was demanded.

Alfred went to his room and came back with a pencil-written theme and the latest issue of the *Green Caldron*. Yes, there it was. Under the title "Rhet as Writ" appeared Alfred's statement: "One day my dog was gone for two days."

— DAVID LOVELL

The "Little" Magazines

DOUGLAS DALES

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, Summer 1946

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS INCREASED CONCERN HAS arisen over the fate of the little magazines, which are shoved into the odd corners of the magazine racks and are consistently avoided by the masses. The odds against these literary ventures are great in spite of their remarkable influence in the world of letters. Such important little magazines as *Poetry*, *Others*, *The Little Review*, and *Transition* have managed to keep their heads above water long enough to be accorded the rewards of fame; and they persist as an unyielding phenomenon of modern publishing.

The little magazines are voices crying out in the wilderness. They are quick to express the emotions of the intellectual advance guard, and exhibit a daring that is frequently terrifying. The woodcuts on their covers are artistically contemptuous, and their formats often exhibit a pleasantly bizarre typography. Their titles are strange and provocative: *Broom*, *Anvil*, and *Angry Penguins*.

In the last half century miscellaneous and fascinating slogans have appeared on their banners, slogans of regionalism, neo-classicism, eclecticism, and proletarian culture. Their experimental crusades are intended to acquaint writers with all sorts of new and different expression. They are to the literary world what the *Medical Journal* is to medicine. The little magazines print articles, stories, and poems which could not sanely be printed anywhere else. *Collier's* is seldom in the mood to accept experiments in language such as the "stream-of-consciousness" style of Joyce or the word-symbolism of Edith Sitwell. The little magazines are delightfully free of the hidebound conservatism of the more popular magazines.

Although the little magazines are not prosperous enough to pay for the contributions of their writers and though many of them die out after the publication of the first few issues, they feature the work of many important writers who value the opportunity of working in an atmosphere in which they can breathe deeply and freely. Writers whose books are selling by the thousands, or playwrights who are regularly featured on Broadway, still feel the urge occasionally to let down their hair and experiment with new forms of literature without exposing themselves to the wrath of the public.

So the little magazines heroically go about their business. They often make the mistake of becoming too freakish and of occasionally printing work that appears to have crept out of caved-in minds; but they also have the cold, clear vision of a mountain climber. They make no apologies, but let their messages fall where they may.

Filipino Barber Shop

JAMES HISER

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1945-1946

FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, A MERCHANT SAILOR when he is in the states never has time for such a minor chore as a haircut. When the following event took place, I was abroad with the U. S. Merchant Marine.

My ship was lying peacefully at anchor in the harbor of Leyte Island, in the Philippine group. It was a hot, sultry day. The mercury had climbed to around one hundred five degrees; nevertheless, I decided it was time for me to "get my ears set out."

When the sun had almost reached its peak in the cloudless sky, I was slowly plodding down a narrow, dusty village street toward a small, dimly painted sign which read, "HAIR CUT 1 PESO." From the appearance of the other shops in the village, I certainly did not expect an elaborate set-up; so I was not greatly surprised when I came to a very primitive hut.

I stepped beneath the overhanging shade made of bamboo poles thatched with palm leaves. The owner of the shop appeared and cordially invited me in. He was of stocky build with broad shoulders. His skin was swarthy, and his teeth flashed brilliantly white in the noon sunlight as he cast his friendly smile upon me. Like many Filipinos, he wore only a pair of soiled white shorts, confined at his waist by a belt.

I seated myself in the barber chair, which was only a rickety, straight-backed affair made of bamboo placed on a wooden box in the center of the room. Directly in front of this throne hung a dingy, blurred mirror, suspended by ropes from the roof. To my right stood a square table, upon which rested the barber's only tools — a pair of clippers, a dirty-looking comb, and a razor. As I cast my eyes downward, I was somewhat surprised to find that the floor was still in its natural state — dirt. It also showed evidence that hair had been cut here before. I noticed now for the first time an opening at the rear, over which a piece of gray material was draped. Evidently this archway led into the living quarters of the barber.

From time to time, a naked, undernourished child about four years old would come out from behind the drapery, stare wide-eyed at me, and then disappear. Several times a lean-flanked hog scrambled through the shop, pursued by a dog. A little breeze constantly swung the mirror to and fro.

Finally, when the ordeal was over, I stepped from the throne and gave myself the once-over in the looking glass. I could hardly believe the story that it told. Many a barber in swanky shops in the United States could not have matched this master's skill. It was really a sleek hair cut!

The Westinghouse Time Capsule

WILLIAM GOTHARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1945-1946

EVER SINCE ARCHEOLOGISTS AND HISTORIANS TURNED their talents to deciphering the unrecorded past, human beings have dreamed of simplifying the problem for scientists of the future, by deliberately preparing a message for them. For many years this was nothing more than an idle dream, since science knew too little about the effects of time to design confidently a vessel for the future. Finally, during the early months of 1938, engineers of the Westinghouse Electrical and Manufacturing Company decided that technological advances in the field of metallic alloys had progressed far enough to enable them to undertake the task of building a Time Capsule capable of lasting five thousand years — a period of time almost as long as that of all recorded history.¹

The first step toward the completion of this great project was, quite clearly, to form a Time Capsule Committee, which, in turn, could establish subcommittees to study the various questions relating to the plan. The committee was carefully chosen from the nation's leading archeologists, historians, and technical and scientific men;² and it went to work immediately in order to have the capsule ready for display at the Westinghouse exhibit at the New York World's Fair, which was scheduled to open in a little over a year.

After careful deliberation the committee was able to divide the entire project into three problems: (1) how to build a vessel capable of lasting five thousand years; (2) how to leave word of its whereabouts for historians of the future; and (3) how to select and preserve its contents.³

A subcommittee headed by M. W. Smith, Westinghouse manager of engineering, undertook the task of solving the first problem — that of designing and constructing the Time Capsule.⁴ The biggest task of this department was to find a metal or a metallic alloy of considerable hardness to be entirely resistant to corrosion. After much research involving complicated chemical experiments, they discovered a new alloy of copper, Cupaloy,⁵ which most nearly fulfilled the specifications.

For reasons of strength and convenience, the Time Capsule is shaped like

¹ G. Edward Pendray, "The Story of the Time Capsule," *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution*, 1939 Edition, p. 533. ² *Ibid.*, p. 534.

³ "The Westinghouse Time Capsule," *Science*, 88 (Oct. 7, 1938), 326. ⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Composition of Cupaloy: copper 99.4 per cent, chromium 0.5 per cent, silver 0.1 per cent.

a torpedo, seven and one-half feet long and eight and three-eighths inches in diameter. The outer shell consists of seven cast segments of Cupaloy, threaded, screwed together tightly, and sealed with molten asphalt. The walls of the Cupaloy segments are one inch thick, thus leaving an inner crypt six and three-eighths inches in diameter and six feet nine inches long. The crypt is lined with Pyrex glass, set in a water-repellent petroleum base wax. Washed, evacuated, and filled with humid nitrogen,⁶ an inert, preservative gas, this glass inner crypt is a perfect container for the "cross section of our time," as its contents might well be called.

The second great problem, that of making reasonably sure that archeologists of 6939 would know of the historical treasure consigned to them, was solved by preparing a Book of Record of the Time Capsule and distributing copies of it to libraries, museums, monasteries, convents, lamaserics, temples, and other places of safe keeping throughout the world.⁷

The Book of Record was prepared after detailed consultation with libraries, museum authorities, printers, and bookbinders; and suggestions for binding were obtained from the office of National Archives, the New York Public Library, the American Library Association, and other sources. The United States Bureau of Standards provided specifications for permanent paper and inks. And, in order to secure the greatest possible strength, each of the 3,650 copies which were printed was sewn together by hand with linen thread.⁸

The Book of Record tells how to calculate the date when the capsule should be opened, by use of the Gregorian, Chinese, Jewish, Mohammedan, and Shinto calendars, and by astronomical time if no calendars survive.⁹ Also given in the Book of Record are (1) the exact latitude and longitude of the capsule's well, calculated to less than an inch; (2) directions for locating the capsule with electromagnetic finders in case geographical changes in five thousand years should falsify the latitude and longitude figures; (3) an ingenious Key to the English Language devised by John P. Harrington, of the Smithsonian Institution, which, by means of simple diagrams, explains the peculiarities of English grammar and shows how each of the thirty-three sounds of English is pronounced; (4) messages to the future from three famous men of our time: Dr. Albert Einstein, Dr. Robert Millikan, and Dr. Thomas Mann; (5) a table of common measures in the English and metric systems, including a statement of the length of the standard meter in terms of the wave length of red cadmium light — a constant that will never

⁶ Pendray, *op. cit.*, p. 534.

⁷ "For 6939 A. D. Readers," *Newsweek*, 12 (Sept. 26, 1938), 439.

⁸ Pendray, *op. cit.*, p. 536.

⁹ "Five Thousand Mile Journey," *Time*, 36 (Sept. 30, 1940), 59.

vary, no matter what other systems of measurement are in use five thousand years from now.¹⁰

Choosing what was to go into the limited space of the Time Capsule crypt proved perhaps the greatest problem of all, for nothing short of an enormous gallery of vaults could accommodate all the objects and records of any civilization. The Time Capsule Committee turned for advice to archeologists, historians, and authorities in virtually every field of science, medicine, and the arts; and on the basis of their suggestions, thirty-five articles of common use, ranging from a slide rule to a woman's hat, were chosen. Also included are about seventy-five samples of common materials, ranging from fabrics of various kinds, metals, alloys, plastics, and synthetics, to a lump of anthracite coal and a dozen kinds of common seeds.¹¹

These material items are, however, only supplementary to a voluminous essay about us and our times, reduced to microfilm. On three and one-half spools (1,100 feet) of this film, ten million printed words and more than one thousand photographs were reproduced. Besides depicting such expected details as how we live, what we eat, and what our religions and philosophies are, the film contains a dictionary of slang, Hoyle's card rules, the *World Almanac*, a Sears, Roebuck catalogue, excerpts from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and excerpts from all kinds of newspapers and periodicals.¹²

Once these articles were assembled, the next step was to label them, and then place them into the Pyrex crypt. All objects were wrapped with heavy rag ledger paper, tied with linen twine, and labeled again on the outside of the wrapper. Then, according to weight, with the heaviest article on the bottom, each object was placed into the crypt, and all spaces between objects were cushioned and made firm with glass wool.

Immediately following the packing, the Pyrex inner crypt was placed upon a glass-lathe, heated, and sealed. The air was then drawn out through a small opening, the contents were washed with inert gas, and the crypt was filled with nitrogen, to which just enough moisture was added to equal the humidity of an ordinary room. Since its contents are fully protected from corrosion and decomposition by the removal of oxygen and excess moisture, it is expected that the articles will be as fresh five thousand years from now as they were the day the crypt was sealed.

The final step in the preparation of the capsule was the insertion of the glass crypt into the Cupaloy shell. After being wrapped in several layers of glass tape, the crypt was inserted, held in place, and waterproof wax was poured in around the glass. "Shrink-fitting" the final Cupaloy joint was then accomplished by chilling the heavy cap to several degrees below zero with dry ice, then turning it into place on tapered threads. When permitted to

¹⁰ *Book of Record of the Time Capsule*, pp. 10-48.

¹¹ Pendray, *op. cit.*, p. 537.

¹² For complete list of contents, see *Ibid.*, pp. 541-553.

warm up to the same temperature as the rest of the capsule, the metal expanded and caused the threads to seize so tightly as to form an air-and-water-tight joint.

At high noon on September 23, 1938, the precise moment of the autumnal equinox, A. W. Robertson, chairman of the board of the, Westinghouse Electrical and Manufacturing Company, committed the Time Capsule to posterity with these words: "May the Time Capsule sleep well. When it is awakened five thousand years from now, may its contents be found a suitable gift to our far-off descendants."¹³

Many questions have been asked about the Time Capsule project, the foremost one being how it will be protected from thieves or persons whose curiosity is greater than their sense of obligation to the future. This problem of keeping the Capsule safe from vandals is well taken care of by the site selected for burial. Sunk fifty feet below the surface of the ground in swampy soil, it can be recovered only after an expensive and difficult engineering operation costing many times the possible material worth of the capsule and its salable contents.

A ten-foot black granite monument, marking the exact location of the Time Capsule in Flushing Meadow Park on the old site of the New York World's Fair, was dedicated at noon on Tuesday, September 23, 1941. An inscription on the base of the shaft reads: "The Time Capsule, deposited fifty feet beneath this spot on September 23, 1938; preserving for the future a record of the history, faiths, arts, sciences and customs of the people then alive. Scientists and engineers designed it; scholars chose its contents; the Westinghouse Electrical and Manufacturing Company placed it here at the beginning of the New York World's Fair, 1939-1940, to endure for five thousand years."¹⁴

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 539.

¹⁴ "The Westinghouse Time Capsule," *Science*, 94 (Sept. 12, 1941), 251.

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Civilian Status

SANDOR H. COHEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

THE BARRACKS WERE HOT. THE TROPICAL SUN WAS beating on the tin roofs. Electric fans served only to circulate blasts of hot air. Naked bodies sprawled on wet sheets. Limp cigarettes dangled from moist finger tips. It was too hot to move.

"What you gonna do when you get out, Johnny?"

"Park my fanny on an iceberg."

"Naw — I mean it. Greg says he's going back to school. He only has a year to go."

"So what!"

"I'd like to go to school, too, but I guess if the war lasts five more years I'll be pretty old. Hell, I guess I'll marry Ruth if she's still around."

"What for? Thought she learned to fold Navy blues."

"Don-know — she's not a bad kid."

"I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna get a good job and put in for some high living."

"What kinda job?"

"Hell, the guys on state side are all pulling down dough. I guess the boom will last a few years after the war, and I intend to make my kill."

Soldiers staring at low ceilings — thinking, wondering, hoping.

A standard piece of equipment, a question, an echo through boats and barracks all over the world: "What will I do when I get out?" I had talked about it and wondered about it since my entry into service. I did not feel that the world was obliged to cut a path for me. I would not ask for a free ticket when I got home. I would only ask recognition for doing a man's job in a creditable manner. Four years in the army had given me a wealth of self-confidence. I felt ready to start building my future. I was ready and impatient, but within myself I knew I wouldn't be given the opportunity. The folks back home were too far away. They couldn't see their sons becoming men on the double.

* * * * *

"Good to have you home, Son. Here, have some of your mother's good cooking."

"Pass the salt and pepper."

"You never seasoned my food before."

"Sorry, my tastes have changed."

"By the way, a lot of your young friends are married. What are you going to do now that you're out?"

"The folks will be over this evening and you can tell us all about the war. Tell us about the empty cot next to you. What are you going to do now that you're out? School starts next week."

"Hello, Uncle Joe. Good to see you."

"Hello, Tom and Betty. Good to see you."

"Hello, soldier. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW THAT YOU'RE OUT?"

Twenty-eight years ago our fathers came marching home victors of another battle. They took off their uniforms and tried to get back to their old ways of life. They had their difficulties, but they forgot. People didn't realize that the modern soldier is no different from his father. They were perplexed when their sons said they wanted to loaf for a couple of months. Sure the war has changed a lot of the boys, but not mine. My boy is the same sweet child we sent away. I felt as though I had just returned from a two-weeks' vacation at scout camp.

* * * * *

"You may go in to see Mr. Morgan now."

"Hello, John, how's the old soldier. It sure is good to see you. What are you going to do now you're out? Guess you'll be anxious to get back to school. We've done some expanding around here since you left. I tell you this war has kept me pretty busy. Sometimes I wish I'd been in the good old army. We've got another kid working part time in your place. By the way, if you don't get into school right away let me know. Nothing I wouldn't do for a vet. We'll find some little chore for you to do."

"Good day, Mr. Morgan."

I did not expect to step into an important job. I only asked a chance to get a start. I asked for a place where a man could learn a job and advance according to his ability. I was offered the same opportunities as a kid just out of high school, for that's what I was in their eyes.

* * * * *

"What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to see some suits."

"This way, please. Here is the only one we have in your size."

"Jeez, what the hell are they packing potatoes in these days?"

"You're lucky to find one that fits you."

"I've been dreaming of civilian clothes for four years — but this."

"You won't do any better. Of course if you want to pay the price I can tell you where to go."

"I can tell you where to go for free!"

I had heard the pretty speeches on how we were going to curb inflation.

I had been thankful that men were thinking about this important problem. Only by saving the value of our dollar could we prevent the inevitable depression. As I walked from store to store I seemed to feel the hope of national economic security slipping from our control. I thought of the greedy little men who would have food on their tables through a depression — men who were pushing prices to the top by withholding merchandise, causing strikes, and operating black markets. I thought of these men who had done their share to cause the war, and who were so little affected by it. I longed for the simplicity of army life.

* * * * *

"I've decided to go back to school."

"Good, I think you've made a wise decision, Son."

"Decision hell — I'm just following the line of least resistance."

I can't complain. The powers are giving me a chance to obtain a free education. Here is your free ride, Mr. Veteran. I open my eyes. Does anyone give anything away? Is this the gag in my mouth? Am I being put out to pasture while a bunch of incompetents run my country? What was said about the veteran running the show after the war was over?

I feel like a traitor. I know that with an education behind me I will be more fit to do my share, but will there be anything left to work with? Yes, Mr. Veteran, take your free education, organize your little clubs and drink your beer, stay on your campus and make your noise. The voice of the campus is the voice of youth. The voice of youth is a raucous sound, and we don't intend to have the dignity of our politicians disturbed by it. Do not worry. Older and wiser heads are sailing your ship. Omit the fact that we let the kids pull us off the rocks when our navigation was a little off.

I am told that I will be in a far better position to face the world when I get out of school. What happens if I come out an inexperienced college graduate at a time when there are long lines and babies have swollen bellies? People forget those things. They forget depression as soon as their stomachs are full. They forget war as soon as the parade is over. I won't forget — I'll remember trying to sleep next to an empty bunk.

Labor Situation à la Hobo

The thought of the hobo is for today — tomorrow is yet to come. He wishes an existence unfettered by the bonds of a conventional society. His inclination to work is slight. If he sees a man at his chores in the hot sun, he is distressed. He will pity him, sympathize with him, or even shed tears if the laborer is reduced to that state; but to give support other than moral does not enter into his thoughts. Labor is beneath him and only strict compulsion will cause him to stoop to it. Labor, in the sense of its monotony and compulsion, is to him one of the bonds of conventional society. — ARTHUR RADZIEWICZ

Contact Lenses

WILLIAM N. EDWARDS

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1945-1946

TODAY THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER ARE enjoying better vision than they have ever had before, with the aid of a little-known but very important optical development — contact lenses. These lenses serve the same purpose as ordinary eyeglasses, but are made and used in an entirely different manner.

Contact lenses are simply ovately molded pieces of optical glass or plastic which are ground to the necessary dimensions required by the eyes of the "patient." Since the eyes of each individual vary in shape, size, and degree of refractive error, a separate mold must be made for each eye. The eyeball is "frozen" in its socket with a special solution, and then is covered with a pasty compound; after the mold has been allowed to harden for three to five minutes, it is removed with a suction cup. The other eye then gets the same treatment. Finally, when both molds have been made and removed from the eyes, a solution counteracting the first one is put into the eyes to "thaw" them out.

The molds furnish the exact shape and size for the final material used, usually either glass or plastic. The resulting lenses are ground very exactly and, after being test-fitted for accuracy, are ready for wear. Now comes the crucial point in the process, for if the lenses, no matter how exactly ground, are not fitted properly, the wearer will not be able to see. As the name implies, contact lenses fit close to the eyeball, with the ground portion corresponding in size and position to the pupil of the eye. However, a liquid solution is needed between the lens and the eye, so that the lens will not stick to the eyeball and thus be both difficult and painful to remove; for this purpose, a mixture of bicarbonate of soda and distilled water is used.

Let us assume that the left lens is put in first. Holding it in the left hand between the thumb and forefinger, with the convex surface supported by the index finger, the wearer fills the lens with the solution. Then, bending at the waist to avoid spilling the liquid, and at the same time holding the eyelids apart with the right hand, he places the lens against the eyeball, slides it under the upper lid, and then pulls the lower lid over it.

Obviously, considerable practice is necessary to do this correctly. If the above procedure is not followed, bubbles will appear in the liquid, causing distortion and a lack of clarity. Then, too, the wearer must experiment with various proportions of the mixture to determine the length of time the lenses may be worn before they cloud or before the fluid causes the eyes to smart. Once the proper mixture is determined, it is simply a matter of time until a

tolerance for the lenses is acquired. Normally after about four months the wearer is able to use them all day, every day, though at the beginning he usually cannot wear them more than three or four hours without discomfort. With the aid of a special suction cup provided for the purpose, the user can remove the lenses at any time simply by placing the cup against the lens and pulling downward and outward.

One reason for wearing contact lenses is the fact that since they are transparent, they are unnoticeable to anyone unaware of their presence. Many stage, screen, and radio stars wear them, unbeknown to their audiences. In addition, contacts are worn by many athletes, pilots, and others whose professions are such that the use of ordinary glasses is impractical. Since, by being worn much closer to the eye than are ordinary "specs," this type of lens makes for better sight correction, it more efficiently answers the needs of most people with poor eyesight. Contact lenses also appeal to people because they cannot be broken easily, being made of plastic.

Because the initial cost of contact lenses is so high as to discourage replacements, people who own them are not likely to lose them. At the present time, the prices range from one hundred to one hundred seventy-five dollars, exclusive of the eye examinations; the variation in price depends on the amount of labor required to grind and polish the individual lenses, a task which requires a highly-skilled workman. Some people might consider the price excessive, and perhaps it is; however, as skilled labor becomes more available, and more efficient techniques are developed, the price will go down.

Personally, contacts are more than worth their cost to me, in that I am now able to participate in all sports without fear of breaking or losing them; another factor I like is that regardless of heat, rain, or snow, the lenses will not cloud up as will ordinary glasses and therefore are desirable for all outdoor activities.

In conclusion, it might be said that with the increase in the number of people wearing contact lenses, will come a corresponding decrease in the use of ordinary spectacles. These new lenses have proved their effectiveness; they represent a big step towards scientific simplification of one of our biggest problems, that of accurately correcting poor eyesight.

Critic for the Intelligentsia

The critic, of the intelligentsia type, looks down on everything that is popular with the masses, just on general principles. As he sees himself, he is a fortunately enlightened mortal whose divine right and duty it is to sit upon his throne, be it ash can or Chippendale, and to decide for others what is to be considered good or bad in music, art, literature, or any other of the fine arts. His public, as he sees it, from the millions who may read his column down to the one or two who may be so unfortunate as to be trapped into a conversation with him, are either enlightened fellow aesthetes, or morons. In short, he is an intellectual snob, and no snob is quite as nasty or narrow as an intellectual one. — JAMES H. KANE

Technocracy: Its Rise and Fall

WILLIAM LOUIS RABY

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1945-1946

THE YEAR WAS 1932. THE WORLD LAY IN THE THROES of a fearful depression. The peoples of many of the countries of the earth were appalled by what seemed to them the hopelessness of the future. In Germany, millions of men and women were flocking to the standard of Adolf Hitler, following the only man who seemed to be marching towards a definite goal. In the United States, much the same sort of thing was happening, only on a smaller scale, and in a more temporary manner. Technocracy was the topic of the moment, stirring bitter opposition on the one hand, and an almost religious fervor on the other. What was this thing that the American people grasped at for a few short months, and whence did it come?

The term "Technocracy" was coined by an engineer named Smyth. In March, 1919, he published an article entitled "Technocracy — National Industrial Management." According to Mr. W. H. Smyth, Technocracy "implies scientific reorganization of national resources and energy, coordinating industrial democracy to fit the will of the people."¹ Also in 1919 there was published a book by Thorstein Veblen, *The Engineer and the Price System*, which stated many of the points that were later to make up the Technocracy of the "thirties."²

But the Technocracy that was to become a national issue did not actually make its start until 1920, when a number of engineers, together with both social and physical scientists, banded together in a voluntary and private organization to study the functioning of the social mechanisms of the North American continent. The director of this group was a man named Howard Scott.³ Thorstein Veblen, the author mentioned above, was one of the members.⁴ Little was heard from this group for twelve years. Then, in *Nation* magazine on September 7, 1932, an article entitled "Towards a New System: Technocracy's Report" was published. Three months later the storm broke. Technocracy was on the lips of the American people, and in their publications.

Howard Scott became one of the men of the moment. His every word was hung upon, and an interview with him was a prize to any publication. For years, he had been buttonholing people, talking Technocracy to all he could

¹ "Technocracy: Definition and Origin," *Nation*, 135 (Dec. 28, 1932), 646.

² E. B. Chaffee, "What Is Technocracy?", *Christian Century*, 50 (Jan. 4, 1933), 11-13.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 12. ⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 11-12.

get to listen, and had been overjoyed when a few lines were devoted to his subject in a newspaper. Now it was all changed. The depression, with its suffering and disillusionment, had routed orthodoxy, and heterodox ideas seemed less crazy. Technocracy was the most important idea of the day.⁵

Only one article, though, was ever published under Scott's name. As the tide of words increased to a flood, he was prevailed upon to edit an article in *Harper's* magazine. It was titled, "Technology Smashes the Price System." In it were set forth three weaknesses in the existing price system:

1. The mechanics of placing purchasing power in the hands of the consumers is the exchange of money for the consumer's time (or labor) and technology is reducing the total amount of time required.
2. The working of the price system has forced the manufacturers to reduce the total number employed rather than to distribute the amount of time required among the total number of available workers. Technology has now advanced to the point where it has substituted energy for man hours on an equal basis and where the distribution of human labor becomes impossible.
3. Through increased investment in machines—made necessary by the increasing rate at which they go out of date—the manufacturer is forced to reduce the proportion of his costs which go to labor. This again inexorably works against the increase of wages and the distribution of time.⁶

This view of things, that the price system had broken down, was immediately challenged by the voices of industry. Said James D. Mooney, President of General Motors Export Corporation, as quoted in the *Literary Digest*: "The breakdown of 1929 was not a mechanical breakdown. It was caused by a lack of understanding and respect for economic laws."⁷

Howard Scott, and other persons connected with Technocracy, did not escape attacks. These ranged from smears on Scott's private life to doubts cast upon his standing as an engineer.⁸ These could not, however, completely drown out the charges made by Technocracy, or the things it said it could give.

Technocracy had five main points:

1. It is possible to deal with the perplexing economic facts just as science has already dealt with the physical facts of nature.
2. Social change should be measured by the per capita rate of energy conversion.
3. No solution of the unemployment problem is possible under the price system at the rate machines are replacing men.
4. The debt claims against industry (returns on investments) are absurd.
5. There is a remedy. Let the technicians run the industries for the benefit of society, without the interference of profit-seeking businessmen.⁹

⁵ F. L. Allen, *Since Yesterday*, New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Co., 1939, p. 89.

⁶ "Technology Smashes the Price System," *Harper's*, 166 (Jan., 1933), 139.

⁷ "Technocracy; Boon, Blight, or Bunk," *Literary Digest*, 114 (Dec. 31, 1932), 6.

⁸ Chaffee, *op. cit.*, p. 12. ⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 11-13.

"The revolutionary shift from manual to machine labor has given us a new world. Realization of this fact puts Utopia within our grasp." Thus spoke E. B. Chaffee in the *Christian Century*. It was this Utopian dream that held the people and stirred their imaginations. All about them they could see desolation and suffering, and yet they had the same machines and the same workers that they had had in 1929, when the boom had reached its crest. Clearly, there was something wrong with the existing order of things. Technocracy told them what was wrong, and promised them a world in which all could share in the higher standard of living brought about by the machine age. With a minimum of labor, they would be able to live as only those in the higher income brackets under the old system could live. Industry would be operated so as to benefit all of the people, and not just a few. This was the appeal that Technocracy had. Its drawback lay in the lack of a definite plan. The evils of things as they were, were all pointed out. The way things should be was shown to the people. There was, however, only a vague plan for obtaining Utopia.

Hamstrung by its lack of a blueprint for achieving Utopia, and shouted down by its opponents in industry, Technocracy waned. It went, as far as the public was concerned, almost with the same speed it came. Whether it has really died out is another question. Perhaps the next depression will write the final chapter of the story of Technocracy. And perhaps, if there is another depression, Technocracy will have a plan.

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Sartorial Contrast

Hale's dress is always at one of two extremes. When he chooses, he can dress far better than the average student. His array of gabardines, flannels, tweeds, coverts, and worsteds would put to shame the entire stock of some small clothier. You feel positively uncomfortable in his sartorial shadow. When he approaches, you can see his eyes travel over you from your \$4.50 saddle shoes to your \$2.95 plaid shirt, and his disapproval shows. He makes no comment, just looks with disdain etched into his features. On the other hand, when Hale chooses to stagnate in a sweat-shirt that won the war of 1812, a pair of moccasins that are held together by a strong will, and a pair of slacks that could walk by themselves, no power on earth could convince him that he isn't dressed properly for everything but a king's wedding. — VICTOR B. ROBIN

The House on East Penn

LILLIAN ROSPUTYNSKI

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1945-1946

ACROSS THE LOW SLOPING ROOFS, THE SUN, SPREAD in all its splendor, created a great panorama of red and gold. A horse and buggy clattered down the narrow, brick streets and stopped in front of the oldest mansion which the small town of Hoopeston claimed for its own.

A young woman in her early twenties stepped from the carriage onto the curbstone, tied the reins around the hitching post, swept aside her driving veil, and mounted the wide, stone steps leading up to the spacious front porch of the mansion. Taking from her bag a small key, she unlocked the heavy oaken door and disappeared from sight.

Those passing by could hear the tinkle of china and silver as the servants prepared the evening meal. Laughter floated from within, and one would think that here, beyond a doubt, lived an exceedingly happy family. Somewhere in the house, the light chords of a then popular song were blended by young eager voices.

An old man, slowly walking home from work, looked enviously at the great house sprawled luxuriously over a half-acre of land and surrounded by rich, green shrubs.

* * * * *

At the head of the dining room table, Emmett L. Tyler gazed across the broad expanse of white linen at the members of his family. Mrs. Tyler, who sat at the foot of the table, was small, dark, and still lovely at fifty-two. To her left, Clarice, the young woman whom we watched enter the house, lingered over her dessert. Across the table, Emmett Jr., twenty-four, having finished before the others, slouched in the fragile white chair.

An outsider would have thought it a pleasant picture, but this was an odd family. Clarice, selfish and self-centered, thought of nothing but the furtherance of Clarice; young Emmett was a spendthrift — an undependable, lying, egotistical upstart. The head of the family, called E. L. by his business associates, was a bitter, penny-pinching old man. He couldn't remember ever having had a friend, because he considered friendship an incumbrance in his moneyed world.

So, the four of them sat sipping fine old wine taken from Mr. Tyler's wine cellar. Through the silence that always follows a good dinner, the dull thud of the brass knocker echoed through the high ceilinged rooms. Footsteps sounded across the highly polished hardwood floor of the hall, and

voices were heard as the maid conferred with the caller. The great door closed, and the maid entered the dining room. Excusing herself she said, "A telegram for you, Mr. Tyler." She left; silence fell, and the clock took over the conversation as three faces were turned to the man at the head of the table while he opened the yellow message.

* * * * *

Thin piano wires of rain lashed the sky to the earth, a dog barked, a cock crowed, and the day had started. A newsboy hurried from house to house throwing the town's ten-page daily on every porch.

Soon the neighboring houses showed signs of life; curtains flapped in the early morning breeze, and smells of bacon and coffee were wafted through open kitchen doors and windows.

Mrs. Holmes, preparing breakfast, discovered that her coffee bin was empty and slipped into a fresh apron before running next door to borrow some from the Tylers' cook. As she bustled up the back steps, across the ivy-covered porch, and into the sunny kitchen, she thought it peculiar that there were no signs of life.

No one was in the kitchen, nor was there anyone in the dining room. In fact, the dinner dishes of the night before were still on the table, and the candles had burned down completely, the wax spilling over on the crystal candlesticks and onto the snowy linen.

The shades were drawn in all the rooms on the first floor. The stuffy smell of cooking mingled with the odor of wine and cigar smoke. The front door stood open, and the breeze had blown one of Mrs. Tyler's prized china figurines from a small mahogany table which stood near the foot of the winding staircase.

Perhaps it was the silence — call it premonition — that sent Mrs. Holmes to the telephone to call the police. Whatever it was, she felt, beyond a doubt, that something was wrong.

When the police arrived, there was a handful of neighbors grouped near the door, curiosity displayed on each sleepy face. Several hours later, the police had completed their investigation, which had, in more ways than one, proved fruitless.

They had discovered this: the family had left during the night, probably before midnight; they had taken only those things which they could carry; their servants had been paid and discharged without explanation. No attempt had been made to lock the house or even to straighten it up. The Tyler women had left a good part of their jewelry and many of their heavy silk and satin gowns. An imported cigar had burned out in the ash tray; a half-packed valise lay on the great mahogany desk with legal papers and documents scattered near it.

The desk chair was overturned, and the picture concealing the wall safe above the desk was askew. The tiny door of the vault was open — the interior, empty.

* * * * *

Today the mystery of the Tyler house and its occupants remains unsolved. In 1897, the City National Bank of Hoopeston and the Prudential Insurance Company took over the property of Emmett L. Tyler.

The passer-by sees only a shattered shell of a house, badly in need of paint, broken windows, and rickety stairs leading up to a shabby front porch. The brass knocker, once dazzling to the eye, is tarnished. It has been touched by nothing but the cold fall rains and the sleet and snow of winter. The once beautiful gardens have been conquered by Queen Anne's lace and wild violets. The fish pool in the side yard is a vacant eye staring unblinkingly at the sky.

Even today people guess and wonder and sometimes laugh nervously as they pass the rusted iron gate. It has been said that late at night a pale, flickering light can be seen through the dirt-streaked panes of glass. At such times, people like to think that one of the Tylers has returned in search of something. What, no one knows.

Every year, on the twenty-ninth of September, the old house creaks and groans as though inhabited by a thousand devils. On this night, people claim that they have heard low voices and the tinkling of silver against china. Those more imaginative swear that on such occasions soft eerie chords of music and the sound of people singing have issued forth into the dim autumn twilight. Few people venture past the squeaky old gate after dark, and mothers forbid their children to play there in the great spacious gardens surrounding this house of mystery.

School Days

We returned to Germany to continue our schooling. For our protection we had to report to school earlier than the others, were dismissed earlier for lunch and in the afternoon, but by the time we neared our homes the other grammar schools were dismissed also. If our walks in Switzerland had been peaceful and beautiful, these walks home were horrible and frightening. Bad names and rhymes were yelled at us; stones, dirt, and bags were thrown at us; our coats were pulled off; our feet were tackled; Jewish boys were slapped; one of us always had a bloody nose.

We Jewish children never walked home alone. We would take different routes, but if we did not meet one "gang" of youngsters we met another; the same situation occurred after classes in the afternoon. Often Jewish boys, who were "picked on" more severely than girls, were absent from school the following day because of injuries they had received. Once in a great while some child's parent would accompany us, but to no avail. The attackers either ran away after hurting us, or went right on as before, since they knew no Jew, young or old, could ever do anything harmful to them or their family. — RUTH HEILBRONNER

Little Hoiman

DWIGHT B. MITCHELL

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1945-1946

MY OUTFIT, WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT, WAS PULLED OFF the line during February of '45 so that we might rest, pick up replacements, and prepare for another death-dealing drive against the Wehrmacht. We were sent to Holland, where we were given places in warm, friendly Dutch homes. The Dutch people did not have much, but what they did have, they were willing to share with us. It was a pleasant, comfortable atmosphere and they treated us as friends. That means a lot to a man from combat where he meets nothing but enemy. We relaxed for the first time in months and scraped and soaked ourselves clean of the mud, stench, and bearded growth that had accumulated on our bodies. We were free from the pounding concussion of the shells and the plaintive whine of the singing shrapnel and bullets. It was wonderful and we soaked it in.

The second day there, several of the boys got hold of athletic equipment, and we went to a field to play some good American baseball and line up a few boxing matches. It was good to get the feel of a bat in our hands, swing it lazily as we walked to the plate, and then prepare to lash out at the arching ball as it dropped across the plate. For our grandstand of cheering rooters, we had the kids from the village, who watched with wide-eyed enjoyment and laughed for the first time in months as they saw the fun of good clean sport. I swung at, threw, and caught the elusive baseball for hours until I was about done-in. After the game, I put on my battle jacket, hitched up my ammo belt, slung my rifle to my shoulder, and drifted towards my new home. As I crossed the field, I saw a mob of yelling kids that formed a circle around several of the boys. I mosied over to see what all the commotion was about.

As I reached the circle, I saw Sergeant Berry holding a pair of boxing gloves over his head as he yelled, "Take it easy, you guys. You'll all get a chanct." The kids jumped, shouted, and pushed as they grabbed for the gloves so that they could fight among themselves and show off their strength to the worshipped American soldiers. Here was a chance for them to play a game. Berry finally chose two lucky lads and brought them to the center of the ring. They were about ten years old, their faces glowing in anticipation of the sport that was to follow. "One of you Joes act as this little fellow's second," shouted Berry. I shoved my way to the smaller of the two boys, dropped my rifle, unhitched my ammo belt, knelt to the ground and fitted "little Hoiman's" glove to his outstretched hand. As I put on his gloves, I looked over my boy. His clothes were patched and torn, and he

was underfed. He wasn't very big, even for a kid of ten. When the gloves were on, he could hardly move his arms. It was his eyes that held me. His face was beaming and his limbs were quivering with thrill while those big blue eyes of his sparkled with inborn intelligence and excitement.

I finished tying his gloves, patted his back and said, "OK?" His face was pulverized by a big grin as he answered, "OK," and went to the center of the ring to meet his opponent. The first round he slugged it out with the other kid while I yelled instructions. The fellows laughed and the other kids screamed in excitement. At the end of the round, I straightened his cap, dried his face, and gave him instructions when I found that he could understand English. As soon as it was time for the second round to start, the little rascal ran out swinging before his opponent even came out of the corner. It was exciting to watch him slug and be slugged with childish recklessness. When the fight was over, "Hoiman" was sporting as pretty a shiner as I had ever seen. I could hardly take his gloves off as he wriggled and jumped and told me of what he would do in the next fight.

By the time I had finished taking off his gloves and washing his eye, the fellows were gone with all the kids taking after them. I stooped to pick up my gun, but "Hoiman" beat me to it and slung it to his shoulder as he babbled on about the fight. "Little Hoiman" was a sight walking along carrying my gun. It was as long as he was tall, and he had to lean to one side to keep the butt-plate from dragging on the ground. As we walked toward the village, we talked of his family, my family, boxing, baseball, and a million other things. I was surprised at the fluency with which he spoke English. "How come you speak English so well, Hoiman?"

"In Holland, we all learn English in school. My mother and father wanted me to learn English as they knew that the American soldiers would come and drive the Nazis from our country." We had reached my temporary home, so I took the rifle, said good-bye, and went in to shave and wash up.

About chow time, I came out of the house and formed with my platoon to march to the kitchen. As I fell in, I saw "Little Hoiman" frantically waving to me from the sidewalk. I waved back. That was all he needed for an excuse to run over to me. The platoon sergeant gave us "Forward march." "Little Hoiman" took my hand and marched off with me. When we fell out and formed a chow line, I held on to his hand. I could see the poor kid was terribly hungry. Why shouldn't I share my food with my friend? After "Hoiman" and I had finished eating and he had washed the mess gear, we went for a walk. We just walked and talked. People in America would have thought I was taking my kid brother to the movies.

It got so that every day "Hoiman" and I would go for our walk after we had had our chow. During the afternoons, we would go behind a hill

and lie in the sun as I eluded the search of the first sergeant. It was pleasant being with the kid. He was a likable chap and gave me the companionship I needed. I no longer made good friends in the company. I found that it didn't pay. The fellows were always getting hit, and when a good friend gets hit, it takes something out of you. "Little Hoiman" and I were pals.

I'll never forget the day we left. It was early in the morning, and I hadn't seen the kid. We were loaded on the trucks that were pointed towards the Front. As the convoy jumped to life and headed for the miserable hell of combat, I heard a high voice above the motors, yelling, "Dwight, Dwight." I looked over the side of the truck and saw "Hoiman" running alongside with his hand stretched up for mine. I leaned over and touched him as we pulled away. The little Dutch kid disappeared in the distance. God bless him.

Nov. 13, 1943 — bad weather

Darkness covered the earth, but over the mountains faint rays of light marked the dawn of a new and beautiful day. Voices and the din of a jeep as it bounced along the air strip broke the stillness of early morning. The jeep pulled up and stopped in the shadow of a transport plane and five vague figures got out only to disappear into the plane. Voices could be heard again as lights flashed on inside.

"Oil?"

"Check!"

"Gas?"

"Full tanks!"

"Hey, what's the heading?"

A boy looked up from a scramble of maps and charts, gave the pilot a big smile and then replied, "Better take a one-twenty true."

The pilot nodded in satisfaction and everyone turned to his job. The pilot and co-pilot checked instruments and prepared to start the two giant engines. Navigator and radio operator talked softly, as they made their required pre-flight inspections. The subjects of conversation were always the same, food, girls, or home. This morning their thoughts were of home, and each man took turns telling a little story of his early life. Pre-flights completed they sat back and quietly waited for the pilot to check with the tower.

"Tontuda Tower, this is four one seven baker requesting taxi and take-off instructions."

Each man pressed his headphones a little tighter to catch the reply. "Four one seven baker from Tontuda, taxi to east end of strip. You are number one and clear to go."

The engines roared and slowly the plane moved along the taxiway to take her place at the end of the strip. She pulled onto the runway and gathered speed for take-off, then slowly rose into the air. The motors became faint and then there was silence again; that was the last time anyone ever heard of four one seven baker.

Weather reports for Nov. 13, 1943, tell of bad weather.

— ROBERT TAYLOR CLOUD

Rhet as Writ

"Consist"ency:

People who smoke cigars consist almost entirely of businessmen.

Most of the social smokers consist of women.

When I have my home I want a large living room consisting of a fireplace.

. . . .

Elmhurst is a city of sixteen thousand people lying fifteen miles west of Chicago.

. . . .

You pass through the revolving door and are met by one of the armed guards who hastily scans faces and official passes as streams of diplomats clutching briefcases and office girls greeting each other enter.

. . . .

After eating some it still tastes as good as the first piece which you had eaten, even to the last.

. . . .

Large automobile factories were turning out plains.

. . . .

When hit from flak and out of formation, the navigator is one of the most important members of the crew.

. . . .

This experience was truly a mild stone in my life.

. . . .

It wouldn't be much out of order to see a baggy sweater and a pair of blue-genes on your campus hero or glamor boy.

Honorable Mention

Dorothy Anderson — Place of Residence: Hospital Ward Fourteen

Ruth Boggs — The Sweet Life

Stanley Burt — Pancho Villa, Badman and Hero of Mexico

Robert James Bonner — Yes! I Can Swim

George Deane — Agglutination

Dorothy Jean Ehrhardt — What Our Farm Means to Me

Virgil D. Esworthy — A Constitutional Study of Illinois Under the Virginia Regime

William C. Flanagan — A Problem in Deciphering

Frank S. Foster, Jr. — My Father Taught Me — What?

Chester Guziel — The Shark

Robert Haebich — *Les Miserables*

Melvin E. Hartzler — Six Yards of Concrete

Mitsuru Hayashi — Sound in the Movies

Lloyd Kuntze — A Review of *Alone*

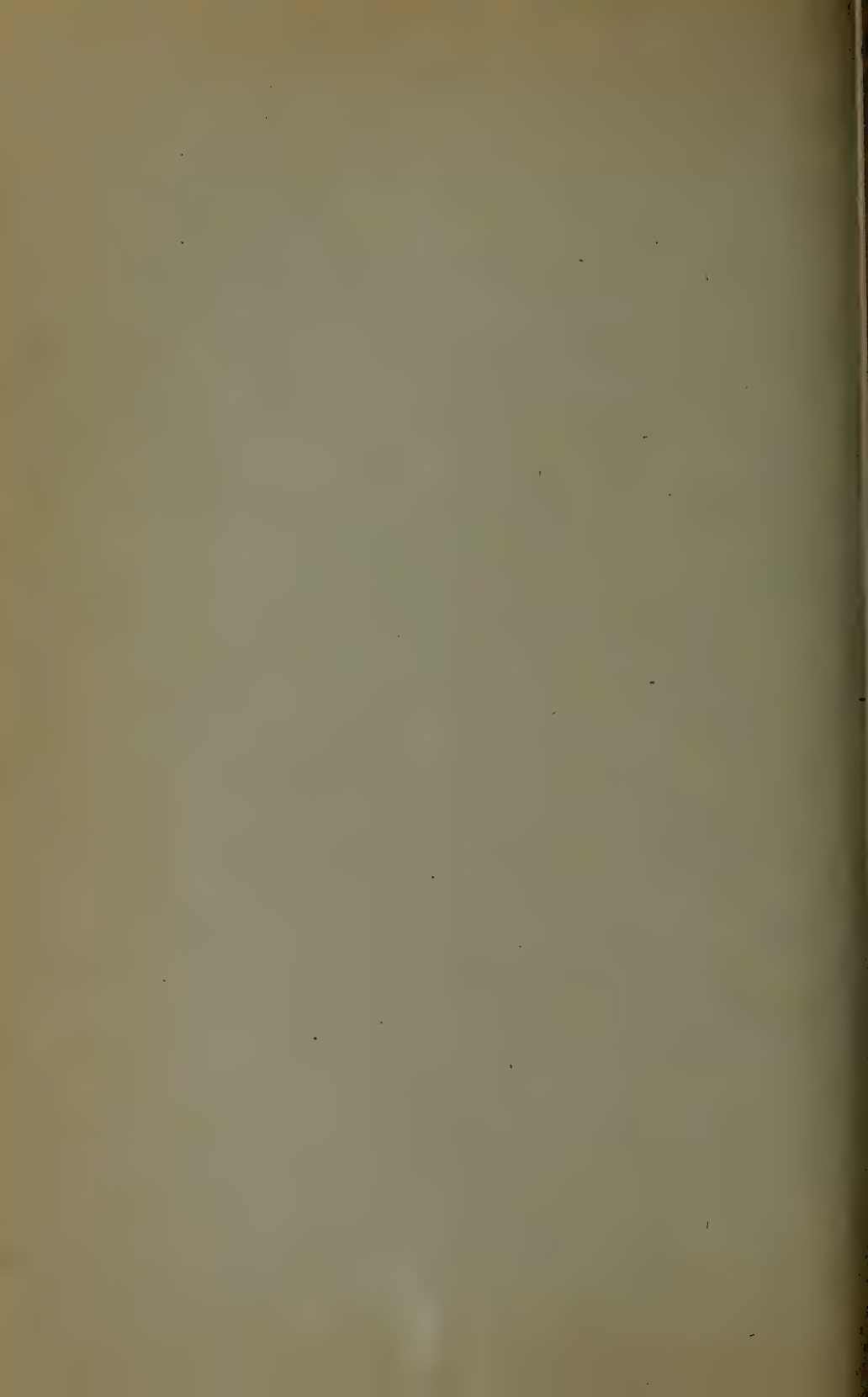
Kenneth L. Lindsay — Freedom Road

Frank Loeffler — Jazz

John Rubinelli — Sand in Their Shoes

Jay A. Wade — The Sad Sack

M. E. Wilson — My Dislike for Rhetoric



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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My Trip Through Hate

EARNEST F. NELSON

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1946-1947

MARCH 21, 1941 — THIS WAS THE DAY THAT MY EVENT-ful trip began. Wanting to do my share for this country, I volunteered for the Army Air Forces, and began the training for an airplane engine specialist. The job wasn't hard. I was thoroughly enjoying myself until the day the sign — "Niggers don't drink this water, Whites Only" — appeared over the water fountain. The culprit was mustered out of three thousand soldiers and given a sentence of six months, but the incident started me wondering, "What will I encounter?"

It wasn't until six months later that I began to realize fully my predicament. We were sent to Maxwell Field, Alabama, about one mile and a half out of Montgomery. When I arrived there I was startled by the signs. Above the train station one sign said, "The Cradle of the Confederacy"; on the side of a restaurant a sign said, "Keep Off These Grounds, Niggers"; and over the doors of the station were signs which later became familiar, "White Only" and "Colored Only." "Can this be true," I thought, "in America?"

When we reached the air field, the M.P.'s were lined up along the streets at twenty-foot intervals from the gate to our camping area, which, incidentally, contained the only tents in sight. The explanation given our squadron commander was, "Niggers have never been here before, and we want to keep down disturbances." After a few weeks at this field, I wanted to move on to Tuskegee, our home field, that was still under construction. The Post Exchanges refused to sell me anything "to be consumed within the establishment." They even refused to sell me after-shaving lotion because, as the saleslady put it, "You-all don' need this lotion do you-all? We only are supposed to sell it to white boys." Seeing the situation, I decided to go into town and purchase my toilet articles. The first pass issued was the last that I wanted. I made the grave mistake of sitting down in the front of the bus. It wasn't until about three hours later that I realized my error, and then I couldn't see daylight for the bandages about my head and eyes.

Incidents like this occurred often during our two months' stay at Maxwell Field. The one that impressed me, second to my beating, happened when one of my buddies and two civilians were drawing cards to see who would buy beer. A policeman passing by the tavern saw the cards and phoned for the police wagon. Booking my buddy as an accessory after the fact, they carried him to jail. It wasn't until two weeks later that we were notified of his being there. His fine — that was the funny part. They had charged him twenty dollars, but the fine was thirty-two dollars and a half. For each day's

work, he received one dollar; for each meal, he paid fifty cents; and he received three meals a day. This was the justice granted Negroes in the Cradle of the Confederacy. About two weeks later, I was on my way to Tuskegee. I knew that anything I might encounter there would be trivial to those things encountered in Montgomery. I was happy.

A week after arriving in Tuskegee one of our nurses was traveling home. She got on the bus in Tuskegee, and after three miles the bus driver asked her to stand up. "Why?" she asked. "Because niggers don't set next to white folks," he answered, and proceeded to beat her. Nothing was ever done about the incident. Why should it be? "A smart nigger woman had got her just receipts," was the only comment heard among the white people.

I went through eighteen months of this kind of "Hell," and you may rest assured that I was glad to leave for overseas duty. I did have at least one factor in my favor overseas. The German uniform would be different from mine, and I could fight back.

We Need Action in Combating Racial Prejudice

ROBERT E. CAMPBELL

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN A NEGRO SITS DOWN NEXT to you on a bus or train? If you think as do the majority of your fellow "Christians," you squirm in your seat and wish you were in a different seat. You push your newspaper in front of your face as if it were shameful to be sitting there. If you are *not* so narrow-minded as the majority of your fellow "Americans," if you do *not* squirm, but act just as you would if a "white" had taken the seat, then it is you for whom these words are written.

It is not enough that we merely recognize the intolerance dealt Negroes today and mutter to ourselves, "My, my, what a pity. It just isn't right," then, with a shrug of the shoulders, dismiss it from our minds. Too many so-called "combatants" of racial prejudice limit their battle to just such an act.

If we are actually to combat racial discrimination, we must first understand why so many whites believe as they do — that they are better than any Negro — that the white race is superior.

We may trace such feeling to several sources, but all these sources have

one thing in common: they are man-made, worldly things. There is no such thing as a natural instinct of racial prejudice. In evidence of this, I ask you to watch two young children, one white, one colored, playing together. You will see no sign of discrimination whatsoever because there is no discrimination. They are too young to have been taught racial prejudice. The influence of parents, of the entire world, in connection with racial discrimination has not reached these two children. They play together as men were meant by God to live together — bearing no prejudice because of a difference in color.

Therefore, we may say that racial discrimination is not natural; it is drilled into men by men. It is not inborn; it is taught. On the other hand, racial tolerance and complete equality of race is natural; it is inborn. It must be reinforced in the home, in the school, and in the everyday relationships of life in order to drive out the fallacy of racial prejudice which has dominated man for ages.

This is no small problem. It has become a menacing factor to the preservation of democracy in the United States. Race riots have cost the lives of many thousands of United States citizens, and the persecution of Negroes in the South has become a black mark of barbarism in the history of our country.

Now don't shrug your shoulders and say, "It's true, but it's been that way forever. What can I do?" Whether you realize it or not, there is something you can do to help solve the problem which has arisen from racial prejudice. It will be no small job. As I have said before, it is no small problem.

It is your duty as a citizen of the United States, as a Christian, as a believer in the rights of man, to fight every evidence of racial prejudice which you may encounter. If you are a parent, do not allow your child to become discriminatory towards those of a different race. If you are a teacher, stress the meaning of democracy in its sense of equality between men. If you are a writer, blast every sign of racial prejudice which crosses your path. If you are a speaker, use your every power of influence to sway your audience from the ignorance of race hatred to an attitude of understanding and race equality. If you are a factory worker, back the Negro's cause, if it is a just one, in order to equalize him in the eyes of management. If you are an employer, hire the Negro, if his work is good, instead of turning him down because he is black. If you believe in the Christian faith, in the equality of man, in the United States of America, sit next to that Negro on the bus and let him know you are with him and not against him.

If you recognize the fallacy of racial prejudice, then show your fellow man where he is wrong in believing the white race is superior. Since racial discrimination is not born in a child, see that it is not forced onto the children. Give the Negro an even break, for he has been dealt some foul blows, and he is your brother in the eyes of God.

The Liberators

IRWIN KIPNIS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES OF America won a military victory in World War II, but defeated the principles for which they fought by not carrying them out in practice. To the peoples of the German and Japanese dominated countries of the world, the American serviceman was a symbol of democracy and a representative of good will. They regarded him as a man who respected the rights and ways of life of others. They regarded him so because his government vouched for him. And why not? A person must believe in something, and when everything else has failed, why not believe in the advance billing of the American serviceman. Their hopes for liberation arose with this belief, and they became very optimistic in looking forward to the day of the American occupation. Victory and occupation came. Optimism flared momentarily but soon subsided. The American serviceman was suddenly transformed from a democratic idealist to a disillusioned cynic. This was especially true in the South Pacific. The beliefs in such ideals as, for example, property rights and the pursuit of happiness were destroyed by the acts of our men. This sudden change can be attributed to the overseas rotation system and to the lack of orientation of the American servicemen.

* * * *

Early in 1942 the War Department set up groups of well-informed men known as the Counter Intelligence Commission, CIC. It was the duty of these groups to inform the fighting men of the terrain they were to fight upon, the types of persons they would meet in battle, and what not to eat on the various islands. It is quite evident that CIC succeeded in bringing these points to the attention of servicemen, but it is also apparent that CIC made no effort to inform the servicemen of the friendly peoples they were destined to meet.

As the war progressed, the members of the American Armed Forces began to meet the inhabitants of the South Pacific. Some of our servicemen who considered themselves far wiser and far superior called these inhabitants "gooks," a nickname used to describe their supposed inferiority, illiteracy, and moral degeneracy. Yet, all over the Pacific, incidents occurred that demonstrated that the natives possessed qualities of character that were in contrast to the connotations of their newly acquired name.

The Marines landing on Guam in the summer of '44 were amazed to

find that the Guamanian guerilla forces spoke English. As the Marines made their way through the island they found scientific dairy farms, truck gardens, and schools. Their surprise turned to respect, and the combat men began cooperating in every way to help better the natives' living conditions.

An Army Air Corps sergeant on Guam was racing against time in a jeep to reach Harmon Field, a large B29 base, where he was scheduled to leave on a bombing mission. While he was driving through a short cut on a portion of the island which was infested with Japanese snipers his jeep developed motor trouble. After several long minutes of frantic tinkering with the motor, the unarmed sergeant, deciding fate was against him, gave up. Suddenly there appeared a young native lad who had been watching the sergeant's predicament from a small cave in the immediate vicinity. Walking up to the sergeant in a military fashion the native lad saluted and said, "I can fix, Sir." The sergeant, willing to try anything once, gave his permission to the young native, and ten minutes later the sergeant appeared at Harmon Field.

Yankee ingenuity failed the Seabees when they were landing supplies on Kwajalein, but Polynesian ingenuity solved that problem and kept the supply lines moving. A bottleneck had been formed by an "M" boat loaded with two gasoline generators when a crane used for lifting heavy objects was put out of commission. While the Seabees sat pondering their new problem, their Polynesian native workers disappeared onto the island. About fifteen minutes later, they returned with five large logs, and while the Seabees watched in amazement, they placed the logs under the generators and rolled them out onto the beach.

* * * *

Military conditions were beginning to improve all over the world for the American Armed Forces, and a long dormant rotation system was put back into operation. The older and more responsible fighting men were replaced by new recruits in every theater of operation. For some unknown reason the Counter Intelligence Commission failed to acquaint these new recruits with the various incidents that had gained the fighting man's friendship and respect. In every port of embarkation fictitious stories were told about the "gooks," and prejudices were formed rapidly. The peace loving natives were unprepared for such men, and soon the entire South Pacific became a playground for vandals and rowdies.

A group of sailors stationed at the Naval Operating Base on Guam en route to a recreation center passed a native banana plantation. After surveying the ripened bananas and deciding their needs to be greater than those of the plantation owner and his family, the sea going gourmands began to raid the plantation. After a good portion of the ripened bananas

had been cut away, the sailors were discovered by the plantation owner and his son. To escape being reported to a nearby shore patrol station, the Navy men severely beat the elder native and his child, and left the scene singing, joking, and enjoying their stolen delicacy.

Letters from American servicemen to their senators were being sent daily on the issue of accepting Hawaii into the Union. Each letter contained reasons against the admission; each letter explained the unfriendliness of the Hawaiian "gooks" to the American servicemen. No explanation of the cause of this unfriendliness was given; the fact that the American servicemen regarded and treated the Hawaiian women as prostitutes was suddenly forgotten.

* * * *

Little has been said regarding the conduct of our occupational forces. A popular orchestra leader caused a flurry when she assailed the morals of the occupational troops in Japan, yet silence prevailed when a well-known movie star referred to the natives as "gooks." Military government officials realize the danger of permitting such acts of rowdiness and vandalism to persist — shown by a recent demonstration of Chinese college students asking "the American Beasts" to go home — and are asking the Counter Intelligence Commission to set up a more extensive and better orientation program.

George

In the first place, I shouldn't even try to define George. Defining George is like selling peanuts and popcorn in front of the Parthenon or spitting from the top of Mount Vesuvius. It is pure sacrilege. But every time I try to think of a clear, concise definition of a cow or an apple or a foul ball I hear a harsh, compelling whisper, "Define George." There is no way out. I must define George.

George isn't much to look at. Most of the time you can't see him at all, but sometimes when you hear the rain against your window or bite into a big piece of lemon pie it comes to you in a flash — George is here.

You're sitting in the library trying to read, comprehend, and outline pages three to twenty-eight in *The Psychology of Normal People*. The words blur; the light goes dim; the chair reels. There is George dressed in dungarees and a white T-shirt, lying in a field of clover three feet deep, reading Rupert Brooke.

You're standing in line for supper. You're cold and you're hungry and you wonder why you didn't stay home and get a job at the "A and P." You lift your eyes into the hills, and what do you see? George is sitting on a private cloud, eating a Thanksgiving dinner served by three butlers and seven maids.

Ah, George. How can he be defined with tired little words on standard paper? He is the soft winds and rains; he is a cherry coke and a red sweater; he is the pleasure and pain of wanting, wanting something you know you never can have. — DONNA HOLSMAN

For the Future—Teleran

STEPHEN LAMBDIN

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1946-1947

YOU ARE STANDING ON THE EDGE OF A FLYING FIELD. The visibility, along with the ceiling, is zero. The fog is so bad you can scarcely see thirty feet in front of you. Faintly at first, then louder and closer, the drone of an airplane fills the air. It seems to be circling the field. Abruptly there is no sound, only dead silence. A faint whistling sound comes closer and closer. There is the squawk of rubber on concrete, and very shortly the plane looms up in front of you.

How did it happen? How was this plane able to land in a fog so thick that ducks could almost swim in it? Let us go up into the control tower. There we see a man with a microphone staring at a six-inch circle of glass in the front of a huge and complicated switchboard. This is radar, specially adapted to landing planes. A dot of light moves across the circle of glass. The man speaks into the microphone. Abruptly the dot changes directions. As the man talks, the dot shifts ever so little on its course across the glass. Suddenly it stops. Another plane has landed.

This system of blind landing has the advantage of requiring no special equipment on the plane itself other than a two-way radio. The largest airliner or the smallest private plane can use it.

It is five years later, and you are flying a medium-sized cargo plane to Chicago. The weather closes in. You reach down and flip a switch. A round glass lights up. It reminds you of one like it that you saw five years before in an airport control tower. A picture with the important details of the country over which you are flying appears on the glass. There are also a couple of dots on it. One dot has a circle around it and represents you. It moves across the glass, and just as it is about to move out of sight, the picture changes. Now you see the next section of land you are about to fly over. The process is repeated. Just as the circled dot is about to move from sight again, a red light flashes. That means that there is already a plane in the next section at your altitude. You circle till the light goes out and then move on.

This amazing development is already in the experimental stage. At present it is known as "teleran." It requires much equipment, both on the ground and in the plane, as it is a combination of radar and television. The radar in each section picks out every plane in that section, then radios the planes and asks electronically the altitude of each. The equipment in the plane replies, and then the correct picture is sent to the proper plane by television. The

ground equipment will not allow two planes at the same altitude in the same section. If one altitude is full, it will tell which altitude is empty. It also sends pertinent details, such as wind velocity and direction. This information appears as writing on the circle of glass in the plane.

Yes, these are amazing developments. Are they leading to the obsolescence of pilots? No, but they will make flying much easier and safer.

Heroines Step Down

JEAN MOORE

Elgin Branch, Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

THERE WERE MANY PEOPLE BACK HOME WHO thought that an assignment as a flight nurse in the Pacific was difficult and tiresome. There were others who thought the task was glorious and heroic. Both of these groups were mistaken. Our job was comparatively easy and extremely interesting. Variety gave us an advantage over the nurses on the ground: we were never in one place more than a few days; we never cared for the same group of patients for more than twelve hours; each new plane load of wounded brought new diseases and injuries as well as new personalities to sharpen our wits and develop our ingenuity.

The place we thought of as "home" was Hickam Field, Oahu. Here we lived in fine houses with tiled baths, electric refrigerators, and hardwood floors. Rare and beautiful tropical flowers grew in abundance all around us. We were allowed two or three days of this luxury between our flights to less civilized spots where we collected our wounded and flew back with them. When we went "down under," we made the flight in one almost continuous trip of twenty or thirty hours with stops for only gasoline and food. On these trips we had no duties and could read, sleep, or play cards with the crew or other passengers. Upon arriving at our destination, we were given at least twenty-four hours' rest before starting a flight back. The return trip was well planned so that we had an average of eight and a maximum of twelve hours in the air with each load. We were then relieved by a fresh team who made the next leg of the flight.

Patients to be flown out were carefully chosen by flight surgeons. Each plane load was well worked out. There were never so many seriously ill patients in one group that we were unable to give them adequate attention. The four tiers of litters on either side of the cabin were arranged so that heavy casts were on the bottom, dressings that required frequent care were

on the second and third levels, and boys who could move about and care for themselves were at the top. Psychoneurotic patients were limited to five and were securely restrained toward the rear of the cabin where they would cause the least disturbance. There were always a few ambulatory patients who were very willing to help us with those who needed attention.

The attitude and responsiveness of the wounded aboard our planes made our duties a privilege and a pleasure in spite of the heartaches we often felt. While we prepared for take-off, the boys would seem tense and nervous under their covering of constant joking. As the uneventful routine of taking-off and preparing for the cooler high altitudes proceeded, their tension would gradually relax. One by one they would drop off to sleep or talk quietly of many things: "Remember the day we landed at Garapan?" "Tough, but Tinian was worse." "Too bad the marines and army got into that fuss." "Where do you think we'll jump to next?" "Anybody got a deck of cards?" Then they would begin a game of cards, and we would think that the situation was well in hand. And so it would be except for an occasional jarring note. Once, for example, we had a young marine who looked about seventeen and stared blankly into space refusing to talk. Finally, after a good deal of chatter on our part, he spoke reluctantly, "I've been out here eighteen months. A while back my outfit took Guam. Me and my gang ran across a couple of bottles of Jap stuff. Tasted good and we polished it off. The other guys are dead. Me, I'm blind. Yeah, those dirty devils had spiked the stuff with poison. Sometimes I can see a dark light, but that's not what's worrying me. How can I tell my mother I'm blind from drinking? She and Pop never took a drop in their lives. Think they'll understand?" Our answer, "Sure, Bill, mothers understand a lot more than you think. Don't worry," seemed inadequate but apparently reassured the unhappy boy.

The nurses who were stationed on one small island for months that often stretched into years had warped ideas of the Pacific area and of their value to anyone. The tiny island on which they lived made them feel isolated and alone and useless out in the middle of a big puddle of blue water. Flight nurses moved constantly back and forth from island to island and were able to see the beauties of the deep blue ocean dotted with little green and white islands. We were also able to see the plan of things which made each person a necessary cog in the huge wheel of war as it turned slowly toward victory.

Flight nurses were given too much flattering publicity for the small part they played in the Pacific Theater. Our job was not difficult, our hours on duty were not tiresome, our work was planned to make our tasks as uncomplicated as possible, and our rewards were both spiritual and financial. No ground nurse and certainly no fighting man can make such a statement. Let us, then, put the flight nurse down into her proper place as a minute part of an immense picture.

How to Spend a Quiet Four Weeks

MARGE HALVORSEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947

SO YOU WANT TO PRODUCE A PLAY! SOUNDS SIMPLE, doesn't it? Perhaps it is — in the professional theatre. There the producer has a million and one stooges running around for him so that all he has to do is give the orders. However, when you produce a show — just an amateur production — there are no stooges awaiting your beck and call. You have no stage manager, costume manager, lighting technician, property manager, director, make-up manager, publicity chairman, house chairman, and so on, and so on, and so on. You have to be all those people rolled into one besides being all the subheads and crewmen. If you are lucky, you have a staff of sixty people, including your cast, and no one of those sixty has had enough experience to be the manager of any one department; consequently you are the goat.

First of all you must design the set for your production (since you have no scene designer), noting carefully the choice of colors — blue, cold; red, passionate; yellow — absurd, isn't it, but quite necessary.

Having successfully struggled through the "designing stage," you come up against the construction problem (since you have no construction manager). About the same time construction gets under way, direction comes along, so you have to divide yourself in two or run from the paint shop to the rehearsal stage all day long.

Duck, because here come some more headaches! In order to make a production profitable (the sole purpose of producing any play in the first place), the public must know what is going on, when it is going on, and where it is going on. In other words — publicity! You must call all the local newspapers and plead with them to write up an article on the play. Then comes poster publicity, word-of-mouth publicity, and any other type of publicity that you can think of.

But wait! You'd better divide yourself into quarters because along with publicity you have to take care of the business end. You must line up a printer for the tickets and programs, get the ushers and ticket takers signed up, number the seats in the auditorium, and arrange for places to sell the tickets.

From now on you not only stay up all day working on the production —

construction, direction, publicity, business — but you stay up all night poring over costume books, searching for the right costume for so and so, making sure that the colors will harmonize with the set, and rummaging through the costume chest for a few remnants that can be sewed together and made to look like an old Spanish shawl.

Now what? Well, the set is almost finished, the play is shaping up, publicity is getting along fairly well, business is ready to get under way, costumes are being made, ripped up and made over again, and — oh, yes! What good are the set and actors if there is nothing on the stage for the Thespians to eat from or sit on? Properties. What do you need? Now let's see — a desk, a round table, a sofa, two twin armchairs, and a floor lamp. Oh, let's not forget hand props like a cigarette case, a table lamp, pictures for the walls, a vase, flowers.

The set is finished and ready to be put up. "Get some braces, hold leg number two, take the cyc up, screw the braces, set her up, foot it," plus a few magic words not fit for print, and the set is up. Now you move in the props that you have managed to wheedle out of your dear friends, and you have a semblance of a living room. What good is a scene if none of the audience can see it? Lights! "Get out the gelatins, bring me some baby spots, put on border number two, fade on number six spot, put on the hanging floods, up with the foots," — and then just hope.

Comes dress rehearsal night. Set, props, lights, costumes, actors — well, what do you know, we forgot something. Ha! Ha! No make-up. You madly dash around putting base seven on Joe, number four on Beatrice, blue shadow on Betty, white lines on Jack, powder seven-and-one-half-R on Mabel. Everything is all worked out now, including you.

Curtain! Dress rehearsal is on. You squirm through the whole play listening to people "fluff" their lines, watching light cues come on in the wrong place, noticing the whole set tremble when Joe slams the door, biting your fingernails to the quick when Betty rips her costume. What a pleasant evening!

You spend all night fixing over a few costumes, changing the make-up chart, putting more braces on the set, making out a light cue sheet, adjusting the dimmers, rearranging the furniture, and changing a few lights. Before you know it, the performance time has arrived. Once more the mad last minute rush, and then the brave shout, "Curtain!"

* * * *

The play is over. Everyone is congratulating the actors on their fine performances; a few tell you what a nice play it was and what a pretty set "you children" made. You crawl off into a corner to try to collect all your separate parts.

"Torchy," the Terror of the Tower

LEE CALDWELL

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1946-1947

AMONG THE STUDENTS, SHE WAS KNOWN AS "TORCHY," the terror teacher in the Tower; in class she was meekly and respectfully called Miss Austen. Her dynamic dual personality combined a harsh, sarcastic strictness and a quick temper with a sweet, sorrowful sentimentality. Because she taught sophomore speech, a required course, no one graduated from our high school untouched by a stinging remark from her sharp tongue or a kind wish from her big heart.

My earliest impressions of "Torchy" were formed by tales heard from the sophomores who delighted in terrorizing the freshmen. We were plagued with experiences of students who were bitterly ridiculed in front of their classmates by her biting comments. She mimicked their voices, scoffed at their speeches, and scowled sourly at their attempts at humor. They made us fear her long, impossible assignments, warned us that she never gave A's, and that at any time she might call on us to entertain the class with an impromptu speech.

And then I saw her in the hall — her red hair (which it was rumored was dyed in order to provide a good excuse for her hot temper) piled in tight curls on top of her definitely up-tilted head. Her skin was chalky white. There was no smile on her face; she wore a scowl which confirmed the tales I had heard. She carried her tall, slender, neatly dressed body regally. As she stalked by me, I was instilled with a dread and fear of her which persisted throughout high school.

With wobbly knees I mounted three flights of stairs to her Tower room the next year and met Miss Austen. The sophomores had been right; she was cruel. She gloried in belittling our speech efforts; she made us miserable with nasty criticism of our stage presence; she laughed at us as we made fools of ourselves pantomiming "Is this a dagger I see before me?" In the middle of a speech, she shouted, "Put your feet together!" or "Wipe that chessy cat grin off your face!" After giving a speech, we were forced to remain on the platform while she insisted, "What's terribly wrong with her, class?" Reluctant members made feeble comments — "Well, I thought her speech was pretty good." "You know perfectly well you didn't think any such thing," interrupted Miss Austen while both pupils cringed. Football players were constantly reminded of a lost game; or, if they had played well, she inquired, "Why don't you show off as well on this platform as you do on the football field?"

Her childish temperament was evident on days when she sulked all period, speaking only to call on students to give speeches. When she lost control of her temper, she stood before us with piercing eyes, deathly pale face, tightly clenched fists, and spoke in a tense, taut voice, "You people make me so angry that I'd like to hit each one of you HARD! You're stupid, lazy and — and I don't care what happens to ANY of you!" An electric silence enveloped the room as she glared steadily at each one of us until we could almost feel the sting of her eyes. Then, a sly smile curled the corners of her lips, turned into a loud, throaty laugh, and we knew the tempest was over. For the rest of the period, she couldn't be sweet enough to us.

Her excellent voice and knowledge of acting gave her the job of Junior Play director. Between scenes during rehearsals we were sometimes able to draw aside her outer coat of aloofness and find underneath a friendly person. We soon discovered that she was eager to know us better, that she could laugh at a joke, and that she had a warm, sympathetic heart. On stage, though, we still felt her cutting sarcasm if we forgot a line or missed a cue. Two days before the play was to be presented, she walked out of rehearsal in a huff, saying, "I'm through with this whole damn play!" Ten minutes later she was back, tearfully pleading with us to "get into character."

It was while we were seniors in her rhetoric class that we learned of her sentimentality. While severely lecturing us on our lack of school spirit, she changed the subject to how much high school would mean to us later, and then told us what wonderful times she had had in high school. The most vivid example of her sentimentality, I remember, took place on the first day of a month. As she tore the past month off the large calendar in front of the room, she turned to us with tears in her eyes. "Do you seniors realize how quickly this last year is going? It makes me feel so old when I remember how gangling and awkward you were as sophomores in my speech classes and now you're all grown-up seniors and practically graduated. . . ." By the end of her lecture, she had convinced each of us that nothing finer could happen to us than to start high school over again, including her speech course.

I pieced together enough of the fragments of her stories of her life to realize that she had been the only girl and youngest child in a large family. She had grown up with her brothers and without the close friendship of any girls. Evidently, she and her father had been very close, for after his death, she felt lost. Unmarried at forty (only an approximate guess) and possessing an anti-social personality, she was content with teaching school.

Those of us who knew both sides of Miss Austen's personality grew to admire and respect her, not only for her able teaching and strict discipline, but also because we truly enjoyed this dual personality.

American Vendetta

HOWARD D. KOONTZ

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1946-1947

DURING THE MIDDLE YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, everyone in Kentucky knew that convictions for murder and manslaughter were extremely difficult to obtain because of poor prosecution and lenient juries. It was the knowledge of this fact that led to the greatest blood feud this country has ever known.¹

Writers disagree as to the real cause of all the trouble which existed between the Hatfields and the McCoys around 1880. Some say that it resulted from the death of Harmon McCoy during the Civil War; others contend that it resulted from an argument over a hog; and still others insist that the courtship of Janse Hatfield and Rosanna McCoy touched off the whole affair.

When the Civil War broke out, Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield joined the Confederate forces, and Harmon McCoy became a Unionist. Shortly before the war ended, "Devil Anse" killed Harmon McCoy in one of the minor battles,² and it was not long until everyone in Kentucky knew that "Devil Anse" had carved the first notch on his gun. Not long after the end of the war, Hatfield met Harmon's father quite by accident as the former was en route home. A short argument followed because McCoy disliked the air of importance displayed by Hatfield, who had attained the rank of captain. Even though they did not come to blows, a definite dislike for each other resulted.³

Everything went along rather well until 1878. During this period, the men of Pike County, Kentucky, didn't take too much care in keeping up their stock. So, at various times they would go out into the hills to gather all the stock stamped with their particular brand. Floyd Hatfield had just completed this task one day when Randall McCoy rode up to his pig pen, declared that Hatfield had one of his hogs, and said that he was determined to get it back.⁴ Since Randall McCoy always let the law settle his disputes, he took the case to "Deacon" Hatfield, who was justice of the peace. Many testified as to the ownership of the hog. Selkirk McCoy even testified for the Hatfield cause, but, nevertheless, "Deacon" Hatfield did what he thought was right

¹ W. Child, "Stalking the Biggest of Big Game," *Everybody's Magazine*, 20 (March, 1909), 427.

² "Life Visits the Hatfields and McCoys," *Life*, 16 (May 22, 1944), 108.

³ Jean Thomas, *Big Sandy*, New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1940, pp. 177-180.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 181.

and awarded the verdict to McCoy. While the Hatfields looked on in anger, Randall carried the hog from the courtroom under his arm.⁵

This decision did not sit right with "Devil Anse," but by election day in 1880, all differences had been forgotten. Members of both families were drinking whiskey from the same jug when Janse Hatfield, the eldest son of "Devil Anse," noticed a pretty young McCoy standing nearby. Thus began the courtship of Janse and Rosanna McCoy, the attractive daughter of Randall. Although "Devil Anse" would not permit his son to marry a McCoy, he did not object if she remained under the same roof with his son, unmarried.⁶

Almost immediately, Janse began to court other women, and Rosanna, who was going to become a mother, was persuaded by her sisters to return home. However, in order to avoid violence, she kept her secret. Janse persuaded her to return to his house, but when he again neglected her, Rosanna went to live with her aunt, Betty McCoy. Janse visited her from time to time, but once he lingered too long. Talbert, Pheman, and little Randall seized and tied him, and then carried him away on horseback. It was their intent to even the score with Janse for mistreating Rosanna, but the aim was never realized.⁷ Rosanna informed "Devil Anse" what had happened, and he took immediate action by gathering a band of Hatfields to search for Janse. They accomplished their aim, released Janse, and sent the three McCoy's home at the point of a gun.⁸

As time went on, neighbors quarreled among themselves, but relatives seemed to be drawn closer together. The Hatfields were no exception. Bill Staton, brother-in-law of Elliston Hatfield, met Sam and Paris McCoy while hunting squirrel one day. Staton threw a large rock at Sam's head and then shot Paris in the chest. A hand-to-hand fight followed, and Sam McCoy, who was only fifteen at the time, fired and killed Staton.⁹ Paris surrendered to the law and pleaded self-defense so convincingly that even Justice Hatfield had to release him. Sam, who had fled to the mountains with Elliston Hatfield in close pursuit, was brought back, tried, and also acquitted of the murder charge.¹⁰

On election day in 1882, the Hatfields and McCoy's were drinking together again. Talbert recalled a loan of one dollar and seventy-five cents made to Elias, son of Floyd Hatfield, and tried to collect. Elias denied the debt; Talbert knocked him to the ground, and was arrested by the constable; but he was released when Elliston called him several unpleasant names.¹¹ Elliston jumped at Talbert, and a knife fight followed as both fell to the ground. When Elliston picked up a rock to crush Talbert's head, Framer McCoy

⁵ John L. Spivak, *The Devils Brigade*, New York: Brewer and Warner Inc., 1930, pp. 33-39. ⁶ Thomas, *op. cit.*, pp. 183-189. ⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 189-192. ⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 195.

⁹ "Two Razorbacks and the South's Biggest Feuds," *Literary Digest*, 68 (March 12, 1921), 47. ¹⁰ *Ibid.* ¹¹ *Ibid.*

shot him. Talbert, Framer, and Randall Jr. were arrested and taken to jail.¹² When "Devil Anse" arrived on the scene, he ordered a group of his men to storm the jail, capture the prisoners, and hold them until the fate of Elliston was revealed.¹³

When Randall McCoy heard of the capture of his three sons, he told his family not to start violence by trying to free the prisoners. Then he went to the spot where the three boys were being held and informed the Hatfields and his sons that he was going to Pikeville to get the authorities. In the meantime, Mrs. McCoy went to the Hatfield home and pleaded with "Devil Anse" to let the law settle their dispute, but he said that if Elliston died, her sons died too.¹⁴

"Ole" Randall was unable to get any action from the authorities in Pikeville, and before he returned, the Hatfields had murdered his sons. A coroner's report stated that the boys had met death by a person or persons unknown. Even this didn't stop Randall's faith in the law. Each time a crime was committed, he would go for the authorities, but they would refuse to prosecute. Many times he pleaded to the governor of Kentucky and in turn to the governor of West Virginia, the state in which the Hatfields lived, but permits to return the criminals to Kentucky for trial were never awarded.¹⁵

In spite of his numerous failures, Randall kept the indictments alive from 1882 until August, 1887, when a new governor was elected in Kentucky. Immediate action followed. Governor S. B. "Honest Buck" Buckner appealed to Governor Wilson of West Virginia, but his message failed to gain its purpose. Governor Buckner then sent for Frank Phillips, one of his most capable men, and instructed him to get results in the quickest way possible. Phillips ignored the governor of West Virginia, and, with the aid of several McCoyes, he brought two Hatfields back across the West Virginia line into Kentucky.¹⁶ "Devil Anse" was furious when he heard that Phillips was getting members of his family illegally, and in order to protect himself and his family against such raids, he ordered the entire family to dig broad ditches around their houses and to construct drawbridges.¹⁷

Many attempts had been made upon the life of Randall McCoy, but each had failed. "Devil Anse" and his crew had evaded the law for five years, and they disliked their opponent's latest move. As a result, they decided to organize a few of their clan and put an end to the main source of their worries.¹⁸

¹² Spivak, *op. cit.*, pp. 83-88.

¹³ "Two Razorbacks and the South's Biggest Feuds," p. 51.

¹⁴ Harold Wilson Coates, *Stories of Kentucky Feuds*, Knoxville: Holmes-Darst Coal Corporation, 1942, pp. 215-220.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 222.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 223-227.

¹⁷ "Life Visits the Hatfields and McCoyes," p. 110.

¹⁸ Coates, *op. cit.*, pp. 226-228.

At midnight on the first day of 1888, "Cap" Hatfield headed a mob with their minds set on killing Randall McCoy and anyone else who might be in the way. Randall's house was fired upon, entered, and then burned, but he managed to escape. Two were killed in the raid, and Randall again set out for Pikeville, still placing his faith in the law. This time his words did not fall on deaf ears.¹⁹

Phillips' posse went into West Virginia to round up the offenders of the law and bring them to Kentucky for trial. However, the United States Supreme Court started habeas corpus proceedings to get the criminals back into West Virginia. In spite of this writ, the McCoy's eventually won out. Two Hatfields were hanged, and many of their clan were imprisoned for life.²⁰

The McCoy's wanted to stop fighting, but the Hatfields sought revenge against all who had helped the McCoy's track down members of their clan.²¹ Nevertheless, except for minor skirmishes which took place after 1888 in Kentucky, the only events of violence were those relating to the operation of the coal mines.²²

If Kentucky had had a better system of education and more qualified law enforcement officers, these feuds could probably have been eliminated. There was just no one there to serve as mediator for the rival clans. Since the death of "Devil Anse" in 1921, several cases have been presented which show what can be accomplished if the law is enforced and if all parties put their faith in the law.

In 1912, Ed Callahan was shot from ambush as a result of a feud with the Deaton-Smith faction which had lasted more than twelve years. Instead of continuing this feud, his daughter, Mrs. Clifton Cross, set out to obtain evidence to convict the assassins, without their knowing that they were being investigated. The evidence she presented was so clear-cut that fifteen were indicted for their crime.²³

About the same time in 1921 that "Devil Anse" died Judge Hiram Johnson of the twenty-seventh district called two feuding factions into court. State troops were called into court to protect the feuders from each other and to protect the court from the feuders. On the fourth day, Judge Johnson appealed to each side to have faith in the court, assuring them that any trouble which might arise would be settled legally. After his brief plea, both parties shook hands and again called each other by their first names. Since this method worked so well, Judge Johnson repeated it in many later cases.²⁴

¹⁹ Spivak, *op. cit.*, pp. 193-199. ²⁰ Coates, *op. cit.*, pp. 234-237.

²¹ "Two Razorbacks and the South's Biggest Feuds," p. 55.

²² Spivak, *op. cit.*, pp. 310-325.

²³ "Avenging Her Father's Death," *Literary Digest*, 45 (November 9, 1912), 864.

²⁴ "Ending the Feud Without a Rifle," *Literary Digest*, 72 (March 18, 1922), 36.

In 1921, another family moved into the house previously occupied by "Devil Anse." On one of the walls, they found the domestic motto, "There is no place like our home." Just below this, one of the new tenants wrote, "leastwise not this side of hell."²⁵

The last meeting between the Hatfields and the McCoys took place in 1944. June Hatfield, great-granddaughter of "Devil Anse," and Susie McCoy, great-granddaughter of Randall McCoy, met on a train bound for Elkton, Maryland. Both girls were going to get a job in a defense plant, and after learning the identity of each other, they decided to get a room together. The arrangements proved to be very satisfactory and within a few months, June decided to marry a McCoy in order to help keep the peace between the two families.²⁶

²⁵ "Two Razorbacks and the South's Biggest Feuds," p. 55.

²⁶ "They Ain't A-feuding No More," *American Magazine*, 137 (June, 1944), 133.

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Lost Men

ANONYMOUS

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1946-1947

OUTSIDE THE DOOR A WHITE-CLAD ORDERLY SAT, HALF asleep, rocking perilously on the rear legs of his chair. Inside were men whose minds had found another world. For some, it was a world of beauty, a world of peace, free from fear and the noise of war. For others, it was a world of constant, hellish torment.

A little man, with a tinge of gray in the hair about his temples, was sitting beside his perfectly made-up cot. Here was a man of God who had lost his faith — nothing was left. A short time ago, he had worn the uniform of an army chaplain. He had often raced with death to give assurance to

questioning, dying men. He had snipped small metal tags from dismembered bodies. He had seen men sweat with the toil of killing. He had lain awake at night amid the sound of distant bursting shells and dreamed of home and the smells of summer in Ohio. And now, at last, he had found a refuge in his dreams and a new unbounded faith, a faith in dreaming.

A young man with a fair, almost feminine complexion, sat near the window, sobbing softly. A shock of soft, curly red hair lay gently against the hands that covered his face. This boy, for he was scarcely more than a boy, had been trained to pilot a medium bomber. He had enlisted at eighteen, to find the exciting feeling of mastery over space and time. He had found it. He had flown across the ocean to India. He had seen strange people and strange customs. He had lived in huts of mud and grass, and he had waited — he had waited for a vague something that at once meant fear and excitement — he had waited for the climax of his glory, or the abrupt finality of mysterious death. He had waited, and it never came. He, too, began to dream and woke up screaming.

There were three other men in that heavy, silent room. One stood leaning against the little-used game table and rhythmically moved his canvas-sandaled feet to the memory of West Point drums. Another sat and watched the jeering faces of one-time comrades appear and vanish in mocking repetition. The other had found blissful sleep.

The orderly stirred. His chair creaked. He settled himself and went on dreaming.

Temple Episode

ALBERT L. HALL, JR.

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947

ALMOND EYES CAUTIOUSLY PEER AT ME FROM BEHIND black lashes and high, yellow cheek-bones, then are quickly averted, once more to gaze down at the hot, loose gravel, scuffed by countless wooden sandals. I am an unwelcome intruder in a sacred spot, the beautiful Hashiman temple in the tiny village of Kamakura, Japan, where hundreds of Shinto Nipponese come daily to worship. Trying to make myself less conspicuous, I retire a few yards from the wide approach to the auspicious temple and interest myself in observing the Japanese who are advancing singly or in groups to offer their prayers to their god.

Soon a woman comes toward me with her tiny daughter, a miniature counterpart of the mother. They are both adorned in black kimonos, em-

broidered with gold, red, and green; both have their ebony hair tied in a neat knot above the nape of the neck; both wear the simple wooden sandals of the poor. They walk with hands joined, the woman wearily shuffling, the child patiently trudging beside her.

The imposing edifice looms above them as they near it, its mass embellished by the intricacies of Oriental architecture. The altar itself, dwarfed by the structure which houses it, is located behind an iron grill at the top of a great flight of stairs, the sole means of access to the temple. Here, a few blocks from the busy markets of the village, all is serene. A silence hangs over all, broken only by the wind's gentle sighing in the surrounding tree tops.

Woman and child make the tedious ascent to the altar of their god, where both kneel, hands pressed palm to palm over their breasts. The little one, uncertain of the correct procedure, glances warily at her mother to assure herself. After several moments of silent prayer, the weary woman rises and casts her meager offering of two small coins over the pale to the foot of the altar. Then she takes her daughter's hand, and together they slowly retrace their steps without a backward glance.

The awful silence persists, broken intermittently by the chirping of a lonely bird. I am left feeling very humble indeed by the simple but impressive ceremony. No matter what the religion, no matter who the god, it is the faith and only the faith that has meaning and importance. If there be a heaven, woman and child will trudge there, happily, until the end of time.

Ich Spreche Deutsch

Early one morning, I was rudely awakened by the first sergeant bellowing in my ear that the captain wanted to see me immediately. While wondering what I had done wrong, I struggled into my clothes and hurriedly plowed my way through the fresh drifts of snow.

Arriving at headquarters, I found the captain standing very close to a small, glowing pot-bellied stove. He stared at me for a few minutes and then asked if I could speak German. I admitted I could, but had not spoken the language for several years. Pulling a book from his pocket, he thrust it into my hand and said, "Here is a book of military commands in German. Learn them and be ready to march the prisoners into camp when they arrive this afternoon."

As I left the office, my head was spinning like a top. Sure, I knew German, but it was high school German; I'd never spoken to a real German before.

By noon I had memorized most of the commands and started for the station with the captain and a detail of guards. Although we arrived almost an hour early, the captain immediately placed the guards along each side of the road just in case the train should by some strange accident arrive ahead of schedule.

When the train finally arrived, the prisoners silently poured out and moved into orderly rows. Wondering if they would understand me, I took a deep breath and in my best voice of authority shouted, "Wer ist euer Gefangnenführer?" Immediately one of the prisoners stepped forward, saluted, and in nearly perfect English, replied, "Group-leader Müller reporting, sir!" — WILLIAM E. DYE

Anoxia

EUGENE J. NEWBERG

Navy Pier Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1946-1947

JOHN NEWPORT AND I WAITED OUTSIDE THE LOW, squat building. Over the entrance hung a sign which read, 22nd HIGH ALTITUDE TRAINING UNIT, MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA. Two months as cadets in pilot training and we were finally going up for the first time — about seven miles up. The odd part about it was that we would never leave the ground. The decompression chamber simulates conditions above the earth. When the rest of the cadets that were to make the trip arrived, fifteen of us in all, we filed into the building.

John and I had learned, from an upperclassman, that from each group two cadets were asked to be guinea pigs. "The trip is a lot more fun and interesting if you're a guinea pig," the upperclassman had said. John and I decided we would volunteer. Inside the building a corporal met us and said, "Before you gadgets go in the chamber you'll have to listen to a short talk by the flight surgeon. Go into the lecture room and sit down." We went in and sat down. During the lecture the flight surgeon explained the purpose of the trip and what to expect. "The purpose of this trip is to impress upon you the importance of oxygen discipline," he said. "Anoxia, which is the lack of oxygen in the bloodstream, has no symptoms to warn the victim. It is a pleasant way to die, but I'm sure none of you are in the market for dying. So take care of your oxygen equipment and it will take care of you." He concluded the lecture by saying, "I'd like two cadets to help me demonstrate the effects of anoxia while on this —" this was our cue, so John and I raised our hands. He stopped, smiled and said, "O.K., you beavers, and the rest of you report to the chamber." In his office he gave us a quick physical, and then we went to the chamber. When we arrived, the other cadets were already seated. The chamber was oval shaped and the fifteen bucket seats were arranged in a semicircle. Alongside each position hung an oxygen mask. Above each seat a number was painted on the wall. The numbers ran from 1 to 15. The chairs numbered 11 and 13 were vacant, for they were the guinea pig seats. John was number 11 and I was number 13.

The operator of the chamber was outside, but there was a triple layer plate-glass porthole through which he could look in. The flight surgeon, who was to go up with us, really controlled the trip. By means of hand signals he told the operator whether he wanted ascent or descent.

When I sat down in chair 13 the flight surgeon came over and asked me to take off my shirt. Taking a small microphone he taped it on my chest below my heart. The microphone was connected to an electric graph, mounted

at the end of the chamber, which would register my heart beats by means of electric lights. Then he took a small photo-electric cell and connected it to the lobe of my ear. This cell sent a beam of light through the lobe. As the oxygen content in my blood changed, the color of my blood would change, thus letting more or less light through. There was a graph for this also. The graphs, mounted next to each other, were labeled "oxygen content" and simply "heart." The other cadets would be able to observe graphically how the altitude would affect me physically.

"Everybody will put his oxygen mask on except number 13. He will go up as high as he can without oxygen," said the flight surgeon. He then signaled the operator to start the ascent and we went up slowly to avoid getting the bends. It would take about 45 minutes to get to 38,000 feet — our destination. Once there we were to stay an hour and then come down. Since it would take quite some time, magazines were passed out. At about 5,000 feet the flight surgeon lit a candle and placed it at the end of the chamber. It had a long wick and the flame extended three or four inches above the candle. As we went up, the flame grew shorter.

At about 20,000 feet I noticed a fly walking across the top edge of the magazine I was reading. I turned a page and he jumped off, intending to fly away. Although he beat his wings madly, it was no use. There just wasn't enough air to beat his wings against. He went into a nose-dive and hit the floor. He picked himself up, and I could almost see how bewildered he was. Bending over I gave him a nudge with my finger, and he ran across the floor a few inches again, flapping his wings. Although he got an inch or two off the floor, he fell back exhausted. Again he picked himself up, and by this time I imagined he was a pretty puzzled fly. The last time I saw him he was walking back under my chair, probably going back to a corner where he could sit down and try to figure this thing out.

At about 26,000 feet the flight surgeon came over and sat down on a small stool directly in front of me, with an extra oxygen mask in his lap. We all had throat mikes and earphones so that we could converse. I didn't really need a mike, but the rest did because their oxygen masks covered the lower part of their faces. According to the graphs my oxygen content was very low and my heart was working very hard. The flight surgeon asked me how I felt. I said fine. I really did, although my vision had failed more than 50 percent and my coordination was very poor. At the time I realized none of this.

He handed me a pad and pencil and asked me to write my name and serial number. Although I scrawled them out, they looked as though they had been written by a child in fourth grade. Since nothing seemed amiss to me, it looked perfectly normal. Then he asked me to count to twenty-five up and back. This took me quite some time, but I made it. At about 28,000 feet he asked me to write my name again. This time the letters were about three inches high and I scrawled right off the edge of the paper. I was holding the pad in

my lap, and when I went off the paper I wrote a couple of the letters on my pants before I realized what I was doing. I was holding the pencil very tightly, and writing took all the concentration I could muster. Some of the other cadets were laughing so hard they had tears in their eyes. I couldn't figure out for the life of me what they were laughing at. The flight surgeon was now watching me very closely and was holding the extra oxygen mask a few inches from my face. The last thing I remembered was feebly trying to push his arm away and mumbling, "I won't need oxygen for a long time, doc; I feel fine." Then I passed out. A few gulps of oxygen and I was back to normal.

John provided his part of the entertainment at about 35,000 feet. The flight surgeon had him take his mask off. He lasted less than a minute. The greater the altitude the quicker you go. In all, the trip was a success. We were definitely impressed with the dangers of anoxia.

None But the Lonely Heart

By Richard Llewellyn

MARGE HALVORSEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1946-1947

THE LAST BLOODY NOTES OF AGGIE'S FIDDLE BE GONE. He liked that song — proper smashing it was. He liked it. "None But the Lonely Heart." A bit melancholy, but He don't mind. He'll be all right, He'll get 'long bleeding well without Ma nor nobody. He'll be bleeding right, all right.

He's Ernest Verdeen Mott, He is — Ern, most blokes calls Him. 'Round Jim Mourday's — the flash boy — the blokes calls Him "Smasher." He busts windows good He does. That's what He's headed for now, smashing windows with them other mugs — easy money, blimey, easy money. He'll be sporting well off if He sticks by the flash guys; all the brides'll look at Him different like. He ain't just going to be Ern Mott, good old Ma Mott's son, the bloke who wanted to be an artist like His pa. He's going to be big boss 'round here, someday.

The melodious, melancholy theme of the book *None But the Lonely Heart* echoes in my ears — the broad cockney, singing low, steady. Richard Llewellyn has written another book, full of sympathy and human emotions, which can stand proudly beside *How Green Was My Valley*. There is not nor can there be any comparison between the two books, for each is splendidly real in its own way. Mr. Llewellyn has gone from the idealistic

family life and ideas of the Morgans in *How Green Was My Valley* to the realistic, humdrum, get-along-somehow existence of Ernie Mott and of the "blokes" 'round him, just like him. From the moment you start reading *None But the Lonely Heart*, the characters so vividly depicted come alive, move about naturally, normally: Ern Mott, who spends his time loafing around the Fun Fair — comparable to our penny arcades with a juke box, shooting gallery, and gambling concession thrown in — and whose only ambition is to get rich as easily and as fast as possible; his tender, gentle Ma — ". . . as for laughing . . . she nigh on busted the windows. Funny sort of laugh it was, and all, very high and trembly, and proper loud, and she always finished up holding her mouth with one hand, and the two halves of her blouse with the other, shutting her eyes tight and holding her breath as though she thought something was going to happen to her, somehow" — who, although she is a thief as far as the police are concerned, believes that shoplifting isn't against the law, "It's only taking your rights from them as has more than they can handle"; and the unbelievable Henry Twite, Prince of Derelicts, hospitable, gentle, living in a world of his own making, a world of his own type of justice.

When I first decided to read this book of Mr. Llewellyn's, I was a bit skeptical, for I remembered the long hours spent interpreting the rich Welsh language in *How Green Was My Valley*, but there is no difficulty in *None But the Lonely Heart*. It reads like Ernie Mott's thoughts, straight from the heart, direct. The cockney slang and colloquialisms make the description precise, clear-cut, colorful: "Your dial" (face), "bleeding," "proper smashing." One thing which is disturbing about the book is Mr. Llewellyn's constant use of capital letters when speaking of Ernie — He, His, Him. At first there is no apparent reason for the capitals, but, as you read further into this man's thoughts, you suddenly realize the meaning of the capitalization. Ernie Mott is thinking, Ernie Mott is seeing, Ernie Mott is doing, so blast the definite antecedents. The intimate feeling between you and Ernie would be lost if Mr. Llewellyn always referred to him as Ern. In order to clarify who the speaker is and still preserve this casual feeling toward Ernie, Mr. Llewellyn has capitalized all things which refer to Ernie's person.

If you wish to read a blow-by-blow account of life — first knocked down by the brutality of life and then gently lifted up by its beauty; if you want to read the "lonely truth" about life, simply expressed, by all means read *None But the Lonely Heart*. It's a proper smashing novel, it is.

Arrival at Eighteen

After all, when you are eighteen you are supposedly well on your way toward becoming a mature person and a solid citizen. You can come into an inheritance or run away and get married or go buy whiskey in low, lewd places. In short, you have arrived. — DONNA HOLSMAN

I'll Never Learn

JOHN W. DAVIS

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947

THERE IS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THIS GIRL EXCEPT that she doesn't seem the type to walk into a cocktail lounge unescorted. Her clothes are neat and she wears them well. She has a cute thing on her head that could be called a hat; her make-up blends beautifully. Everything about her blends. Everything but her present environment. Being an audacious individual I walk over to her and blurt out, "May I help you?"

A common and overworked line I admit, but now is no time to try one of my deluxe lines. I don't want a date, just an explanation.

"No, thank you."

A quick reply, but it holds a pleasant tone that means she is the friendly type — as long as I stay on my own stool.

"Waiting for some one?"

"Yes."

"Husband?"

"No."

"Boy friend?"

"No."

"Girl friend?"

"No."

I am stopped. Here is a girl who is pretty, not married, engaged, or a pick-up. Who the devil is she waiting for? Oh well, I'll try again during my next intermission.

Seated behind the piano I must be making some impression on her because she smiles. I tactfully nod my head. No sense in rushing this thing. Then she does a surprising thing. She speaks first!

"Do you know 'A Stranger in Town'?"

What a spot for a cute answer. Waving aside the "corn," I start playing her request almost before she is through asking for it.

I slow the number down and put loads of expression in it. She sits gazing at a spot three or four inches above my chin. Right into my eyes! I wish she wouldn't do that. Those eyes of hers have more expression than any music! Something like her should happen to me on a lonely night. Hell! Any night — lonely or not.

I finish her number and quick, like a "bunny-rabbit," I start on some fast "boogie" to wake myself up. Maybe I can date this lass if her mysterious appointment isn't kept.

It is nearing "break time," and surely then something will happen. It does!

In walks a good-looking guy about fifty-two, a neat dresser — the kind that stands out in a crowd — a little gray above the ears, which helps all the more. Right up to my dream he walks. Oh, no! Not one of those "big executive-secretary" deals! I'll "moider" the guy. Then it hits me.

"Nancy, golly kid, but it's been a long time!"

"Dad —"

What conversation! It's like an amateur would write in a rhetoric theme.

Maybe I should impress "dad" and get that date. I should live so long. Papa's grinning like the better half of those theatrical masks that are on every opera program.

"How is the baby, Nancy? I can't wait to see it."

Brother — I can! You can't tell about women. Leave 'em alone and live longer, that's my slogan.

Saaaay — Is that blond by herself? It looks that way. Maybe — hmmm.

Program Annotation and Pure Music

MORTON BERMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947

CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS AND CRITICS HAVE DISPLAYED an ever-increasing tendency to utilize a relatively recent innovation in the field of pure symphonic creation: namely, the writing of descriptive comment concerning a musical composition in the belief that these notes are essential for a thorough understanding of the work. This principle is completely opposed to the established idea that symphonic music is absolute music. Consequently, there have been among critics, composers, professional musicians, and even laymen, constant arguments as to the ultimate purpose of music. Of course, there is no set rule which states what the exact function of music should be. However, by placing music with art and literature under the general heading of Art and by comparing these three main types of creative expression, perhaps we can see more clearly the method of music as it differs from the methods of literature and art.

In literature, we have feelings, moods, ideas, and style all expressed by the writer through the medium of words. In art, which includes painting, architecture, and sculpture, ideas are expressed through the use of colors,

structure, balance, masses, and shapes. With music, expression is achieved through the use of melody, harmony, tone, rhythm, and composition.

Now, if the reader, for a greater appreciation, needs illustrations or a musical background while reading a literary work, it is an indication that the author could have done a better job of writing. In fact, he has not fully succeeded in expressing himself and has had to resort to means outside of purely literary methods. Have not Goethe, Milton, Wordsworth, and T. S. Eliot maintained their standing primarily on the basis of their written words?

In art, does the observer need a written program or musical accompaniment to appreciate fully a painting by Goya, Van Gogh, Modigliani, or Picasso? Must one "read up" on Rodin before realizing the profound power of "The Thinker?" Stand before a structure built by Frank Lloyd Wright or LeCorbusier. A hundred-piece symphony orchestra is not essential or even desirable for a greater appreciation of a magnificent example of architecture.

Yet with pure music there is a never-ending demand that the composer write program notes to go with his musical composition. Let us say, for example, that when Bach began his *Second Brandenburg Concerto*, his wife had just borne him an eighth child. Therefore, the master was transferring to his music the joy or annoyance (depending on his finances) which he experienced on the occasion. Is the listener's appreciation of this Bach work any deeper after he has learned of the incident? There are those who will bring up the example of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. Each of the five movements of the work has a sub-heading of a pastoral nature. Proponents of program content in pure music will argue that since Beethoven, who is probably the greatest composer in the symphonic form, felt it necessary to write a program for one of his major symphonies, then such a need should be recognized. However, the truth of the matter is that Beethoven never did write those sub-headings; they were composed by his contemporary critics and biographers! Beethoven's means of expression in that symphony, as in all of his symphonies, were completely musical with no program connotations intended.

Recently, after a recorded performance of Tschaiikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*, a student in a music appreciation class asked, "What is the story to the work? What was the composer trying to say?" The instructor explained that the music says whatever the listener wants it to say. When a composer uses an absolute music form, he is expressing purely musical ideas with no concrete or specific story or message to transmit. My attitude goes even further. Music should be listened to for its own sake. The objective listener, the one who can listen for the music's intrinsic value, can appreciate its true worth. Therefore, interpret music as you will, if interpret it you must. No program is necessary.

Spiritual Resurgence in Russia

MARY ANNIS CRAWFORD

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1946-1947

PRIOR TO THE REVOLUTION IN 1917, THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT was closely connected with the Russian branch of the Greek Orthodox Church. Only religious marriages and divorces were recognized, religious education was taught in all the schools, and no anti-religious propaganda was permitted. Although the Church doctrines could not be questioned, its corruption was notorious, and the Orthodox Church was Russia's wealthiest institution. The Communists, when they had gained control of the country, declared religion an "opiate" of the people, and immediately destroyed its high status.¹ The Government took over most Church land and property so that the Church would be unable to function and, therefore, could in no way stop the progress of the new Soviet power.

Religious education was prohibited and religion could be taught only to one's own children. Religious marriage was deprived of its legal significance and divorces were very easy to obtain.² Propaganda was encouraged to substitute science for religion, an atheist society was organized, and paid propagandists published a weekly journal against religion.³ No religious books could be printed; even the printing of Bibles and prayerbooks was curbed. Daily and weekly papers brought forth anti-religious propaganda, anti-religious museums were opened, and anti-religious demonstrations were conducted.

As religion was discouraged in Russia, the status of former high-ranking Christians was reduced to the lowest possible level and, unofficially, the Communists discriminated against active laymen. Believers could not join the ruling party, which granted all high positions to party members, because of the party's atheistic principles.⁴ There was no alternative for the Christians other than to carry on during years of persecution, just as the Roman Catholics had sought refuge in the catacombs many centuries before. This maintenance of religious life did not represent the feeling of a minority, but was of immense dynamic force.⁵

The Orthodox Church declined, but was never completely destroyed. Old church leaders accepted the break between Church and State, for they

¹ N. S. Timasheff, "Religion in Russia," *Current History*, 8 (February, 1945), 105.

² *Ibid.*

³ Jerome Davis, "Religion in the U.S.S.R.," *New Republic*, 112 (March 5, 1945), 330.

⁴ Timasheff, *op. cit.*, p. 106.

⁵ H. Iswolsky, "Spiritual Resurgence in Soviet Russia," *Survey Graphic*, 33 (February, 1944), 113.

realized people would retain their religious beliefs. Of course, some prominent religious leaders disapproved of Communism, but the head of the former Orthodox Church declared that the Soviet Government had God's sanction and that, therefore, all strife by religious persons against the Government must cease.⁶

After World War II, it was apparent that the patience and good judgment of the believers were rewarded. It had long been obvious that atheistic propaganda and attacks on the Church had been unsuccessful. Statistics showed that two-thirds of the adult rural population and one-third of the adult urban population had retained their faith. Even though churches were closed and the clergy were expelled, religion survived. "Roaming priests" went from village to village celebrating Holy Communion, performing marriages, baptizing children, and performing other religious rites.⁷

It was very disillusioning to the Communists that religion continued to be so vital in the lives of the populace. The attack was intensified in 1937 and 1938, but the Government experienced no success; in December, 1938, the attitude toward the Church changed, and the Communists declared that Christianity was not detrimental to the individual.⁸ The feeling of the Government was expressed by President Kalinin, who stated, "We believe that religion is a misleading institution and struggle against it by education. But since religion still grips considerable sections of the population and some people are deeply religious, we cannot combat it with ridicule."⁹

The war helped tremendously in the gaining of friendship between the Church and the State. Fighting in alliance with nations believing in religious freedom was an aid, but the devotion of the Soviet clergy during the war was of even greater importance. When Hitler attacked Russia, the Russian Orthodox Church fully cooperated in the war effort; many parishes made large donations to the War Fund. The Government appreciated the attitude of the Church in aiding the war cause, and, three months later, anti-religious museums were closed and the publishing of anti-religious journals was discontinued.

The Government became increasingly tolerant of religion, and in September, 1943, Premier Stalin approved the proposal that a congress be called to elect a patriarch and to organize a council for purposes of church government.¹⁰ Thus, the Russian Orthodox Church was again recognized as a national body. Religion was given a new and respected position; all religions — Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant, and not just the Russian Orthodox Church — were acknowledged.

⁶ Davis, *loc. cit.* ⁷ Iswolsky, *loc. cit.* ⁸ Timasheff, *op. cit.*, pp. 106-107.

⁹ Henry C. Wolfe, "Soviet Rapport With Religion?", *Saturday Review of Literature*, 27 (June 10, 1944), 15.

¹⁰ "Stalin to Permit Election of Head of Church," *Christian Century*, 60 (September 15, 1943), 1029.

The revival of the Orthodox Church under Stalin was complete when the Archbishop of York went to Moscow bearing the blessings of the British churches. The Orthodox Church also blessed the Russian Government and asked all Christians to unite in defense of their faith.¹¹ After his visit, the Archbishop of York stated, "There is an undoubted revival of religion (in Russia). Complete freedom of worship within their churches is granted to all religions. Anti-God propaganda has been suspended, godless museums are closed, and respect for religion is encouraged. The Orthodox Church has greater freedom than it ever had under the Tsars. The churches are crowded, though many are still closed or secularized. The change in the Soviet attitude toward religion is due to the recognition that religion cannot be eradicated, that a large proportion of the people of Russia are religious. . . ."¹²

The Soviet Government aided religion in many other ways. The Church was permitted to open a theological seminary, where students could study the history of the Christian and Russian churches, Christian apologetics, hymnology, history of Catholic, Protestant, and Anglican churches, and other subjects. The adopted course of study was free and money was provided for those needing assistance.¹³ The Government also formed a council for religion under the Council of People's Commissars, which united all faiths.

Increased interest was shown in the Church among all the citizens; officers and also students from technical institutions began to attend services. Many new churches were opened, and, as early as 1941, there were 8,338 churches, synagogues, and mosques in the U.S.S.R., and 58,442 ministers and priests.¹⁴

The Government further established its sincerity by publishing a religious book, *The Truth About Religion in Russia*. This book was published upon the presses that had formerly been used for anti-religious publications, and was the first book devoted to religious problems and religious life that had been printed in the Soviet Union since 1917. A thousand copies were sent to the United States so that Americans would realize religion was alive and was tolerated in Russia. The Government was aware that its attacks upon religion had created considerable ill feeling among other powers.¹⁵ The printing of Bibles and prayerbooks was also resumed at this time.

The Church and the State were separated and, therefore, the State granted no special privileges to a certain religion. Buildings, however, were tax exempt and were provided free of charge by the Government. Protec-

¹¹ "Restoration of the Russian Church," *Christian Century*, 60 (September 29, 1943), 1093.

¹² "Ten Days That Shook His Grace, the Archbishop of York," *Time*, 43 (May 8, 1944), 42.

¹³ E. Downs, "Russian Orthodoxy's Offensive," *Newsweek*, 22 (December 27, 1943), 70.

¹⁴ Stanley Evans, *Churches in the U.S.S.R.*, p. 87.

¹⁵ Bernard Pares, "Religion in Russia," *Foreign Affairs*, 21 (July, 1943), 644.

tion was also given to the believers so that they could worship without being offended or receiving jeers. The courts punished severely those who infringed upon the privileges of believers.¹⁶ In addition to these gains for the Church, in 1944, it was no longer illegal to teach religious education to groups of children.

Relations were almost cordial between the Government and the Russian Orthodox Church, and the Church has expressed its appreciation of Government aid. In like manner, when the head of the Church died two years ago, a high official represented the Government at the funeral.

The comparison between Russian religion today and the situation in 1922-1923, 1929-1930, and 1937-1938 reveals tremendous changes. Then the churches were considered as dangerous survivals of the past that should be exterminated, but now they are looked upon with favor and are considered valuable.¹⁷ Clergymen also enjoy equal rights with all other citizens; they may be elected to public office, which is the most important right of Russian citizens.

Many believe that Stalin restored religious freedom to his people because it was necessary, during the war, to take away so much that they valued, and also because of his genuine love for the Russian people. By reinstating the Church as a part of Russian life, Stalin has removed a motive for internal dissension and has strengthened the spiritual unity of the people. He has also removed the "atheist" stamp from the whole of the U.S.S.R.¹⁸ It is reassuring to know that any Russian may worship God according to the dictates of his conscience and also to know that this privilege will be maintained in the future.

¹⁶ Evans, *loc. cit.* ¹⁷ Timasheff, *op. cit.*, pp. 108-109.

¹⁸ George LaPiana, "The Vatican and Soviet Russia," *Nation*, 162 (May 4, 1946), 532.

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The Master of Ceremonies

W. Somerset Maugham is a great story-teller. In *The Razor's Edge* he has not only told a story; he has played a part in that story. We might compare Maugham to a master of ceremonies in a night club. He introduces his characters as they are needed for the continuity of the plot and as suddenly drops them when their particular mission is completed. His main actors encore frequently throughout the book. And old Somerset, the author, just sits back at his table at a French sidewalk cafe and listens to his people tell their individual stories or expound their philosophies of life.

Maugham is a great listener. He has to be, for many and varied people confess to him. Maugham uses little action in his book; he resorts to "flashbacks," he uses much description for the setting, he uses the troubled times after World War I for the background. But always present is Larry talking of his previous actions or Isabel speaking of her husband and the children. Maugham knows and states reality when realism is the mood of a particular phase of his story. To bring himself into more intimate terms with the reader he divulges some of his "love" life. He has a kept woman in Paris — kept by somebody else, however. An author presumably doesn't make as much money as a businessman.

Maugham introduces his friends to the reader; he does not judge them. He asks the question and then answers it himself. But he always states that it is his own opinion or philosophy of what is right or wrong; and "you can take it or leave it." Maugham tells this story in the first person. And in doing so he doesn't become a boor — an unusual, remarkable feat. He uses understatement throughout and his characters never get up quite enough emotion to "blow their tops." This gives the plot tenseness all the way to the final page. It creates an atmosphere of impending violence, violence that never materializes. In one case there is a murder, but the actual killer is not important. And Maugham on the final page has the effrontery to say that he may have left his readers up in the air.

— JAMES B. KINCH

Reaching for a Star

About six months ago my older daughter, Donna, then two and one-half years old, was sitting with me by a big window from where we had a good view of a night sky. As fathers are prone to do, I was explaining the wonders of the stars. She nodded understandingly and requested, "Dit one for me!" I explained at length that it was impossible to get one for her because the stars were beyond my reach. She quickly countered, "Dit a chair." — HARLAN V. WHITE

I Chose Freedom

ROBERT W. WEBER

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1946-1947

ON APRIL 3, 1944, THE NEW YORK TIMES REPORTED, "SOVIET OFFICIAL HERE RESIGNS." So ended the career of Victor Kravchenko in the Soviet government. This man, son of a liberal peasant, had started his career as a factory worker and had become one of the top engineers in Russia. He came to this country with the Soviet Purchasing Commission, and it was from this job that he resigned.

Since the end of the war, there has been a rearrangement of thought on the Soviet government. During the war years we looked upon Russia as having a government somewhat similar to ours, or at least one that we could work with. Now that the smoke has thinned, we are getting a different picture. We are aware of the present foreign policy of the Soviets, but we have had few glimpses of life inside Russia. Even during the war the "iron curtain" was never lifted. The few news reporters and government attachés who did remain in Russia for any period of time were so closely watched and restricted that their reports have little value. The few men who have been permitted to enter Russia and move about with some semblance of freedom are in all cases very strong "liberals." These men, Earl Browder; Alvarez del Vayo, European editor of *The Nation*; and Harold Lasky, British liberal, have brought back glowing reports of the living standards of the Russian people and the progress that they are making. Kravchenko gives an account that tells of inefficiency, corruption, fear, starvation, and suffering. Kravchenko, who climbed the entire distance of the social ladder in this "classless" society, is well qualified to present the suffering and fear at each level.

Edgar Snow, in his *The Pattern of Soviet Power*, makes the statement, "... you are astonished by some major accomplishment requiring a high degree of foresight and organization." Kravchenko, on the other hand, lays the success not to any planning but to the merciless use of labor. The increases of production cost millions of lives and were due not to skill or organization or foresight but to the long hours, low pay, impossible quotas, and threats of imprisonment and death to the workers.

According to Mr. Kravchenko there are approximately twenty million prisoners in the N.K.V.D. (secret service) camps. Only about ten per cent of these are there for crimes of robbery or murder. The remaining ninety per cent are political prisoners, men whose only crime may have been a careless word of complaint against some new order. The treatment of

prisoners is reminiscent of that described in Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night*, the difference being that, as Mr. Kravchenko states it, "Germany tortures her enemies, and we torture and imprison our people."

I Chose Freedom is more than just a book, more than a history, more than an autobiography of a Russian official. It is a warning to all liberals who are advocating a socialistic form of government that in an effort to free people they may create a monster that may be far worse than the present evils.

Kravchenko writes from a personal point of view. He has the advantage of having suffered from these abuses and has no need of the words *if* or *maybe*. He has merely to recollect, not imagine.

Giz

MELVIN SCHULTZ

Proviso (Maywood) Branch, Rhetoric I, 1946-1947

GIZ WAS MY BUDDY. WE "SACKED-IN" IN THE SAME compartment. We shared our successes, failures, ambitions, lockers, blues, socks, comic-books, money, and women. We would have shared even Lana Turner, if that were possible. We fought constantly and yet were always at peace. We swore at one another, and the swearing was music to our ears. I often used to wonder how Giz and I were able to stand each other. We were different in many ways; yet, in spite of our differences, we were united. We were buddies.

You either liked Giz, or you hated him. I liked him, for he was an unusual character.

I think the most outstanding feature about him was his independence. His every action displayed it. It was his belief, his religion, his very outlook on life. He practiced it while others dreamed of it. Because of his independence he deeply resented authority. Often he would say, "No damn boat ensign is going to tell *me* what to do! If he's any better than me, he's going to have to prove it! I'm just as good as he is any day! That damn gold stripe don't mean a thing! Why hell! I've served more years than he's been in 'chow-lines'!" All of us said that at one time or another, but Giz was one of the few who "stood up" for what they said. As a result, Giz was usually restricted.

Giz's independence showed in many other ways. He would never do anything for a person if the person could do it himself. "Who was your slave last year?" he'd wisecrack. I don't mean to say that he would never do you a

favor. He was always doing favors for someone, but he would never do them to save the person from exerting himself.

Giz was independent with his women, too. If one of them gave him a bad time he'd merely say, "Well, honey, if that's the way you want to be, it's O.K. with me. So long!" Then he'd walk away to scout greener pastures. Yes, Giz was independent!

Giz was loyal, too. He was loyal to his friends, his family, his girl back home, and Detroit. To him Detroit was Utopia, Valhalla, the Promised Land. All cities and states were merely suburbs of Detroit. "It's the *only* place to live," he'd say. He was loyal to his girl back home, as all sailors are loyal to some girl, somewhere. She was Diana, Helen of Troy, Venus, and St. Joan, all in one. She was his symbol of chastity, reverence, and perfection. She was cute, too. Giz would marry her someday. "Some day we'll settle down, buy a little restaurant and raise chickens and kids." Some day Detroit will be inhabited by countless Gizmoes, each with sandy hair, a pushed-up nose, and a walk like a lazy Southern dorky.

Giz was a liberty hound. He would hit the beach as long as his health held out. If he were restricted, he would go over the fence. If he had the duty, he would go over the fence. Sometimes he'd even go over the fence just for the exercise. Going through the gate meant squaring your hat and rolling down your cuffs. "I'll be damned if I'll square up for any seaman deuce," came often from his lips.

Because of his liberty hound tendencies, Giz was always tired. Usually he'd average about twenty hours of sleep during the week. As a result, he missed many musters and slept through most of his watches. His fabulous luck saved him from serious consequences, but he could seldom dodge restrictions. He would naturally resent authority as long as he was restricted. It was a vicious circle.

Giz was a disciple of Walt Whitman, only he didn't realize it. He believed instinctively in the strong bond of comradeship, the constant worth of good men, the spontaneous practice of one's beliefs. He was never educated. What he learned he learned from life and experience; for philosophy as a study was unknown to him. His convictions were from the heart. He loathed deception and intrigue. He was outspoken and often rude, but his thoughts were never hidden. There was no latent hatred in Giz, for his reactions were on the surface, like those of children.

Yes, he was like a child in many ways — a grown, experienced, tired child. His actions were a strange combination of child-like enthusiasm and adult determination. He had adult desires, but satisfied them with the spirit of a child. His cursing, vulgar mannerisms and displays of wisdom were only a result of experience in a rough life. His spirit remained as uninhibited as that of a child.

New Year's Eve in the Army

RICHARD KASTEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947

MY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE IN THE ARMY WAS JUST another night of duty for me. Two months before, I had graduated from an army technical school with high hopes of becoming a useful soldier. Now, the day before New Year's, I was a yardbird. There were too many radiomen in the army; so I shovelled snow, sprinkled walks with ashes, and knocked off icicles that hung over officers' entrances. Now, New Year's Eve, I was a night fireman in a camp in North Carolina. My job required me to keep three stoves in squadron headquarters fired all night. I went on duty at 5:00 p.m.

I had the Charge of Quarters and the Officer of the Day for company. At 5:15 the C. Q. told me to wake him up at three o'clock in the morning and then went to sleep at the desk. The O. D. said he was tired, and he ordered me to make the bed that was in the commanding officer's office. He, too, was soon asleep. Fine company!

I poured some coal in the stove and watched the fire spring to life. It was warm, and I felt cheerful for a moment. I closed the stove. The silence of the vast room with its sleeping men produced a chill which the fire could not disperse. A feeling of lonesomeness and the uselessness of life at the moment caused a depression which the warm fire could not comfort. I decided to read a book.

Long and dreary hours passed. Suddenly two M. P.'s and a drunken soldier noisily entered. The drunk was left with me for disposal. He was so weak on his feet that a person could have knocked him over with a feather. In fact, it was Three Feathers that finally bowled him over — a whole quart of it. He cursed and kept saying, "The army is no good for nobody." I agreed with him and helped him to his barracks. I made his bed, and he plopped backwards onto it. As I tucked him in, he gave me a silly grin of comfort for my trouble.

At 11:00 the phone rang. It was a soldier who had gone to South Carolina on a three-day pass. He wanted to know if there was a telegram for him. There was. It said, "Divorce granted yesterday. Emma." The soldier thanked me.

At midnight I drank a coke from the coke-machine and said, "Happy New Year." Then I put more coal on the fire.

I read again but couldn't concentrate on the book; so I wrote a letter to a girl friend in Wisconsin and told her how much her letters inspired me.

At 3:00 I woke the C. Q. and helped him wake the K. P.'s. He rolled them out of bed and said, "Happy New Year! You're on K. P.!"

At 3:30 I woke the relief for the airplane guard. At 4:30 the airplane guard phoned from the hangar to inquire where his relief was. I woke the relief again and said, "You must have dropped over on your back and gone right to sleep."

"Yeah, I must *have*," he said, yawning.

At 7:00 my relief came. As I walked home, I passed several bluebirds chirping cheerfully. It was New Year's Day.

The Infantryman

NEIL HEBEISEN

Elgin Branch, Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1946-1947

THIS IS THE INFANTRYMAN, DOGFACE, GRAVEL-grinder, or just plain Joe. He's been called everything and doesn't seem to mind it. He's no beauty and doesn't qualify as a Hollywood hero. Lines etch his face and circles rim his weary eyes. Clothes hang dejectedly from his slouching frame. Their mud, wrinkles, and smell match his dirty, unkempt body. His is no flashing smile. Instead dull tobacco-stained teeth peer out from the recess of his mouth. His face and neck bristle with month-old whiskers.

His courage is not that of the heroes of fiction, for he is not a hero. He wants to go home, and heroes have an uncomfortable habit of ending up in a mattress cover. His courage is the dogged relentless type that carries him forward when every fiber of his being tells him to hold back. It keeps him going after his legs have become leaden and his body feels as though the blood has been drained from it.

He is a fatalist. "Wonder if I'll get hit?" is not his question. "I wonder when I'll get it and how bad?" is his thought.

He is not a crusader. His is not a fight to save democracy. It's a fight to knock the other guy out so that he can get home.

His greatest ally is his sense of humor, the adrenalin to the weakly beating heart of morale. Setting a machine gun upon a bar and dividing his time fighting and drinking are not tactics, but they make war more pleasant. Taking a jaunt through a sniper-infested town on a bicycle is foolhardy, but it touches his ludicrous sense of humor. "Die laughing" is quite a literal expression to him.

He is first, last, and always an infantryman; yet he spends most of his spare time cussing his damned luck for getting him in the god-damned infantry. Don't make the mistake of agreeing with him. He allows no one the privilege of knocking his outfit unless he belongs.

Death

TED KENDRICK

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947

SHIMMERING VAPORS HUNG OVER THE CORAL AIR STRIP and danced in the light breeze. Bronzed men moved mechanically in search of shade in the empty parking areas. Trucks rested quietly in their motionless sleep while their drivers blew smoke from their cigarettes into the air. Shattered palm trees relaxed their shaggy branches and sighed softly.

A wary land crab shuttled across a patch of sand. The squadron mascot watched but decided against the useless chase.

Minutes and hours passed and the breeze vanished. The men shifted restlessly and strained to hear the drone of returning planes. The sleek mascot rose and stretched halfheartedly. He strolled among the ground crews but received no compliments. Cigarettes were thrown away half smoked.

Like the rapping of a door knocker on a deserted street, a call came over the control tower radio. A low pitched voice reported the positions of the returning planes. Men stood up, painstakingly brushing imaginary dust from their soiled breeches. As if for common comfort, they banded together in small groups. There was no oral conversation. Faces and hands talked together and were understood.

Heads were jerked in the direction of the control tower as another voice began to talk. It was an urgent, rapid message; a ship had been wounded and needed help. The message was repeated over and over until the voice ceased, as if realizing that it was giving no new information.

Men nodded to one another and relaxed as the faint moan of engines came to their ears. The control tower gave landing instructions and then hesitated as if wanting to give more help to the planes.

Ground crews walked like robots to vantage points along the landing strip. Drivers checked and re-checked their trucks' motors. Men suddenly found their foreheads covered with small beads of sweat. They told one another it was the sun. They lied, and everyone knew it. Fire fighting crews donned their equipment and climbed to their places with hands gripping the hot steel of the trucks.

Four B-24's suddenly were in view. Their engines became louder and louder until the island seemed to vibrate under their crescendo. Men stood transfixed, squinting their eyes in painstaking effort to notice something wrong.

There was no circling of the air strip. The first bomber lowered its wheels.

It hovered for a moment over the coral and then relaxed. Two distinct screams of the tortured wheels, together with a swirl of dust and smoke, testified that the plane had landed.

Men ran to the ship, eagerly asking for news of the raid — and their ships. Each crew asked and was satisfied but one. This crew was grimly silent as it walked back to its station.

The air was now filled with the roaring of planes. The control tower became an incessant stream of orders and directions. Planes landed close behind one another and taxied to their parking areas as if chasing each other. The air became a yellow cloud of dust as the slipstreams tore loose particles from the coral. Trucks and jeeps sped along the taxi strips like frenzied ants.

Now all the planes were down, except one. As a prelude, the wind suddenly rose and cleared the landing area of dust. All eyes were focused on the distant ship. A small stream of smoke was following the two starboard engines. No wheels were lowered and no parachutes flecked the sky. The entire crew was riding its ship in.

The motor of the makeshift ambulance grumbled and came to life. The tense driver licked his dry lips as he discovered the ship had no landing gear in position.

Still the plane kept coming and coming and the smoke grew darker and small flames lapped at the windmilling props of the two engines. The entire right side was obscured as the ship came over the edge of the runway.

It seemed to hang in the air as if steeling itself for the coming crash. Props grasped at the air as engines coughed. Slowly, reluctantly, the ship settled to the strip as if beaten and awaiting further punishment. Agonized screams pierced the air as metal and coral grated together. Dust clouds billowed up from beneath. Smoke mingled in the dust to enclose all but the nose and wings. Suddenly the tail veered up and the ship fell over on its back. A huge mass of orange flame enveloped the wreckage. Tongues of fire reached for the sky and sent swirling clouds of black smoke reeling through the air.

Like a beast that has satisfied his hunger, the flames died, to leave a charred skeleton of a once sleek bomber. Men stared, but saw nothing. They moved, but did not know it.

The land crab shuttled back across the patch of sand. The mascot watched, but did not chase it.

Mac Awakens

When "Mac" awakened in the morning, or, more often, in the afternoon, he would not rise in the same manner as you and I might. He would open both eyes very slowly, gasp weakly, and say, "Cigarette!" He immediately had a cigarette thrust into his mouth. After he finished smoking, and he felt strength flowing back into his system, he would say, "Beer!" — MELVIN F. EHRENREICH

Rhet as Writ

Daffynitions:

Bibliography — a list of references from which a piece of Rhetoric has been taken.

Who's Who — tells about every famous man all over.

. . . .

Because his personality is a greater part of him, it should be intermingled with a humorous side and a serious side, and used with desecration.

. . . .

He was a true gentleman with maternal instincts.

. . . .

I could neither see the machine gun nor reach out and touch it, although it was only about fifteen yards away.

. . . .

Dancing not only develops coordination but also encourages an instinctive attitude toward the opposite sex.

. . . .

If this fad keeps increasing at the present rate, the language, in time, will be forgotten and man will be as unspeakable as a baby.

. . . .

The obstacle that affronts me is how to get my wife out of bed.

. . . .

He is tall for a white-haired man of his age.

. . . .

The danger had passed, and so I settled back to enjoy the wind and weather, but not my wife.

. . . .

Polonius was a perfect character for the part [in Hamlet].

Honorable Mention

Beverly Asplund — I Smell Zack

Carla J. Bond — Deadline

John J. Carroll — *The Turn of the Screw* by Henry James

Delores Davidson — Quiz Programs

Robert Hallock — A Grandson Comments on His Grandfather

R. O. Hoffman — Displaying Prize Hogs

Marjorie Martin — Childhood in a Village

Ellen Meyer — I Am an American

Marion Obermeyer — The Town Where I Was Born

M. A. Poole, Jr. — *Lusty Wind for Carolina* by Inglis Fletcher

Edward Singer — The Civilian Conservation Corps

William Skorborg — Atomic Energy in the Coming Era

James Skufakiss — A Reporter — Harold Cross

Don Thurow — Migrations of the Maya

Rodolfo D. Vergara — Antarctic Episode

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University including the Navy Pier and Galesburg divisions, and the high school branches. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

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Antarctic Episode

RODOLFO D. VERGARA

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947

RECENTLY, FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF THE LATE English naval historian, Sir William Earl Winthrop, an amazing story was uncovered, concerning a hitherto unknown saga of adventure and discovery. I refer to the discovery and subsequent destruction of New Worthshire Isle. Why this tale has been concealed is not clear; nevertheless, the following events occurred.

It was less than half a year after the renowned Captain Cooke had cast off on a voyage of discovery, his first, that a new squadron of the Royal Navy weighed anchor in Portsmouth harbor and put out to sea to take up the duties of patrolling the waters of the South Atlantic. Of the ships comprising the squadron, the eighteen-gun sloop-of-war *Worthshire* must be singled out, for she played an important role in this tale. She was the smallest member of the group, and on this voyage her complement consisted of sixty-two officers and men under the command of Captain Oliver Truxton.

The *Worthshire's* patrolling area was the waters between the Falklands and Patagonia. Sea duty as such was not exciting except, perhaps, in the weathering of occasionally severe squalls and sea storms. Nothing extraordinary occurred until the end of the seventh month of patrol duty. It all began when a very violent storm struck the area with lightning-like rapidity. According to Truxton's account, the storm raged for three days and the *Worthshire* was buffeted severely. On the first day the tops of the main and fore masts were lost. The second day witnessed the disastrous loss of the foremast and fourteen lives. By the third day little rigging remained and the steering gear was almost ineffective. Thus, when the gale subsided, the once proud ship *Worthshire* was nothing more than a battered and leaking hulk, drifting like a derelict into the colder waters of the extreme south latitudes.

After an intensive search by the other ships of the squadron resulted only in the recovery of the *Worthshire's* foremast, she was reported as a total loss with all on board.

As the ship drifted farther south, the shock of the sudden exposure to the icy gales of the Antarctic added heavily to the hardships of the already exhausted crew. The spirits of the men rose, however, on the third day of their wandering when the familiar cry of "Land ho!" was sounded. Snow capped peaks indicated land as the ship nosed its way into a shroud of mist. It seems that Truxton noticed a trend of warmer temperature as the ship

continued to drift, but the paradoxical phenomenon remained unexplained until the ship suddenly pushed its prow through the misty veil and out into the open.

Imagine the crew's surprise and bewilderment, and the officers' no less, at the sight they beheld. For although there before them lay a barren land of snowy mountains, at the edge dead ahead of the ship rose an island of steaming jungle vegetation. Truxton's description was: "It [the island] was a mile long, and as we came around, we noted it to be one-half mile wide uniformly and that evidently a type of narrow land bridge connected the island to the mainland. Also, I noticed an overhanging cliff of ice of great size at the mainland's edge. The island itself was almost totally covered with vegetation of the type abounding in South America. Steam or vapor emanated from parts of the island with an unusual concentration at one end."

Recovering his practical senses and reaching a quick decision, Captain Truxton ordered his remaining forty-eight crewmen to prepare for disembarkment. The three serviceable long-boats were loaded with available provisions and firearms and twelve men each. The remaining thirteen lowered the boats away and stood by for the return of one of them. Disaster made its presence known again when a cry of alarm echoed from the *Worthshire* as the small boats neared shore. To the horror of the men, the *Worthshire* began to founder. Before a long-boat could reverse direction, the ship keeled over and capsized. It disappeared almost immediately, carrying eleven men with her; the two thrown clear were rescued.

Upon landing, Truxton assembled his men, uttered a prayer of thanksgiving, and claimed the new domain for His Majesty the King of England. With unanimous consent the island was named New Worthshire Isle. Truxton then reorganized the men with calm deliberation; a camp was established and two scouting parties were sent out to explore the island. Upon return, they reported that no signs of human or animal life were evident; and one party reported strange pungent vapors rising from the largest of several cracks in the ground at one end of the island. This confirmed Truxton's theory that New Worthshire Isle was volcanic, thus partially explaining the unusual situation.

As the men partook of the day's last meal, a slight tremor in the ground gave rise to speculation. Other tremors hours later gave rise to fears. The experienced Truxton recognized the warning of an impending earthquake. Rousing the camp, he explained the possibility of new danger and proposed that they should find the land bridge and camp near there; in that way escape to the mainland would be at hand if anything happened. It was still night when they arrived at the bridge. The tremors were by now literally shaking the island in its foundations. Truxton did not hesitate to give the order to cross; he at once led the single file in orderly retreat to the mainland.

A sudden explosion from the far end of the island scattered dust, rock, and vegetation into the air. A second explosion redoubled the efforts of the men to hasten the crossing of the narrow and rocky bridge. The party was midway across the half mile natural span when a third explosion kindled the island "afire" and caused the surrounding waters to boil. Particles of suffocating ash filled the air, hampering the progress of the file. A series of explosive outbursts rocked the island; and, as the men in the rear looked back, they saw that the isle had begun to sink. The scale of life and death tipped negatively again, for near the middle of the fleeing column the bridge was cleft in two, leaving a rapidly widening gap. The eighteen exhausted men trapped on the island side remained stunned until they were encouraged to swim the gap. All to a man made an attempt but only four succeeded: some of those who regained the stranded section of the bridge were last seen weeping. The remaining two dozen had yet to gain the solid rock of the mainland. Truxton urged the men to hurry lest their section of the bridge collapse; just as they were scaling the slope of the mainland, it did disappear below the waters. The sinking island was a burning inferno; and, when it was engulfed by the waters of the sea, it left a seething mass of steam and brimstone. To add to the clouds of gases, a ledge of ice had been shaken loose from the mainland and had caromed into the sea.

The survivors gathered at the top of an ice covered hill to watch the dramatic ending of New Worthshire Isle. They watched silently as the debris settled and the roaring sounds dissipated. Dawn began to streak the horizon, and there was silhouetted a ship! As it drew closer, her colors identified her as a Portuguese merchantman; evidently it had been attracted by nature's recent pyrotechnical display. The survivors' wild gestures were answered by a cannon shot and the lowering of a boat to pick them up.

Once aboard, Captain Truxton identified himself and his men. The merchantman was bound for England via Portugal, but was willing to land them at the Falklands. Truxton requested that he and his first mate be landed there but that the rest proceed directly to England. The request was duly carried out.

Tragedy overtook the group once more. While plowing the middle of the Atlantic, the Portuguese ship was torn asunder in the wake of a freak storm. Details of the calamity are obscure, but it may be assumed that there were no survivors, at least not from the *Worthshire* group.

Truxton and his first mate had related their tale to the naval commandant of the Falklands, but when they heard the fate of their mates, they pleaded with the commandant to keep their fantastic experiences a secret. Evidently the three did keep the secret to their dying days. It was Truxton who gave a deathbed account to Sir William.

The President Was Our Passenger

JOHN STERNER

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

THE U. S. S. *AUGUSTA* IS ONE OF THE OLDEST HEAVY cruisers in our naval service. Her career has carried her through thousands of tons of water, and has filled her log with events to which the people of our country can look with pride. In thirteen years of service, the "Augie" has been the flagship of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets, the scene of the signing of the *Atlantic Charter*, a participant in the invasions of North Africa, Normandy, and Southern France, and, lastly, a prime factor in the "Big Three" meeting at Potsdam.

Prior to July 7, 1945, the crew of the *Augusta* were not aware of their importance to their country in coming events. We had left Norfolk, Virginia, on the first day of the month and were now operating in Chesapeake Bay with an occasional "run" to the Atlantic Ocean for firing practice. From the radio reports we learned that a trip to Europe by the President was pending, but there was no suspicion concerning his mode of travel — no one knew.

Numerous times I asked my division officer if he had been informed of our operations to come, for it was customary for the officers to tell their men of future trips. But now the "gold braid" seemed to be unable to advise us what our future would bring. I was told that we were to pass this week in firing much of our wartime ammunition, for the naval dumps were too overstocked to accept it. This explanation sounded reasonable to me and to the other gunner's mates. The fact that a ship's order was issued to the effect that we were to repaint much of the ship and scrape the paint from brass fixtures was regarded as a typical sign of a peacetime navy.

On July 6, 1945, the *Augusta* sailed up the James River and moored alongside an army embarkation pier at Newport News, Virginia. Shortly afterward, working parties began to bring a large quantity of supplies aboard. A naval vessel's mooring alongside an army pier and beginning to take supplies aboard was cause for much "scuttlebutt." Another cause for much speculation was the changing of the working "uniform of the day" from dungarees to whites. The enforcement of naval regulations regarding this naval dress warned us that we were preparing for something "big." Later, the afternoon newspaper confirmed this suspicion by announcing that the President was to leave the country soon. Our officers immediately informed us of their precious secret.

The ship's "plan of the day" for Saturday, July 7, emphasized that clean white-dress uniforms, clean white hats, and shined shoes would be the

uniform until further notice. When I was awakened at four o'clock in the morning, I dressed according to this order, downed a hastily eaten "chow," and fell into place in my division's ranks on the "well deck," which was to be the scene of the boarding of the *Augusta* by the Presidential party. The stage was set in a fervor of excitement and anxiety. The brass gleamed in the morning light; the deck showed the severe scrubblings we had given it; the marine detachment was formed abreast of the gangway; the senior officers, dressed in navy blues adorned with conspicuous rows of campaign ribbons, were assembled near-by, and my own and another division occupied the port and starboard sides of the "well deck." Preparations were complete for rendering full honors to Mr. Truman and his party.

Approximately thirty minutes later, the Presidential train came to a stop on the enclosed pier. As the boatswain's pipe trilled and the officers and men raised their hands in salute, Mr. Truman, Mr. Byrnes, and several military aides climbed the gangway and descended upon the gray deck of an honored ship. After being welcomed aboard by the Captain and other senior officers, the party proceeded through a hatch leading to the officers' wardroom. Secret service men, newspapermen, and cameramen completed the procession aboard the *Augusta*.

Immediately the divisions concerned hoisted the gangway aboard, cast off the mooring lines, and carried out the other tasks for getting under way. All divisions "above decks" stood at attention as we left Newport News and sailed down the Bay toward the Atlantic Ocean. The *U. S. S. Philadelphia*, which had won renown as the "galloping ghost of the Sicilian Coast" during the war, departed from Norfolk and took the lead position in our two-ship task force. She flew the flag of Admiral Hughes, the commander of this Presidential task force.

It was not until the third day after departure from the States that the American people were informed of President Truman's presence aboard the *Augusta*. Knowing my father's staunch Republican attitude, I pictured a hurt expression on his face as he heard that the President was on the same ship as his son. But when the first mail arrived aboard the ship at the end of our journey, I discovered that my father was proud to learn that the President was on the *Augusta*.

Our transatlantic voyage was completed in seven days; but in that short time, the crew discovered that a President need not be a snob. On two occasions Mr. Truman dined with us. I must admit that when he dined with the enlisted men, I enjoyed the most delicious navy "chow" that I had eaten while in service. Seated at a table which was surrounded by members of the crew, President Truman was very informal, talkative, and seemed pleased to eat a "gob's" baked ham dinner.

Another event of the trip which warmed the hearts of eight hundred enlisted men took place shortly after we had left Chesapeake Bay. Our commander-in-chief appeared on deck wearing a recently issued white hat, which is symbolic of all "swabbies." He wore the hat in the same manner as do most "boots," who are never informed as to how to put a "salty shape" in their hats.

A personal experience, which I shall never forget, happened on the fourth day of our voyage. Early one morning while I was busily shining the brass fixtures on my gun mount, I noticed that Mr. Truman was enjoying his daily walk on the other side of the ship. As he walked athwart the ship and approached my mount, I came to attention, saluted, and nervously exhaled, "Good morning, Mr. President." The President returned the salute and replied, "How are you, son?" and continued his walk.

Except when the President was out on deck before breakfast, one or more secret service men were with him constantly. His personal bodyguard was six feet tall, weighed two hundred and thirty pounds, could fire a pistol with either hand, was a master at judo, and had a very persuasive way about him. It is said that the President must always consult a secret service man before he travels anywhere. From my observations during the trip, I believe this statement to be true.

The *Augusta* was approaching foreign shores, general quarters was sounded, and we displayed our wartime efficiency to the Presidential party. All of the gun batteries were fired according to their size, from the eight-inch main battery down to the twenty-millimeter antiaircraft guns. When the firing was completed, the party inspected the ship and were informed of the various acts performed in preparing the ship for battle. As expected, Mr. Truman stopped several times in order to speak with the members of the gun crews.

The following morning I came "topside" and discovered that we had entered the English Channel during the night. My thoughts drifted back to a year before, when the *Augusta* had last traversed the Channel. That had been during the landings in Normandy, when this same Channel had swarmed with boats and ships of all descriptions. We had been on a mission of war then, but now we were transporting our President to Europe to determine the policies of peace.

In the late afternoon we passed through the Straits of Dover with their high, sheer white cliffs revealed in all their splendor by the beautiful glow of sunset. Seven British destroyers and one cruiser joined our task force at this time. While the divisions of the *Augusta* and the *Philadelphia* stood at attention, the Britishers passed in review before the President of the United States. They formed an escort to port and to starboard as if to say, "We are beside you in war; we shall remain beside you in peace."

The morning of July 14, 1945, found our escorted task force at the mouth of the Sheldt River, which flows between the two Low Countries. During the voyage our destination had not been disclosed to us, for our officers had kept another secret very well. Many of the crew had believed that we were to take the President to German soil, but this belief was dissipated when we saw Dutch windmills "to port." The small, neat, green farms and doll-like farmhouses of Holland and Belgium reflected the beauty of sunrise this cool morning. As the people of these two countries cheered and waved to us, I thought of the many times in the past when they had never known what conquering nation would be the next to sail up the Scheldt River.

When we approached a narrowing of the river, our escort turned about and steamed by us on their way back to the Channel. As each ship passed by, her men stood at attention and shouted a loud "Hip, hip, hooray," in tribute to President Truman.

At noon the *Augusta* and the *Philadelphia* moored alongside a long concrete dock in Antwerp, Belgium. The waterfront building lay in shambles from the intense rocket bombardment inflicted by the Germans at the close of the war. No other port city in Europe was more devastated than Antwerp. The city itself was bombed in scattered places while the docks and adjacent streets were thoroughly gutted.

The army military police prevented the townspeople from swarming onto the dock, but army and naval officers, diplomats, and other distinguished persons were there to give the Presidential party a warm reception. We once again rendered full honors to Mr. Truman as he left the ship and walked down the gangway. He was greeted by the American ambassador to Belgium and General Eisenhower, who promptly escorted him to a waiting limousine.

Fifteen cars formed a procession which crawled from the dock into the streets of Antwerp. As President Truman passed by us, he waved to a proud crew, and with him went a silent prayer for his success in laying the foundation for a lasting peace while at this Potsdam Conference in Germany.

Battlefield

A battlefield is the most unattractive plot of land on earth. It is desolate, it is dirty, and it smells, yet men pay the price of blood and death to obtain it. At times it is quiet, quiet as a church on Monday morning. These are the times the nerves take over. What happened? What are they waiting for? Why don't they do something? What are they attempting? When is it going to come? It contains the cries of men that are hit, asking for help, pleading for someone to put them out of their misery, someone to deliver them from this hell. The noise comes just before dawn and right after the sun goes down: one as a "Good-Morning," the other as a "Good-Night kiss." — ANONYMOUS

Tarnish

DUANE S. DUNLAP

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1946-1947

TWO HUNDRED BRIGHT, NEW SECOND LIEUTENANTS sauntered out of the auditorium and started puffing defiantly on two hundred cigarettes. "Thou shalt not smoke out of doors" had been one of the ten commandments during cadet days, but all of that was over now that those gleaming gold bars had been pinned on our shoulders. For the past eight months we had dreamed of the day when the glint of gold bars would add to the sunshine of glorious graduation day. No more would we stand retreat in sweat soaked OD's or march to the mess hall and PX in formation. This was the fulfillment of the promise that had kept us going in classes, on PT and drill fields, and over obstacle courses. We were to be scorned no longer by PFC's, three-strippers, and "zebras." We had indeed arrived.

I didn't take much time to pack that day. I was eager to be on the train heading for home, where I could count on much back-slapping from my parents and friends. I dashed as madly as my bulging B-4 bag would allow me to the railroad station to be first in line for train tickets. After several hours in line, I stood facing a tech sergeant who looked at me through the bars of the ticket cage and said, "You gotta name, Lootenunt?" I was sure I had; so I told him what it was.

"You got seat nine, car thirty-two on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Lootenunt — sign here."

"Wait a minute, sergeant," I said with dignity. "It's a long way to Chicago. Isn't it a Pullman?"

"This may strike you as being rather peculiar, Lootenunt, but you also got a berth on a Pullman on the New York Central. It seems you sleep in the Pullman and ride during the day in a coach on another railroad. Hasn't anybody ever told you how to make out a transportation request?"

Was this why I had slaved for such a long time? Here I was being bawled out by a sergeant for making a perfectly human mistake in filling out a form. The chips were down. The prestige of my entire graduating class was at stake. I could feel the eyes of my fellow graduates on the back of my neck. A hush fell and tension mounted as I prepared to make a quick comeback which would cut this insolent enlisted man down to size. "Yes Sir," I said softly.

As I sat on my B-4 bag, waiting for the sergeant to come back from lunch, I brooded. He had told me to wait until he had eaten lunch before he would straighten out my ticket. I could still see the disappointed faces of my

former friends as they walked past me on the way to their trains. I didn't blame them. I hated myself. My day was no longer bright and filled with sunshine. A cloud covered the sky, and the sound of rain on the tin roof of the railroad station mingled with the lonely whistle of the train far in the distance.

On Thank-You Notes

M. ALAN POOLE, JR.

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

LETTER WRITING HAS ALWAYS BEEN A THING OF PASSION with me — I passionately avoid it whenever possible. I don't really mind letters in general, but the writing of thank-you notes always leaves me in a complete state of frustration. They invariably go something like this:

"Dear Aunt Bess,

Thank you so very much for the jade shoehorn you sent me for Christmas. I think of all of you whenever I put on my shoes."

No, that will never do. She'll probably get the idea that I think her gift smells. I guess I had better say:

"It reminds me so much of my stay in China while I was in the Navy."

That's a little better, I guess, but I'd better be careful. She always was rather sensitive — she might get the idea that I wish I were back in China, where her offering might have been lost before it got to me. I suppose it's best just to thank her for it and then continue with the news.

News. News? There isn't any news, but I'll have to write her at least two pages. Ah, I have it!

"Someone stole the right front headlight off the car the other night while Dad was at work. It may sound funny, but Dad said that it was hard to drive the car only half lit up."

Oh, oh! I'll bet sure as heck she'll think that *Dad* was half tight. I guess I'd better change that to:

"Someone stole one of the headlights from the car while Dad was at work the other night, so now we can't see where we're going so well at night."

That's rather stupid, isn't it? No one can see as well in the night. Besides, I don't suppose she cares whether we have any headlights or not. Anybody that would give somebody a jade shoehorn — imitation, at that. News. News. News:

"We aren't doing anything around here. I did fall off the ladder the other day, but it didn't amount to much."

No! I certainly won't give her the satisfaction of agreeing with me there.

And the first part will just bear out her suspicions that we're lazy, so that will have to go. Hmmmmm. . . .

"I haven't much to tell you in the way of news, as I've really been too busy to hear any."

Whew! Not bad, if I do say so myself. She won't believe it, but it was still a good idea. I'll have to tell her something. About what would she like to hear? About school, of course:

"We got our midsemester grades a couple of weeks ago, and they didn't look so bad. They grade on a five point system here. Five points is an *A*, four points is a *B*, three points is a *C*, and so on. I came out with a 4.67 average, so I feel pretty good."

Perhaps it might be better to withhold the grades until the end of the semester. Then I'll know for sure, and she'll want to know too. If the finals are better than the midsemester grades, she will say that we can never improve ourselves. If they are worse, she'll feel convinced that I'm "just another flash-in-the-pan Poole." I know I can't win, but she couldn't see a white flag anyway, so

"I can hardly wait until this semester's over so that I can get an idea how I stand in the eyes of the college instructors as to mental ability."

Find something wrong with that if you can. She could — she'd say that I was depending upon the opinion of my instructors for my grade. I'll just have to forget about school, I guess. News — I wonder, do you suppose she would — oh well, I'll try it. No, I'd better not. I don't want to embarrass her by telling her what my *friends* gave me. She would be interested in what we did over the Christmas holidays, I bet. On second thought, however, Mother has already told her all about what the family did, collectively, and I certainly can't tell her about that date on Christmas Eve. That wouldn't go over with much of a bang. She still clings to the idea that almost all of a child's time home should be spent at home. That may account for her prejudices now.

Whew! Two hours and I still haven't said anything. This can't go on any longer. I suppose I *could* send it as is, but it'd never pass Mom's censorship. Of course, if she didn't see it — I might also suffer for it next year. She'll most likely send me a hearth broom or something, but that's a chance I have to take. Anyhow, I don't have to start worrying until next year.

Here's hoping she doesn't say anything in her next letter to Mom:

"Dear Aunt Bess,

Thank you ever so much for the beautiful jade shoehorn you sent me for Christmas. It was really awfully nice of you to remember me.

Sorry, but I'll have to study now — exams are coming up. I will give you the news in my next letter.

Thanks again; be sure to let us all know how you are.

'Bye now, as always,
Alan"

The Teapot Dome Affair

CARL G. UCHTMANN

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1946-1947

THE TEAPOT DOME OIL SCANDAL INVOLVED SEVERAL high government officials and has sometimes been called one of the most sordid affairs in American political history. Today, as we follow such investigations as that concerning the late Senator Andrew May, and as we hear Senator Bilbo's protestation, "I didn't get a . . . dollar," we might well look back on the prosecution of the Teapot Dome case to remind ourselves of a few of the difficulties encountered in investigating and proving such crimes of fraud against the government. This Teapot Dome scandal, which was in the courts and the headlines of the nation's newspapers from June 5, 1925, until April 6, 1931, resulted in the conviction of only one man, who served nine months and eighteen days of a one-year sentence and was assessed a fine equal to only one of the bribes he was found to have accepted — the only punishment finally administered by our courts during seven years of indictments and prosecutions.

The evidence, though well hidden, was conclusive. Sufficient proof was found to bring from the Supreme Court the statement that the most involved, Secretary of the Interior Fall, was a "faithless public officer," and that the transactions had been "conceived and executed in fraud and corruption,"¹ although at the time they were consummated everything seemed completely legitimate. The investigation also found that high government officials had neglected to pay serious attention to the biggest transaction in the Department of the Interior in four or five years. Even during the trial many other instances of incompetence in high places were uncovered involving men who were responsible for prosecuting the case.²

The name given the affair was adopted from one of the naval oil reserves which were discovered to have been illegally leased to private corporations. These naval oil reserves had been set aside before 1916 by Presidents Taft and Wilson, who were impressed by the fact that battleships of the navy were turning more and more to oil and wanted to assure it a supply in the future. Congress had supported this action and put the control of the oil in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy. President Harding, without Congressional permission, had transferred the reserves to the Department of the Interior, under public lands. This he had done despite the objection of Admiral

¹ "The Record Stands," *Newsweek*, 24 (December 11, 1944), 28.

² Daugherty, a judge in one of the trials, was questioned in Senate hearings and found guilty of accepting bribes and selling pardons. See "Daugherty, Aegis of Justice," *Literary Digest*, 118 (March 26, 1924), 333. Also, "America Waking Up," *Nation*, 126 (March 29, 1928), 337.

Griffith, and others, who had protested and said that "we (the navy) might as well say good-by to our oil."³

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fall, had proceeded promptly to "dispose" of these valuable oil reserves on the ground that wells outside the navy's reserves were threatening to drain away some of the navy's oil. Instead of consulting the proper authorities to learn whether the oil was actually being lost, or asking for funds to take out the oil and put it into storage, Secretary Fall had leased the reserves, Number one, in Elk Hills, California, and Number two, the Teapot Dome reserve in Wyoming, to private companies for exploitation. This was how we had practically given away the oil reserves which had been set aside for public wealth and national security — practically given away, because these leases to private corporations were found to have been contracted without competitive bidding, to be highly favorable to the lessees, and to have been let to men who financially aided Secretary Fall and the administration with generous "loans." All this had transpired during the short months of the Harding administration with only a select few men in the inner circle knowing the details. The investigations disclosing the unfavorable terms and the fraud began only after Fall had resigned from his position as Secretary of the Interior to return to his ranch in New Mexico after having completed two years of apparently uneventful tenure.⁴

The investigation was started as a result of a demand by Senator La Follette, Sr. that the leasing of the navy oil reserves to private companies be investigated. La Follette had also delivered an address condemning the leases at the time of the consummation of the contracts. But no interest was aroused at the time; neither was there much interest in the investigation until Secretary Fall was caught in a false statement about the source of \$100,000 with which he repaired and enlarged his ranch.

The many difficulties encountered in finding the truth about the affair are told by Senator T. J. Walsh, who headed the Senate investigating committee.⁵ The first thing discovered by the committee was the total disregard of the plain provisions of law. Senator Walsh criticized the unusual procedures followed in the transactions and the many steps taken by men unauthorized to take such actions.⁶ A reporter's testimony led to a suspicion of Fall's sudden financial rise soon after he became Secretary of the Interior. Since Fall was reluctant to explain the source of the money to improve his ranch, he strengthened the suspicion of the investigators.

Finally, in a letter to the investigating committee, Fall explained that he had borrowed the money (\$100,000) from his friend McLean, a publisher in

³ C. Mertz, "At the Bottom of the Oil Story," *Century*, 108 (May, 1924), 85.

⁴ "The Record Stands," *loc. cit.*

⁵ T. J. Walsh, "True History of Teapot Dome," *Forum*, 72 (July, 1924), 1-12.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 3.

Washington.⁷ Unable to find proof of the "loan," Senator Walsh went to Florida to get the details from McLean; he was amazed to learn that McLean was not the source of the "loan." Fall was caught in a lie; newspapers grabbed the story, and the public interest grew with the promise of a scandal. It was soon discovered that the money had come from Doheny, who had leased one of the oil reserves through negotiations with Fall while he was Secretary of the Interior.

Still, the investigation lacked proof and was hindered by lack of interest and by lack of support from government officials, who followed the policy of ignoring anything discreditable to the Republican Party,⁸ and by a peculiar disappearance of witnesses. Evidence was vague, and witnesses were always failing to appear. Colonel Stewart, the head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, fled the country when summoned to the witness stand; the head of the Prairie Oil Company, another Standard Oil concern, with two of his subordinates, resigned his office and went to France; and the head of a mysterious Canadian Oil Company, who had had part of his assets traced to Fall, fled to South America.⁹ The trials were often delayed by the absence of important witnesses who were usually on vacations in Florida or Cuba.

Despite the many obstacles and the opposition of "big money" interests, the truth slowly came out. It was found that beside the \$100,000 "loan" from Doheny in 1922, Fall had received \$269,000¹⁰ from Harry Sinclair, the lessee of the other oil reserve.¹¹ Statements were made during the course of the investigation by both Sinclair and Doheny, to the effect that each expected to make \$100,000,000 from the development of these oil reserves.¹²

It was found that Doheny had first contracted to build oil reserves for the navy on Honolulu. He had received this contract with a bid that was the lowest of three bids. His bid, however, had consisted of a double bid, the second about \$235,000 less than the first but including a preference for all the leases in Naval Reserve No. 1. This led to his being given the leasing of the Teapot Dome Reserve without competitive bidding, with conditions under which he expected to make \$100,000,000. The \$100,000 loan had been passed to Fall at the time of the first contract to build the oil reserve tanks.¹³

All these transactions had taken place nearly two years before the affair was questioned. Even after conclusive evidence of bribery and fraud was finally found, the helplessness of the courts in prosecuting the case delayed action for years. Finally, in 1927, the Supreme Court did recover the prop-

⁷ "The Record Stands," *loc. cit.*

⁸ "Plutocracy and Corruption," *New Republic*, 54 (February 22, 1928), 5.

⁹ "Teapot Dome Innocence Discovered," *Literary Digest*, 86 (July 4, 1925), 15.

¹⁰ Other sources give \$269,100 as the amount.

¹¹ "Conviction of Albert B. Fall, Former Secretary of the Interior," *Current History*, 31 (December 20, 1929), 574. ¹² Mertz, *loc. cit.*

¹³ Raymond Clapper, "Doheny and Fall Face Justice," *Nation*, (November 24, 1926), 525.

erty for the government.¹⁴ It decided that the payment constituted a fraud against the United States government and rendered void all contracts. President Harding's order that the reserves be transferred to the Department of the Interior was not considered constitutional, but above his power. Thus the navy did regain its oil reserves, and this first court decision forecast penal justice for Doheny, Sinclair, and Fall.

So many different suits grew out of the investigation that they caused confusion in the public's mind. In spite of the fact that the suits of the government to regain its property were successful, the criminal prosecutions to convict the men involved were delayed so often that very little justice was effected. As Fall faced trial, his defense built up a very elaborate story which appealed strongly to the jury and the public.

The defense claimed that Doheny had taken the contract purely out of patriotism by bringing out the fact that Admiral Robinson had allegedly begged Doheny to offer to build a fuel reserve for the navy; that Fall's policy was justified because it had been entirely approved at the time, both by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Denby, and by President Harding;¹⁵ and that Doheny had merely loaned Fall \$100,000 as an old friend and fellow prospector.¹⁶ In attempting to prove that the \$100,000 was a loan and not a bribe, Doheny gave a smooth story about the procedure. He testified that he had his son, E. L. Doheny, Jr., carry the "loan" to Fall in cash, in a little black bag, merely because he wanted him to get experience in handling money. To prove that he had received a note he brought out a note as evidence, but Fall's signature was conspicuously torn off. This, Doheny, with his imagination running wild, explained was in the possession of his wife, who was to keep the signature of the torn note so that in case either of them was killed, the other could always collect the note.¹⁷ Of course, he would have the jury believe that the secrecy surrounding the "loan" was only to keep Fall from being embarrassed; furthermore, he reminded the jury that he had taken the contract purely out of patriotism — of course he had never thought of the \$100,000,000 which he had previously admitted he expected to profit. He claimed that the contracts were kept secret because they concerned building oil reserves on Honolulu, and the Japanese might hear of it.¹⁸

The charges against Sinclair were for criminal conspiracy for arranging virtually to steal millions of dollars' worth of naval oil. He sweated his way through five years of Senate hearings and investigations but was never convicted, although he did serve two three-month jail sentences, one for contempt of Senate and another for contempt of a United States District

¹⁴ "Teapot Dome Oil Lease Declared Void," *Congressional Digest*, 6 (November, 1927), 319.

¹⁵ "Conviction of Albert B. Fall," *loc. cit.*

¹⁶ "The Fall Doheny Verdict," *New Republic*, 49 (July 19, 1927), 240. ¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 241.

¹⁸ "Conviction of Albert B. Fall," p. 573.

Court.¹⁹ He never dared to testify personally, and the charge of contempt of Senate was for hiring a Burns detective agency to shadow the jurors. This resulted in a mistrial. He did serve his jail sentences,²⁰ but was never convicted of the bribe-giving or of conspiracy.

Thus the record stands. It seems that the evidence was sufficient to convict all three men, yet only Fall was found guilty of accepting the bribe, and he was given the minimum sentence, largely because of public sympathy for his physical condition.²¹ Doheny was acquitted six months later from the charge of giving this bribe. Through his appealing stories to a jury that was not capable of understanding the facts of the case, he convinced them that he and Fall were just old friends. So they believed that the "loan" was out of friendship, and the lease out of patriotism. Reporters found by interviewing the jury afterward that the majority understood only vaguely what the whole trial was about.²²

Sinclair served his six months of jail sentences, but was soon in business again to make \$3,000,000 in an oil pool shortly after the trials terminated. In 1944 he received a \$155,000 annual salary and was eligible for a \$37,000 annual pension when he retired.²³

The other two men did not prosper after the affair. Doheny spent his last years before his death in 1935 in retirement, sorrow, and illness. His health began to crack after an insane secretary murdered his only son, E. L. Doheny, Jr.²⁴ Fall spent the remainder of his life trying to vindicate himself by placing the full responsibility on the navy and claiming that he did not interfere with navy power. In broken health, after serving his sentence, he returned to his ranch, which he had expanded to 750,000 acres during his prosperous tenure as Secretary of the Interior.²⁵ Even his home was not to be his own, for as soon as he was paroled from prison, Doheny interests—the same Doheny who had testified that he had loaned him the money as an old friend—foreclosed on this big ranch, claiming that the "loan" was due.²⁶ Fall fought eviction bitterly and was finally allowed to remain in possession of his home and 100 surrounding acres. He died in 1944 claiming that the Teapot Dome lease "was the most advantageous deal ever made by the government."²⁷

¹⁹ "The Record Stands," *loc. cit.*

²⁰ "Jury Shadowers in the Shadow of the Jail," *Literary Digest*, 19 (March 10, 1928), 14.

²¹ Fall attended the trial in a wheelchair and at the announcement of the verdict women screamed, his daughter fainted, and his attorney suffered a heart attack. See "Conviction of Albert B. Fall," p. 573.

²² "The Jury Explains," *New Republic*, 49 (July 19, 1927), 239.

²³ "Raise for Harry," *Time*, 43 (May 29, 1944), 19.

²⁴ "Deward Lawrence Doheny," *Newsweek*, 6 (September 14, 1935), Obituary.

²⁵ "The Record Stands," *loc. cit.* ²⁶ *Ibid.*

²⁷ "Fall, Albert B.," *Time*, 44 (December 11, 1944), Obituary.

Although Senator Walsh, who investigated the affair, expressed his belief that corruption in high places is very rare, we cannot sanction such a lack of retribution. Although fraud in government may be a rarity, it should be severely punished when discovered. Will the cases before the bar of justice today be passed over as lightly as was the Teapot Dome Affair? The May case is already forgotten by the public. Bilbo's case is fading from the headlines, and punishment for either May or Bilbo is not foreseen in the immediate future. Is it the corruption in "big business," the faulty method of choosing government officials, or the inefficiency of our courts which spawns such affairs in America?

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Dorothy

Dorothy is my neighbor — all six feet of her. She took a liking to me my second day with the movers and high-jumped the back fence, at the same time yodeling, "My God, I never saw one family with so much truck!"

— CARLA J. BOND

I Am an American

ELLEN MEYER

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

NEXT!" SHOUTED THE FAT "S.S." MAN. MY MOTHER nervously pulled out our passport and handed it to him. The man with the black sign of the swastika on his arm read the information aloud: "Born in Coblenz, hm! Divorced, hm; two girls, eight and ten years old; first husband living in America, hm! Going to Chile, via France. May I ask why you are leaving?"

"We are going to see my parents in Chile, sir," said my mother hastily. The man of the gestapo did not listen to the remark; instead he shouted, "Next!"

As the train moved on, the imaginary line that divides one country from another seemed real to us. We realized that we had just closed one door of life, and opened another.

The next phase of my life started with a beautiful boat trip, on one of the most luxurious ships in the world. Vaguely I remember the heavenly weeks I spent, the sights I saw, the fun I had. We passed by Bermuda, the colorful tropical island; Cuba, with its mixture of Latin and Anglican population; Haiti, with its large summer homes; Cristobal Colon, the entrance of the Panama Canal; Guayaquil at night; Callao, Lima's famous port; then finally Chile, my new home.

I remember my arrival in Santiago, and the first day of school, when everything seemed so strange. However, the feeling of loneliness did not last long. Soon the foreign language and the new environment became familiar to me. The big white Swiss "chalet" with the huge well-kept garden full of palm and "palta" trees was after all my first real home.

Thus I grew up, in a land where peace reigned; and, while other nations fought the bloodiest war of history, I looked at the symbol of peace, the Andes, which stretched their white peaks into the blue sky, guaranteeing no war with Chile's neighbor nations.

My adolescence was a period of fun. I learned to swim, to ride, to ski, and I engaged in many other year-round sports. Even in summer there is snow on the "Cordillera"; even in winter the ocean is warm enough for a dip.

Yet all the fun in the world does not make a person happy. I found out that I was much happier and more content with myself after a day full of work; yet no Chilean girl of the "upper class" (which still exists there) can work. This problem made me unhappy, but it was not the only one I had. Upon being asked the question, "What nationality are you?" my answer always had to be, "I am of no nationality; the one given to me by birth I have

long given up." Secretly I longed to belong somewhere, because the feeling of not being wanted anywhere is the worst feeling a person can have.

So I decided to leave Chile, come to the United States, and become an American citizen. For me this was not hard, because my father was American, and I was still a minor.

Six months after I had made this decision, I sat in the Pan-American Clipper bound for Miami.

Behind me, I saw my mother's figure, standing alone on the big, wide, open field, waving a white handkerchief, and slowly disappearing in the distance. Behind me, I left my home; the town where I grew up; my friends; the peaceful life; the surroundings that I loved. Again I had closed one door of life.

Five days later, I arrived at my destination. I found myself standing in front of a large desk, just as I had done eight years ago, and I again heard that familiar little word, "Next"; only this time it did not sound harsh at all. This time, as I handed in my passport, the man smiled. In the blank space, beside the word "nationality" he wrote the word "American."

"I am an American"—the sound of it is like music to my ears; the meaning of it thrills me. I am at the point of opening a new door of life, and the key to it lies in the sentence: "I am an American."

The Turn of the Screw

By Henry James

JOHN J. CARROLL

Rhetoric I, Book Report, 1946-1947

HENRY JAMES, ALTHOUGH DEAD FOR OVER TWO DECADES, still remains one of the most controversial figures on the literary scene. There can be little doubt about the obvious merit of *The Turn of the Screw*, however, although critics do like to rip it apart and search beneath every word for hidden meanings.

In this story, we see the action of the elemental forces of Good and Evil through the eyes of a middle-class English governess, who tells us more than she apparently intends to in her role as narrator of a succession of incidents. It should be made clear at this point that while the governess tries to tell us there is a combat between these opposing forces, it appears at a close reading that there is only one element, Evil.

The thread of the story cannot be said to hang on a plot if the word is used with its customary connotations. Rather we perceive the real action

through the change in the character of the governess. When the novel opens, she is the shy, typically Victorian daughter of a small-town vicar. She receives her first position as governess from a handsome bachelor who is caring for two orphans. The house in which the children live is in the country, and one of the stipulations of her employment is that she never bother him about her charges. And so, after falling in love with him during these two meetings, the new governess goes to the house of which, for all practical purposes, she is mistress. The boy and girl prove to be almost impossibly beautiful, both mentally and physically. The happiness of the governess in her new environment is finally marred by the appearance of a ghost-like figure, who the old housekeeper tells her is the "master's" dead valet, a particularly evil man. Soon her immediate predecessor puts in an appearance; she is also dead and was engaged in a rather immoral affair with the valet shortly before her mysterious death. The rest of the story concerns attempts of the governess to protect the children from these evil beings, who seemed to have had a strange hold over them in life.

As the governess tells the story, the evil forces are what she is combating, but it seems pretty evident to me that she was actually being *used* by Evil, so that it was she, and not the apparitions, which eventually wrecked the idyllic happiness of the country manor. After all, it is only the governess who sees the apparitions. For instance, when she is knitting by the lake as the little girl plays, it's only the narrator who sees the ghost of the former governess, although she accuses the child of seeing it and not admitting it. The repressed love which she has for her employer is one of the prime factors which enable the evil forces to gain a hold over her, and the resultant fear and suspicion toward the children complete her downfall. The repressed love view gives the Freudians plenty to work with, and they see the whole book in the terms of symbols. Although the presence of a repression is definitely proven through a rather macabre love scene with the young boy, I cannot believe that this even approximates what James tried to convey.

A famous critic once said that only a hasty or an insensitive reader can hurry over Henry James; it might be added that anyone who expects to get even partial value from one of his stories cannot peruse it hastily. He demands that his readers go slowly and assimilate his words as they go along; if one tries to hurry, he finds himself stumbling through what seems to be a maze, and soon discovers that he must retrace his path if he is to get any meaning out of what is going on. It is refreshing to find an author whose work was his life, who always strived for perfection, who would not and could not be contented with saying anything other than what he actually meant. True, he is often obscure, and a large dose of James can prove to be so much lead in the literary digestive tract, but certainly he is a joy to read after some of the pot-boilers which are being foisted on us today. If he lacks the final touch of greatness, it is because of his limited horizons; the

pensions and hotels, the upper middle-class and upper-class drawing rooms are his scenes. The people of England, of the continent, and to a slightly lesser extent of America, who inhabit these tombs of the living, are his subjects.

The Turn of the Screw is another story placed in these limited regions, but even the very nature of what he sets out to do limits him in this instance. He does not attempt to solve or explain the motivations of the governess and why she is overwhelmed by these evil spirits; rather he shows us a psychological quirk developing without the person's knowing it. It might be noted at this point that governesses are a very frustrated species of humanity; they are neither master nor servant, and they have the care of *other* people's children but not their own. So it is little wonder that twists of the mind are considered by some psychologists as an occupational disease of this class. James realized this at a time when psychology was little more than a vague medical term.

As mentioned before, James did not attempt to do a book of epic proportion; his sole aim was to picture for the reader the evil force which the governess became through the mental twist — and he succeeded. One does not get the impression in this, as in some of his other stories, that there is much ado about nothing, that the author is too concerned over trivialities in a world where there are so many things of greater importance.

James was a clever and brilliant craftsman, and he was definitely in form when writing *The Turn of the Screw*. Although the author classified it as a fairy tale, this novel is anything but pure escapism. If you like to dig into a person's subconscious thoughts, peer into the dark recesses of a mind, this book is for you, as it is for me.

For Whom the Bell Tolls

By Ernest Hemingway

DOUGLAS DALES

Rhetoric II, Book Report, 1946-1947

CIVIL WAR IS SAID TO BE THE MOST TERRIBLE KIND OF war — a heartbreaking struggle in which the common people of the same traditional background ironically are forced to fight against each other for causes often not their own. However, in Spain the issues rapidly became clear cut; and it was there that the importance of a fifth column first emerged as a characteristic of modern wars. It was in Spain

that the first modern example of guerilla warfare presented itself, and it was with a guerilla band that Robert Jordan, an American, went to fight.

In 1937 the Spanish gutters were flowing with the blood of women and children, but Hemingway takes us out of this harrowing part of Spain. In the mountains the battles were fought out by hearty bands of men and women in the cold, clear air of reality. It does not detract from the bitterness of the battle scenes that they were waged in the bright sun. Much of the action in Spain was hopelessly muddled, and it is to Hemingway's credit that he was able to clarify the issues and contestants for those of us who remained outside of Spain and even aloof from Spain.

Mr. Hemingway has very strong feelings about Spain, yet he does a very good job of controlling his emotions and seldom gets hot under the collar. This objectivity is characteristic of Hemingway in all of his books.

He has written one of the finest anti-fascist stories on record. For a decade Hemingway had been very close to Spain and the Spanish people, and he treats his Spaniards with dignity and tenderness. Here were people fighting for more of the brief freedom they had had. Regardless of how wealthy and powerful her rulers became, freedom was one luxury Spain had always been chary with. The short-lived Republic had given the people a taste of this freedom, and to defend it they were willing to die.

One reason Hemingway escapes the morbid in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is the effective love story woven into the pattern of civil war. The animal love between Maria and Robert Jordan is one of the most refined in modern fiction. In the light of love even war can be justified. It is this love that seems to make Robert Jordan more humanistic than the Henry Morgan of *A Farewell to Arms*. There is less emphasis in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* on Jordan's personal plight and a greater elaboration of the predicament of society than in *A Farewell to Arms*. Unlike Henry Morgan, Robert Jordan is not fighting because he has been hopelessly caught in the mesh of war and must cleanse himself of it, but he is fighting to blow up "the bridge . . . on which the future of the human race can turn."

Most of the books I had previously read about the Spanish Civil War, particularly Malraux' *Man's Hope*, left the definite taste of Spain's sickness in my mouth long afterwards. It was the same feeling of weariness, confusion, and nausea I was later to recognize as the inevitable symptoms of battle fear creeping over the mind, from which a person can never truly rid himself. Spain is still on the conscience of the world, and will probably remain there for a considerable time. Hemingway's book is unlike the others (John Dos Passos' *Adventures of a Young Man*, Arthur Koestler's *Dialogue with Death*, Andre Malraux' *Man's Hope*) in this respect. After reading *For Whom the Bell Tolls* we are left with the impression that the real Spain did not die with Robert Jordan, or anybody else, but still breathes down the neck of General Franco.

Lamaism

ETHEL N. BROWN

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1946-1947

LAMAISM IS THE STRANGE RELIGION OF TIBET, DERIVING its name from the Tibetan *lama*, or "high one," title of the monks in the higher ranks of the hierarchy. Although it has developed fairly recently in the history of the world, it is one of the most fascinating religions of all time.

Until the seventh century the Tibetan religion consisted of a pagan ritual known as "Bon." It was made up almost entirely of the worship and pacification of the thousands of good and evil spirits which the people believed inhabited their country. At that time the Tibetans were nomadic barbarians, engaged primarily in hunting and herding. Since they lived in the open most of the time, it was quite natural that they should establish their demons in the forests, rivers, and sky that they knew so well.¹ The result was some sort of spirit in every rock, tree, and river in the country. These spirits, still worshipped today, were held responsible for the crops, the weather, and all disasters, as well as the daily personal lives of the people. The early pagan worshippers represented their gods by a variety of hideous idols, and included in their ritual human sacrifice and even some sacrificial cannibalism.²

This was the religious state of Tibet in 640 A. D., when King Sron Tsan-gampo, the ruler of Tibet, married. As is quite often true with royal marriages this marriage produced a definite change. The wives, one a princess of Nepal and the other of the royal family of China, were both Buddhist, and under their influence the king became a convert. He introduced some of the Buddhist scriptures and directed the building of two monasteries, but the total influence of the religion did not assume very large proportions during his reign.³

There lived in India during the following century a Buddhist teacher named Padma Sambhava, a sorcerer and preacher who believed in Mahayana, a superstitious form of Buddhism. When the king invited him to come to Tibet to teach, Padma accepted gladly, and upon his arrival there he found a perfect setting in which to foster his beliefs.⁴

Legend says that when Padma first arrived in Tibet, he found the people tormented by hordes of demons. With the aid of his superior magical powers,

¹ Sven Hedin, *A Conquest of Tibet*, pp. 276-277.

² Charles A. Sherring, *Western Tibet and the British Borderland*, p. 76.

³ "Lamaism," *Encyclopedia Americana*, vol. 16, p. 664. ⁴ Sherring, *op. cit.*, p. 81.

he fought these demons until they surrendered, and then spared them on the condition that they work for him and use their evil powers against his enemies. In payment for these services the demons were to be fed and worshipped by the entire country. Whatever we think of this story, . . . it is nevertheless true that Padma incorporated into his Mahayanist teachings many of the practices of Bon.⁵ This did not improve the religion in any way, but it did win more converts, for it gave to the Tibetans a creed simple enough for their untutored minds to grasp. True Buddhism, with its undefined principle of creation, was too abstract for them to understand, but even in its corrupt form it improved the existing Tibetan code by placing a higher value on human life.⁶ It was the ecclesiastical system that Padma Sambhava founded that came to be known as Lamaism.⁷ The followers of this original group exist today as the Red Hat Sect.

The new religion was well received by most of the Tibetans, but a few of them did not seem to approve of it. In the tenth century, King Langdar-ma, no doubt fearing the growing power of the faith, led a revolt against it. The attempt was entirely unsuccessful and Buddhism returned, stronger than before. But one of the monks, fearing another attempt to banish his religion, assassinated the king as a preventative measure. Although the assassination removed one trouble, it was the source of several others. Without a king the country had no central government, and all existing control rapidly disintegrated. Under these conditions the hundreds of independent Tibetan chiefs gained more and more power over their respective territories. They were quite belligerent and used their fighting strength to subject all with whom they came in contact. The monasteries, not wishing to be so dominated, began organizing in self-defense. They developed into practically independent communities with strong armed protection, and they were soon more to be feared than the lay armies.⁸ With their generally superior intelligence and training, the lamas have been able to maintain the influence that they gained at this time and have kept peace within the country for many years. The fact that fighting was opposed to their true doctrine did not seem to worry them at all. After all, did they not have all eternity to reach Nirvana?⁹

Many of the Tibetan lamas live in the highly organized monasteries. These villages of monks are often quite large, one of the most important, at Dupon, being composed of about seventy-five hundred men. It is at Dupon that the Great Oracle of State is located. It is operated by supposedly inspired lamas, and thousands of people consult it for a great variety of

⁵ J. Ellam, *The Religion of Tibet*, pp. 32-33.

⁶ Oscar Terry Crosby, *Tibet and Turkestan*, pp. 168-170.

⁷ Ellam, *op. cit.*, p. 31.

⁸ "Lamaism," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, vol. 13, p. 605.

⁹ Crosby, *op. cit.*, pp. 168-169.

information. At the head of each of the orders, the Yellow Hats and the Red Hats being the most important, is a general, who supervises the monasteries of his order. Each of these establishments in turn has its leader, its officials for spiritual and temporal duties, and its four grades of monks: probationer, novice, fully ordained monk, and abbot. Above all of these are the "reincarnate lamas," supposed to be manifestations of deities or of dead saints.¹⁰ The two most important of these "reincarnates" are the Dalai Lama and the Tashi Lama. The Dalai Lama is usually regarded as the secular leader of Tibet although he takes part in the religious affairs also. The Tashi Lama, as a rule, is the spiritual leader, but so much juggling of powers and privileges has gone on in the last few years that it is rather difficult to name the specific powers of each man.¹¹

Some of the lower orders of monks live in lay villages and are very little different from laymen. The monks, whose one object is to reach Nirvana, or complete eradication of self, often retire to meditate in solitude in order to accomplish their purpose. They usually choose a cell in some fairly remote region for their meditation. The cell is absolutely dark and has a small stream or drain running through it. Close to the ground is an opening just big enough to allow a gloved hand to place a bowl of *tsamba* and some tea in the cell once a day. The first retirement lasts for only a few months. Then, after a period of study, the monk returns to his cell for three years, three months, and three days. The next time he returns, he is to remain until death. However, a great many of the hermits lose their minds before this last period.¹²

"In Tibet religion always comes first, and God, says a Tibetan proverb, can only be approached through a lama. The monasteries are therefore the chief influence in the country."¹³ Not only are the monks the leaders in religious affairs, but they also control the temporal activities of the country. The laity seldom take any active part in any worship services except for the private offering of butter lamps and ceremonial scarves and the use of prayer wheels and rosaries.¹⁴ The priests find it to their advantage to have the people depending upon them for their religious needs. As the lamas receive fees for giving advice, granting pardons, or conducting special services such as those for the forgiveness of sins and those for the dead, they of course wish to retain complete charge of such affairs.

The lamist temples for worship are quite often a part of the monastery. The main floor is one large hall with a platform at the front, facing the door. On the platform, which is covered with rugs and pillows, sits the

¹⁰ Sherring, *op. cit.*, p. 247.

¹¹ "Panchen Lama Discovered," *Time*, 38 (July 14, 1941), 43.

¹² F. Spencer Chapman, *Lhasa, The Holy City*, p. 213. ¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 195.

¹⁴ William W. Rockhill, *The Land of the Lamas*, p. 105.

lama who is conducting the service. The entire hall is filled with rows of red cushions before which are long, narrow tables on which to place the sacred books. Most of the services consist solely of the offering of food to the deities and the reading of these books. Some of these readings are for the good of the public and some for the members of the clergy. Special readings are often held at the expense of the wealthy, who are supposed to receive as much credit by having the one hundred and eight volumes read for them as if they had done it themselves. The forty-five thousand loose leaves which make up these volumes are divided among the lamas who are seated in front of the tables, and all begin to chant through them as fast as possible, stopping only to drink an occasional bowl of buttered tea.¹⁵ In the larger temples there is quite often an orchestra composed of horns, conch shells, drums, and cymbals. They perform their noisiest numbers for the services and vie with the chanting priests for the honor of being the most heard group in the temple. Although the laity do not take part in these services, they often watch them, and many women bring their babies to be blessed at this time.¹⁶

When either the Dalai or the Tashi Lama dies, it is the duty of the other to conduct the choice of a successor for the deceased lama.¹⁷ This is done in a rather strange manner. The Tibetans believe that when a Grand Lama dies, his soul is reincarnated in a child born at about the time of his death. All children who were born near this time and whose appearance into the world was accompanied by any strange or unusual events, are gathered in one of the rooms of the deceased lama. There they are supposed to pick out from a group of objects those that belonged to the ruler. The names of the children who pass this test are written on slips of paper and placed in a gold vase. After one hundred of the high lamas have recited prayers over the vase for about a month, one of the papers is selected at random. The name on the paper is then announced before the entire monastery, and the child is proclaimed the new Grand Lama.¹⁸

None but the highest lamas are reincarnated in this manner. Ordinary mortals continue their existence by transmigration, the process of being born into a second life at the end of the first. The new life is a result of the good and bad deeds of the old life and is in no way affected by the parents of the new being.¹⁹

Lamaism is without a doubt too beleaguered by false practices and beliefs to be a pure religion, but it has accomplished some good, and as long as we

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 103-104. ¹⁶ Sherring, *op. cit.*, p. 256. ¹⁷ Crosby, *op. cit.*, pp. 42-43.

¹⁸ Ellam, *op. cit.*, pp. 42-43. ¹⁹ Sherring, *op. cit.*, pp. 232, 237.

highly civilized individuals so carefully avoid black cats and the number thirteen, we cannot afford to be too critical of our superstitious Tibetan neighbors.

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The Oil Slick

The co-pilot was the first to sight the oil slick about fifty miles off the coast of Cuba, and we immediately turned off our course to trace it to its origin. It lay there some five thousand feet below us, its sullen black standing out against the vivid blue of the Caribbean Sea. The long, slender ribbon appeared to extend to either horizon, undulating throughout its length. It seemed not unlike the arm of some benign old octopus, lazily drifting with the current. And yet it had a sinister look about it, as if it had devoured its meal and, not satisfied, was searching for a new victim—calm, almost nonchalant, but capable of rousing itself with terrible savagery. As we dropped lower, it flattened out and blended with the sea as if trying to hide from a sensed, yet unseen, enemy. It lost its graceful lines and adopted a viscous appearance, looking more and more like a bed of freshly poured asphalt.

The road came to an abrupt ending. Beyond was nothing but blue water. After minutes of intense searching we found the sole survivor, fifteen feet of mast rising out of the inky depths, maintaining watch over those who had gone down. — ROBERT GLASS

Undeniable Facts

JACK E. GREYER

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

SOMETIME IN THE NORMAL SPAN OF HIS LIFE EVERY city dweller has the opportunity to visit a small town. Much to his amazement he finds that the streets are not lined with wooden sidewalks, the bulletin board of the post office does not display reward notices for "Billy the Kid," the traditional lamplighter does not make his nightly rounds (although the village drunks still make theirs), the streets are not a mire of mud bordered by knotted hitching posts, and the steps of the local grocery are not littered by old characters with a "chaw" in their mouths and tobacco-stained beards on their chins. People living in small towns are quite normal, they do speak English, and for the most part they do not sleep with the pigs.

The citizens of a small town are very closely associated because each person takes a personal interest in his neighbor and his doings. For example, Annabelle Noseysnout just happened to pick up the telephone receiver of the party line as Hatty Macintosh was telling Nellie Waterfield of the four dollars and fifty cents and the ten-gallon can of pickled pigs' feet her thirteenth cousin, Harry Hardyback, had left her in his will. Annabelle, wishing to make her news sound a little more sensational, called Martha Wheelrut, moved the decimal point over one place, and added ten more gallons of pickled pigs' feet. By the time the news reached Betsy Bottleform, Hatty was the sole owner of four and one-half million dollars, seven yachts, one meat-packing corporation, a brewery, and an honorary degree in law.

Yesterday our little town observed a very sad occasion. It seems that Sylvester Snodgrass, one of the local grocers, had noticed, as M. T. Van Featherstone III was writing a check, that the balance on the check stub was surprisingly low. The following Saturday night at the weekly poker game in Reverend O. Misins' basement, Sylvester had hinted to the fellows that the pompous old gentleman was rapidly going bankrupt. Needless to say, within forty-eight hours creditors had gathered from far and wide and were fighting for a place in line at the door of Van Featherstone's palatial mansion. The once peaceful estate was now engulfed by snarling, little black-bearded men with outstretched palms. The excitement was a little too much for the old boy and he passed on to a quieter world leaving his dear bereaved wife and only son, M. T. Van Featherstone IV, a vast fortune of thirteen million dollars and twenty-six pairs of silk pajamas.

Friendly neighbors in a small town are quick to give aid to unfortunate victims of disaster.

Georgie Arsonwell had been told by Corncob Satinson that to become a man he must smoke a five-cent cigar. Naturally it is the secret desire of every young lad to be regarded as a man and to be held in high esteem by some fair maiden. It was with this thought in mind that seven-year-old Georgie lit up his five-cent stogie after his mother, father, and five brothers and sisters had gone to the movies. Soon Georgie's tongue crept far out over his lower lip, his tummy did flip-flops, and his face turned a beautiful pea-green color. As the feeling took absolute control, Georgie completely disregarded any rules for fire prevention that he may have known. With a mad dash he dropped the cigar on his mother's new pair of nylon stockings and ran for the bathroom. It was here that the firemen found the poor dear apparently overcome by smoke. When the rest of the Arsonwell family returned from the movie, "The Flaming Future," and found their bungalow a friendly bed of glowing coals, they were terrified. At the knowledge of the disaster which had met the Arsonwells, kindly friends and neighbors pooled their resources. By morning the Arsonwells had been given six portable outhouses, nine pup tents, one jungle hammock, fourteen gallons of cottage cheese, eighteen dozen frozen frog legs, one slightly moth-eaten horsehair blanket, four mouse traps, three gallons of liquid shoe polish, one baby bottle complete with nipple, six complimentary tickets to the movie, "The Flaming Future," five bushel baskets full of empty fruit jars, nine packets of safety matches, and a box of five-cent cigars.

Small town forms of recreation vary greatly. They range from porcupine hunting to playing post office. At any rate, all forms of social entertainment are enthusiastically attended.

Jasper Jigalot was preparing for the annual barn dance he held in honor of the late Droopsy Woopsy, the only calf ever known to be born with four tails. Jasper had appointed himself chairman of the decoration committee, chairman of the entertainment committee, chairman of the refreshment committee, and official bouncer. It was the night before the dance that general havoc broke loose. The tractor got out of control and did a beautiful job of giving his barn cross ventilation, Shep bit the hired man, six of the Jigalot children broke out with the measles, the hay mow collapsed, four cows presented him with "blessed events," his flock of six hundred sheep broke the fence and wandered over the countryside, the internal revenue man came to check last year's income tax return, the chicken house burned down, and a passing truck killed Jasper's biggest pig. The following night everyone came dressed in his Saturday's best to the big shindig. There were no decorations, there was no professional entertainment, and Jasper was too tired to bounce anybody, but in spite of all the misfortunes everyone enjoyed the delicious refreshments consisting of fried chicken and roast pork.

As I have tried to point out, small town people are normal and very human.

No Middleman?

PAUL M. SOMERS

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947

“WE BUY DIRECT FROM THE PRODUCER! NO MIDDLE-MAN!”

How often, in our country, we see these words in six-foot, red and black letters over the door of a “cut-rate” retail store. The average American immediately thinks that here is a place where he can save money. Maybe — but the odds, Mr. and Mrs. American, are that you’ll get “gypped.”

Either one of two flaws is buried in the slogan. Either the “cut-rater” deals with producers with whom wholesalers won’t do business, or if he deals with regular producers, you pay just as much as you do any place else. If the former is true, you save by buying an inferior product. Thus, you lower your standard of living right with your cost of living, so that you gain nothing. If it’s the latter, the sign is still correct: he does deal directly with producers and he does eliminate the middleman, but — you save nothing. The price is the same. Let me show you.

Under this system, the middleman *per se* is eliminated, but his function is still carried on — in the most inefficient manner.

The assembling of a stock of goods is ordinarily taken care of by a wholesaler. The wholesaler, by virtue of the volume of his business, can maintain constant relations with producers the world over. From experience, he knows where and when to buy the best goods at the lowest price. He knows how much to produce so that none of the goods will rot on his shelves. The retailer, on the other hand, who is out to eliminate the middleman must search out the manufacturer of each item he needs. He will not know what the best time of year is to purchase his goods in quantity. He probably will not know the point at which gain from quantity discount and loss through stagnation balance each other; so he will either pass up a good discount or watch goods rot and spoil on his shelves.

When goods are transported from the producer to the wholesaler, a whole boat, one or several railroad cars, or a number of motor trucks can be used. Because of this volume, transportation expense is noticeably decreased. The “cut-rate” retailer will purchase smaller orders of goods which will require individual handling on ship or in boxcar or truck. All freight transportation lines charge more per weight or volume for these “less-than-a-carload” lots than they do for full carload shipments. Again our retailer eliminates the middleman’s commission, but he increases his transportation expense.

The wholesaler also stores goods so that when there is a demand for them, he can furnish them to the retailer at a moment's notice. If the retailer is to assume that function also, he must do one of two things. Either he must purchase and maintain a warehouse of his own, or he must resort to the unsatisfactory alternative of ordering when the demand arises and hoping that the order is filled and the goods are delivered before the demand subsides.

These are just three of the wholesaler's functions which the "cut-rate" retailer must assume if he is to completely "eliminate the middleman." When you look at the situation from this point of view, can you see how there could be any saving?

The next time you see a retailer advertise that he has "eliminated the middleman," or the next time you hear a politician orate on the burden of the middleman, just laugh, or feel sorry for him, or get mad at him for insulting you. Those men either don't know the "birds, bees, and butterflies" of the economic life, or they don't think that you do. Whichever it is, you just go right ahead trading with a retailer who leaves the wholesaler's work to the man who can do it most efficiently and most economically — the wholesaler.

The Last Try

WALTER RUST

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947

SURE, YOU JUST FINISHED RUNNING THE HALF MILE. You're tired. That's your hard luck. It would have been much easier if you had gone to bed at a decent hour last night. Roll over on your stomach and rest a while. No use looking for four leaf clovers. The kind of energy you need doesn't come from clover. You could have gone to bed early. She didn't have you tied. You could have left any time you wanted to. Certainly you're tired. Nothing you can do about it now. Should have thought of that last night. Two o'clock — that's no time to get in on the night before a track meet.

"Joneson up, Roth on deck, Rust in the hole." Yes, the crossbar is at 11-9. One man has cleared it. This is your last try. You didn't have your steps down well enough on the last try. You'll have to get them better this time. Tired? Sure you are. Whoops! There goes Joneson. Too bad he missed. That's what you think out loud. Yes, you are glad he missed, aren't you?

"Rust up." Go over to the side of the runway and pick up your pole. That's it — the second one from the left. Stick the pole in the box and get

your grip. Top hand on the space between the second and third sections of tape. Walk back to your marker. Remember, hit the second marker with your right foot. You have to clear this height. You're the last man and this is your third try. Joneson and Roth both missed. Joneson's steps weren't very good. Remember your steps. Second marker with the right foot. Relax. Relax!

"OK, Rust, let's go." Glad someone has some hope. "You gotta clear it this time." Sure. You smile to give him assurance that you feel good. You don't feel bad now. The rest you had refreshed you.

You're at the end of the runway now. Third marker from the end. The one with the red tape on it. That's yours. Top hand on the space between the second and third sections of tape. Hit the second marker with your right foot. OK, lift up the pole. That's it, left foot first. Here comes the second marker. That's perfect. Right on the mark with your right foot. You can't miss this time. Whew, your legs are tired. Just like two rubber bands. Start lowering the pole, there's the box. That jar really hit you. Pull up your feet. Tuck up. Kick! That's it.

Spit the sand and sawdust out of your mouth. What's that you feel with the end of your tongue? You must have really hit the crossbar with your chin to chip your tooth. Was it worth the trouble it caused you to stay out last night when you should have been in bed? Oh well, *too* late now.

What's all the grumbling about? Well, roll over and get out of the pit. Stolt deserved to win anyhow. What's that? The crossbar is still up? Pretty lucky. Oh well, maybe you didn't stay out *too* late after all.

Another World

WILLIAM M. MORRIS

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1946-1947

NO ONE LIVES IN THE WORLD AS IT REALLY IS, A world of work, study, bad smells, sickness, and conflict, but in a world of romantic characters, beautiful landscapes, noble deeds, and sometimes things which have no apparent value.

When I was little I had a pal who went everywhere with me. Life was one big contest between us, and we had values which meant everything. It was extremely important never to be "it" in tag, and we would chase each other for miles. One winter we made a snowhill and played "king on the hill," a game in which, as you know, the person able to push all others off the hill is king. The snowhill lasted all winter, and every time we went by we stopped for at least one contest. We started with equal chances by stand-

ing opposite each other and grasping each other's right hand. As spring gradually approached, the snowhill slowly melted, but nevertheless we always stopped, when passing, for a contest. This went on into the summer, until finally people could look out of their windows and see two boys coming down the street, suddenly step over to a certain bare spot, shake hands, and start struggling, whereupon one would fall down as though falling into a canyon. Up he would get, and off they would go arm in arm, laughing like imbeciles.

Almost anyone can recall similar strange attachments to values, but most of us have been influenced also by books, or stories we have heard personally or seen in movies. Our hopes are based on them. In choosing a career or vocation we immediately think of ourselves as some romantic character, a cowboy riding off into the setting sun, a lumberman striding through the woods, or a Northwest Mountie herding a band of captured desperadoes.

The world of the past seems immeasurably beautiful. Childhood to an adult is one long series of games, and the hard times of the past become the biggest jokes. When I was in third grade, for instance, I became sick while the others were learning to add and subtract. When I came back I was sent along with the others as though I had never been gone. Somehow I found out that adding was something like counting. I could get the right answer to 5 and 4 by setting the 5 out to the left of my left hand (in my imagination) and counting 6, 7, 8, 9 up my fingers from left to right. This was a great discovery and served me for my years. Subtraction, however, was extremely complex, because it was so much harder to count backwards. In fact I never did learn to count backwards. Instead I had my hands laid out in an intricate series of amputations. To subtract 5 from 11 I took the four fingers of my right hand plus the little finger of my left hand cut off from both hands plus the little finger of my left hand, leaving my left and right thumbs, to get 6.

Those were trying times but no adult ever thinks of things like that. Childhood is nothing but fun in our other world.

Some of us are so dependent on our other world of the past that we even live in the future according to experiences of the past, provided the two are separated by enough of the horrible present. My two years in Hawaii during the war are already beautiful in comparison to this frustrated life of slavery I am leading in college. Already I am planning to spend my old age in Hawaii, though I swore I would never return.

So it goes with everything. I see my wife as something out of this world. I see my children as shining examples. I see myself as a great lover and a traditional character of some kind in my work. Now that I am a student I do not recognize it. Instead, I am way off in another world of the beautiful future or past, diving for pearls off a coral reef, making millions on the stock market, photographing elephants in Africa.

No wonder it's such a queer world. There's no one living in it.

Open Mouth—Empty Head

WILLARD SCHNEIDER

Community High School (Crystal Lake) Branch, Rhetoric I, Theme B, 1946-1947

IT WAS FREEZING COLD. WE HAD BEEN FLYING FOR FIVE hours over enemy territory and had been away from food for more than eight. We were at 26,000 feet and that means tight, uncomfortable oxygen masks. Nervous tension was high, because we were ahead of our rigidly kept schedule. That isn't like being too early for a train, but more like being too late to live. We had missed our second group of fighter cover because of the high winds.

Now we were deep into enemy territory, even deeper than Germany itself, for our target lay in Poland. In the distance overhead we could see "con-trails" which meant fighter planes.

The big, lumbering "queen of the sky" wheeled in stately formation as wave after wave of B-17's arrived at IP. From the "initial point" was a straight run to the aiming point. This meant no maneuvering, no dodging, no evasion, but just plowing ahead through flak and fighters until the objective was reached.

Wup! Wham! Here came action. Flak batteries opened up on the formations, and the ugly, dirty, orange mushrooms of smoke and flame kindled a deadly pattern in the sky.

"Bombs away," came from the bombardier as the flock of mother hens clucked away after "laying some eggs" for the benefit of the Third Reich.

Like a drove of bees the fighters were after us, up and down, over and under, swarming in and out. Occasionally flame would light the sky as a "queen" was laid to rest or as Uncle Sam slapped a "bee" down.

In the midst of noise and confusion came crackling into my ears, "Hello, big friends. This is little friend. Are you well and happy?" It was the traditional query of our escorting fighters.

Men that had been without food for ten hours, that were cramped and uncomfortable, that were fighting for their lives, that were frozen stiff, and that were scared stiffer could only answer that question with, "Hell, no, you blockheads. We're surrounded by bandits."

Suddenly an M. E. 210, one of the long-distance German fighters, bore in on our ship. I could see little flames dancing on the leading edge of his wings as he turned his guns on. I saw a line of holes move in from the end of our wing toward our gas tanks, and suddenly stop. I looked for the M. E. 210, but it was gone, and then we started to fly through its debris.

When we made contact with our fighters, we could sit back and relax.

We landed at our home base on the heels of a crippled P-51 that was making a forced landing there.

Later while we were standing in the operations shack, a fighter pilot came up to me and asked, "Are you the pilot of *M for Mike*?" Before I answered that question, I lit into him for the soft life fighter pilots lead. They could sleep several hours longer and returned from their missions earlier. They flew warmer planes and didn't have to worry about flying in formation. "Yes, I'm the pilot of *M for Mike*. So what?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I'm the chap who got that M. E. 210 for you."

Overshoes

We were walking along that road near the Rhine at the usual ten-yard interval. I was in my regular position at the end of the last platoon in the company. Rumor had it that the fellows in the point company way up ahead were having a tough time getting into the next nondescript little town that the "Krauts" had selected to hold.

When we were only about fifteen minutes out, everyone started to get the symptoms that always come. The sounds of a battle, the dead along the road, the cold wet feet, and the knowledge that you'll soon be in there yourself tend to cause tight throats and dry mouths.

I noticed that one corpse alongside the road, further up the column, was getting a lot of attention from the men as they passed. I found out why; he had overshoes on. The same thing was passing through all their minds, the thought of how they would like to have the overshoes, but how they hated to rob the dead. I wasn't too tender about this. I hoped that no one ahead of me had as strong an intention to have those overshoes as I did.

When I got about twenty yards from the dead kid with the boots, I made a dash for him and in a few seconds they were mine. I wished that some of the shrapnel had missed him, the part of him with the overshoes on anyhow. It made quite a hole in the side of one of them.

I noticed that all the guys were checking their weapons. I put on my boots in a hurry, checked my own weapon, and entered the town with the rest at my usual tail position.

I don't know exactly what happened next. There was a hell of a noise and that's all. How much time passed I don't know. I was wakened by voices and a tug at my feet. "These overshoes won't do this guy much good," one said. "No, and no other kind of shoes neither, from the look of it," replied another.

I opened my eyes and saw a rough-looking fellow with a red cross on his arm leaning over me. — THOMAS S. POOL

Four to Five Sunday Morning

MARGARET STUBBS

Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1946-1947

FROM THE SOUTH ROAD A STREAM OF BLINDING WHITE headlights, demanding horns, and shrill cursing voices descends upon the city; the shrill din of the bars is smothered by the weary slam of their doors; the disgorged mass of soldiers and their girls of the evening hesitate noiselessly for a moment, then break into singing, scattered twosomes to gather the city and make it their own. Down the street parades a group of high school experimenters, chanting their class song; the soft indefinite plosh of a poorly-juggled egg accentuates the splintering of a bottle aimed at the nude model in a store window. A dark crumpling mass melts against the solid courthouse and wrenches sobs for the soul he has left with his mother. From an impenetrable hallway a clinging shadow pants a scrambled, "Love you, love you, come with me, please come with me." A thick stumbled drawl pleads for the nearest way to the Field, "Please, have to be on K.P. six o'clock, K.P. six o'clock," and is answered with a derisive "Take it easy, bub, lotsa time, lotsa time," and the mocking laugh of an hysterical girl. Two M.P.'s brandishing sticks, yelling, cursing, threatening, break up a fight between soldiers and sailors. The street is a crossroad of still shadows, blinking lights, and the hoarse, discordant jargon of mingling civilians and servicemen. Then suddenly the Field bus lumbers down the street, rounds up and absorbs flocks of drunken soldiers, and crawls off groaning under its burden. Saturday night is ended.

The city pauses, soundless, scarcely breathing, as if held in a vacuum. It is as dark, as still, as timeless as a night in the desert. It stops, held in its tracks, and waits. Suddenly the first faint vestiges of the sun rise over the buildings. From the distance a soft chime peals a clear call. Slowly, miraculously, the city comes to life again. The pigeon families coo and answer, then float down from the courthouse to nibble stray popcorn and pretzels from the sidewalk. Outlined against the quiet rose sun, a small silver plane whirs and dips in early morning maneuvers. A skinny, sleepy kid rattles down the street with his wagon of early editions, begins his weak-lunged hawking. The rumble of a truck, the roar of a far-off freight train startle the stillness. A Sunday-clean nurse appears, smiles and gives the boy a dime for a nickel paper, and stands reading it unmindful of the debris around her. Two young church-goers pass by, giggling; they kick a stray bottle and scatter the pieces. The early morning "tripper" approaches and squeaks to a stop. The nurse gets on and the bus departs. Sunday morning is begun.

China Afternoon

JAMES A. CHAPMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 1, 1946-1947

THERE SEEMED TO BE NO MOVEMENT OR LIFE ANY-
where in the world. The sun, a glaring copper disc, coated everything
with a sticky layer of heat. Even the tiny Chinese village on the fringe
of the great airdrome was lifeless, its usually busy citizens dozing under
their thatched roofs. Along the sluggish stream which flowed beside the
village a few dragonflies hummed from the tip of one reed to another.

The only living person to be seen was an American soldier. He sat
dozing on the edge of his gun emplacement, his head rolling slowly from
side to side. Then his neck became cramped and he jerked upright. He
stretched and his eyes automatically scanned the shimmering horizon. Noth-
ing. Nothing but a hawk circling slowly over the low hills to the south.

For lack of something better to do, the soldier focused his eyes on the
hawk, followed its slow turns. The bird came nearer. It was moving slowly
up the stream, searching for food. It dived once but rose almost immedi-
ately. Now it was almost overhead. Suddenly, so quickly that the soldier
jumped to his feet, the bird plummeted to the ground. There was a brief
scuffle and a small cloud of yellow dust hung in the air. The hawk had
caught a field mouse; it stood now with the dead mouse between its talons
and let its beady eyes travel swiftly around the horizon. Then it went on
with its meal.

Somehow the hawk had missed seeing the soldier. It was a fatal mistake,
for the soldier, raised on an Iowa farm, hated hawks with the inbred fury of
all farmers. He reached behind him and felt for his carbine. Quietly he
moved the bolt and snapped the safety catch, then raised the weapon to his
shoulder.

There was a shot, a brief fluttering which raised more yellow dust, and
then silence. The soldier sat down again and began cleaning the hot metal
of his gun. Along the stream the dragonflies hovered, hummed, wandered.

On Order

Order is a lovely thing. The spirit of an orderly household should calm all
the senses. Anger should fade and worry die, and order deny the confusions of
war and politics. The singing simplicity of a neat kitchen, a clean-curtained win-
dow, a swept doorstep, a scrubbed hearth, should be a "tranquil well of deep
delight," as satisfying as clean mended clothes or rosy children sleeping. The
poet says all things that are in order "Shall seem more spiritual and fair,

Reflection from serenest air —"

— CAROLINE MADDOX

If Babbitt Were Alive During World War II

CARL W. LEE

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947

BABBITT HAD RISEN EARLY IN ORDER TO BE AT HIS office in the Reeves Building in time for an early morning appointment with Charles McKelvey, the contractor. He was not sure, but he had a slight suspicion that Charles McKelvey was going to ask him to be chairman of the committee for War Bond sales in the city of Zenith. He washed, dressed, shaved, brushed his teeth, and hurried down to breakfast.

When he arrived at his office after an uneventful drive through the early morning rush, he was in good spirits. He was smiling broadly as he anticipated the honor of being named chairman of the War Bond Committee. He strode briskly through the outer office, nodding to all the employees. When he passed Miss McGoun's desk, his smile broadened. "Good morning, Miss McGoun," he beamed. "Has Mr. McKelvey arrived yet?"

"No sir," Miss McGoun answered softly. Babbitt knew very well that Charles McKelvey had not arrived, for their appointment was for nine, and it was now only eight-thirty. But George was rather proud of the fact that such an important man was calling on him, and he wanted to make sure everyone in the office was aware of it.

That morning from eight-thirty until nine, Babbitt rustled the papers on his desk and smoked two big cigars in spite of the fact that he had given up smoking only yesterday. Promptly at nine o'clock Charles McKelvey arrived. Miss McGoun ushered him into Babbitt's office and closed the door.

"Good morning, Mr. McKelvey," George beamed. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, Georgie," began McKelvey, "perhaps you've heard that I'm chairman of the War Bond Committee for Zenith. Well, I thought that you, as one of our leading businessmen, would like to start this drive with a nice fat pledge, say about a thousand." Babbitt's face fell.

"Now, Mr. McKelvey, I just don't see how I could manage a thousand," stammered George. "I've been buying War Bonds right along, and my expenses have been mighty high lately. Why, I've had to pay over three hundred dollars for some new tires just because the darned ration board wouldn't give me a certificate of necessity. Had to buy them from a fellow who charged me fifty dollars apiece extra, and since I ran out of coupons, I've had to pay four times more for gas for my car. I'm telling you I don't

see how I could pledge a thousand. Of course I could cash in a couple of the bonds I bought last time so's to make a thousand dollar pledge. Yeah, I guess I can pledge a thousand." Babbitt signed the pledge card, and Mr. McKelvey left.

Somehow the day was not so pleasant as before. George stalked to the door and barked, "Cancel all my appointments for this morning, Miss McGoun." Babbitt slumped at his desk and thought how foolish it was to appoint anyone to the chairmanship of the War Bond Committee with as little "get-up-and-go" as Charles McKelvey had.

The buzzer on Babbitt's desk vibrated earnestly, and Babbitt reached over and flipped the switch. He felt a little better now. He always felt a little better when he looked at his new inter-office communication system. It had cost a great deal of money, as had his car and huge twenty-four-tube radio, but it was worth it every time he flipped that switch with that air of authority and in a very executive manner said curtly, "Yes, Miss McGoun."

"Your wife just called to say that Ted is home," Miss McGoun intoned in her business-like manner.

"Well I'll be darned. First time he's been home since he enlisted," smiled Babbitt. "If anyone calls tell them I've gone for the day." Babbitt took his hat and coat and rushed through the outer office calling back over his shoulder to Miss McGoun, "Ted's home. First time he's been home since he enlisted." The frosted glass rattled as the heavy door slammed shut.

Babbitt swung his car into the driveway which led to the corrugated iron garage. "No class in that shack. Have to build me a frame garage," he muttered to himself as he hurried into the house. "Well Teddy old fellow," he bellowed as he pumped Ted's hand, clapped him on the shoulder, and pulled him from the easy chair in which he had been sprawled. "You look mighty fit in your uniform. I always said a uniform does something for a man. You should have seen me in my uniform during the last war, but then of course I was a lieutenant."

"It's good to be home, Dad," Ted returned as he glanced at the single chevron on his sleeve.

"You're so thin, son. You don't look as if you'd eaten in a week," moaned Myra. "Come out into the kitchen, and I'll fix you a snack." The snack which Ted sat down to consisted of roast beef, baked ham, cold chicken, pickles, olives, milk, four kinds of preserves, cake, cookies, and his favorite pie, banana cream. "I don't know what this country's coming to," wailed Myra. "They tell us all the food goes to the army so that I have to tramp the streets from market to market to keep my family from starving. Now I find they're starving my only son in the army. Why, if I weren't a good friend of the butcher and grocer, and if we weren't able to pay them a little extra for the scarce things, I just don't know what we'd do."

"Gosh," protested Ted, "I get all I can eat. I've gained eight pounds since I enlisted."

"I'd like to take you to lunch at the Athletic Club," announced Babbitt. "We passed a rule that servicemen can lunch there any time, as long as they are guests of a member. You'd enjoy talking to 'The Roughnecks.' They've got some real ideas on running this war. Why, if those birds in the War Department would use a little common business sense they'd know that they'd get better results if they put a little 'zingo' in their official orders. Instead of just saying, 'Zero Hour 1200,' they ought to say, 'OK men, at twelve o'clock let's go out and get ourselves a mess o' Krauts. This one's for the folks back home, for good old Uncle Sammy. Let's give 'em hell.' An order like that would get results. Why, there's not a businessman in that whole lot at Washington. No sir, not a hard-headed businessman in the lot. The Athletic Club has appointed me chairman of a committee to write a letter to the War Department and give them a few of our ideas to help them along."

"Gee, Dad, I'm sort of tired from riding on that crowded train all night. If it's OK with you and Mom I'll just go up to my room and take a nap," alibied Ted.

"All right," returned Babbitt, "but you don't know what you're missing. Real conversationalists, those Roughnecks."

Ted didn't come downstairs until nearly supper time. When he did come down, Babbitt was waiting for him. "Say, Ted, it's just about time for General Bloward to analyze the news. Now there's a fellow that knows this war business inside out." Babbitt streamed on as he whirled the dials of his huge twenty-four-tube radio. "I'll go upstairs and get the map that General Bloward sent out. It's really a honey of a map. Shows all the islands that are over a block long and all the towns big enough to have a name." His voice trailed off as he disappeared up the stairs.

"Ted, you look like you've been pulled through a knot hole. Haven't had a good meal since you left home, have you?" complained Myra, who had just entered from the kitchen with a heaping plate of sandwiches. "Here, eat these. They'll tide you over till supper."

"But I ——" Ted settled into his chair. Mrs. Babbitt had already hurried back into the kitchen.

"I'll bring you some cake and milk in a minute," she called. Babbitt came thumping down the stairs. "Here's the map, son. This part here that shows the —— Myra, where's Ted?" Myra came in carrying a tray of cakes and cookies and a pitcher of milk. Tinka came into the house carrying her roller skates over her shoulder. "Have you seen Ted?" Babbitt asked.

"Sure," said Tinka, "he's over at Eunice's house."

Rhet as Writ

And there you are, a vicious mean bull made docile and gentle by giving him five minutes of your undivided attention.

. . . .

Like other bad habits though, I always resolve that I will try to do better next time.

. . . .

Either I don't see the picture at all or I must sit through some concoction which is to be considered a poor effort on the part of those who are trying to uphold the unapparent value of the Motion Picture Industry to see the feature I cared to see.

. . . .

Saturday afternoon I was curdled up in a chair listening to the football game.

. . . .

Why shouldn't scholarship be awarded to boys with athletic abilities when scholarships are being awarded to boys with high intelligence?

. . . .

I stepped into the Pine Lounge. Could this talkative mutterance be true?

. . . .

Daytime cereals provide an escape for a woman's frustrations and help solve personal problems.

. . . .

After snuggling up in the coroner all night, the dawn finally came.

. . . .

The thing I like most about fishing is the chance to relax by a gargling creek.

. . . .

I left for home with the thought of what a wonderful time I was going to have running through my head.

Honorable Mention

Ben Chilman — College Students

John Curry — Man and Mind

Grace Hartman — Keeping Them Contented

Gilbert Leight — I Still Keep Time

G. E. Modesitt — The Development of Non-Euclidean Geometries

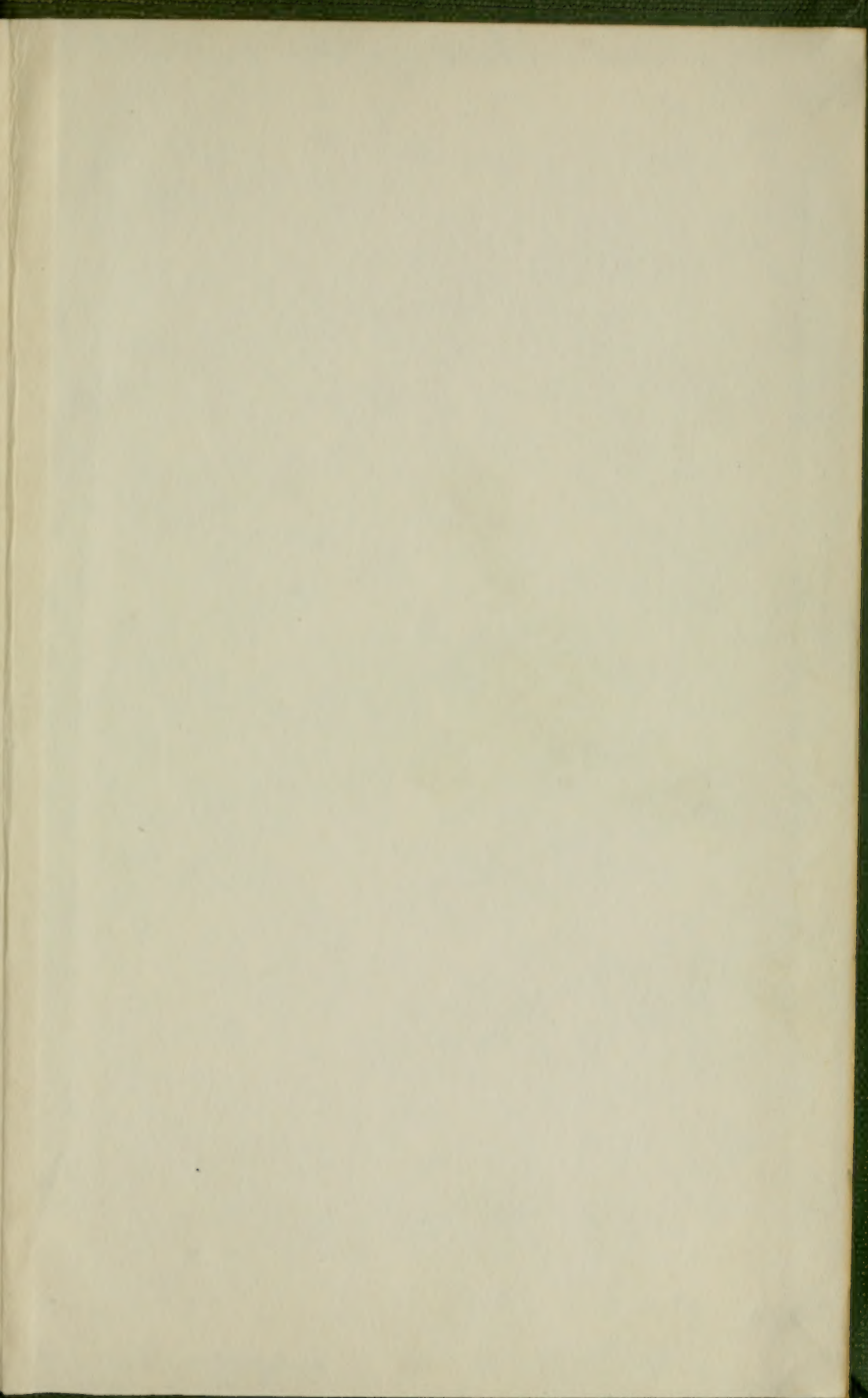
Marjorie Peabody — Ogden Nash's Merits

Jeannine Rottschalk — The Essence of Femininity

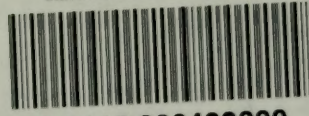
Arthur H. Stromberg — Hurricane

Thomas Vanderslice — Best Movie of the Year

Robert Wiss — Cotton Pic'n



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